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THE WORKS OF HORACE

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sang with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire."

—POPE.

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42-184
17

THE

WORKS OF HORACE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

WITH

A LIFE AND NOTES

BY

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXI

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THE EPODES

EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

IF thou in thy Liburnians go
Amid the bulwarked galleys of the foe,
Resolved, my friend Mæcenas, there
All Cæsar's dangers as thine own to share,
What shall we do, whose life is gay
Whilst thou art here, but sad with thee away?
Obedient to thy will, shall we
Seek ease, not sweet, unless 'tis shared by thee?
Or shall we with such spirit share
Thy toils, as men of gallant heart should bear?
Bear them we will; and Alpine peak
Scale by thy side, or Caucasus the bleak;
Or follow thee with dauntless breast
Into the farthest ocean of the West.
And shouldst thou ask, how I could aid
Thy task, unwarlike I, and feebly made?
Near thee my fears, I answer, would
Be less, than did I absent o'er them brood;
As of her young, if they were left,
The bird more dreads by snakes to be bereft,
Than if she brooded on her nest,
Although she could not thus their doom arrest.
Gladly, in hopes your grace to gain,
I'll share in this or any fresh campaign!

Not, trust me, that more oxen may,
Yoked in my ploughshares, turn the yielding clay,
Nor that, to 'scape midsummer's heat,
My herds may to Leucanian pastures sweet
From my Calabrian meadows change;
Nor I erect upon the sunny range
Of Tusculum, by Circe's walls,
A gorgeous villa's far-seen marble halls!
Enough and more thy bounty has
Bestowed on me; I care not to amass
Wealth, either, like old Chremes in the play,
To hide in earth; or fool, like spendthrift heir, away!

—o—

EPODE II.

ALPHIUS.

HAPPY the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;*

* "*Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,*
Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit amœnæ tranquilla silentia vitæ."
—FRACASTORIUS.

"Happy the man, and to the gods akin,
Whom dazzling glory with its treacherous glare,
And luxury's harmful joys disquiet never;
But who, in settled low humility,
Lets all his days glide noiselessly away,
And moves, with soul serene, amid the nooks
And silent byways of a blameless life."

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum with its wordy jars,
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the travelled crane, and timorous hare,
Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
His cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills,

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast,—oh then, not more
Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
Or lamb foredoomed upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
Or kidling which the wolf hath marked for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come,
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
Dragging the upturned ploughshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent;
But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

IF his old father's throat any impious sinner
Has cut with unnatural hand to the bone,
Give him garlic, more noxious than hemlock, at dinner;
Ye gods! The strong stomachs that reapers must own!

With what poison is this that my vitals are heated?
By viper's blood—certes, it cannot be less—
Stewed into the potherbs, can I have been cheated?
Or Canidia, did she cook the damnable mess?

When Medea was smit by the handsome sea-rover,
Who in beauty outshone all his Argonaut band,
This mixture she took to lard Jason all over,
And so tamed the fire-breathing bulls to his hand.

With this her fell presents she dyed and infected,
On his innocent leman avenging the slight
Of her terrible beauty, forsaken, neglected,
And then on her car, dragon-wafted, took flight.

Never star on Apulia, the thirsty and arid,
Exhaled a more baleful or pestilent dew,
And the gift, which invincible Hercules carried,
Burned not to his bones more remorselessly through.

Should you e'er long again for such relish as this is,
Devoutly I'll pray, friend Mæcenas, I vow,
With her hand that your mistress arrest all your kisses,
And lie as far off as the couch will allow.

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

SUCH hate as nature meant to be
'Twixt lamb and wolf feel I for thee,
Whose hide by Spanish scourge is tanned,
And legs still bear the fetter's brand!
Though of your gold you strut so vain,
Wealth cannot change the knave in grain.
How! See you not, when striding down
The Via Sacra in your gown
Good six ells wide, the passers there
Turn on you with indignant stare?
"This wretch," such jibes your ear invade,
"By the triumvir's scourges flayed,
Till even the crier shirked his toil,
Some thousand acres ploughs of soil
Falernian, and with his nags
Wears out the Appian highway's flags;
Nay, on the foremost seats, despite
Of Otho, sits and apes the knight.
What boots it to despatch a fleet
So large, so heavy, so complete
Against a gang of rascal knaves,
Thieves, corsairs, buccaniers, and slaves,
If villain of such vulgar breed
Is in the foremost rank to lead?"

EPODE V.

THE WITCHES' ORGY.

"WHAT, O ye gods, who from the sky
Rule earth and human destiny,
What means this coil? And wherefore be
These cruel looks all bent on me?
Thee by thy children I conjure,
If at their birth Lucina pure
Stood by; thee by this vain array
Of purple, thee by Jove I pray,
Who views with anger deeds so foul,
Why thus on me like stepdame scowl,
Or like some wild beast, that doth glare
Upon the hunter from its lair?"

As thus the boy in wild distress,
Bewailed, of bulla stripped and dress,—
So fair, that ruthless breasts of Thrace
Had melted to behold his face,—
Canidia, with dishevelled hair,
And short crisp vipers coiling there,
Beside a fire of Colchos stands,
And her attendant hags commands,
To feed the flames with fig-trees torn
From dead men's sepulchres forlorn,
With dismal cypress, eggs rubbed o'er
With filthy toads' envenomed gore,
With screech-owls' plumes, and herbs of bane,
From far Iolchos fetched and Spain,

And fleshless bones, by beldam witch
Snatched from the jaws of famished bitch.
And Sagana, the while, with gown
Tucked to the knees, stalks up and down,
Sprinkling in room and hall and stair
Her magic hell-drops, with her hair
Bristling on end, like furious boar,
Or some sea-urchin washed on shore;
Whilst Veia, by remorse unstayed,
Groans at her toil, as she with spade
That flags not digs a pit, wherein
The boy embedded to the chin,
With nothing seen save head and throat,
Like those who in the water float,
Shall dainties see before him set,
A maddening appetite to whet,
Then snatched away before his eyes,
Till, famished, in despair he dies;
That when his glazing eyeballs should
Have closed on the untasted food,
His sapless marrow and dry spleen
May drug a philtre-draught obscene.
Nor were these all the hideous crew,
But Ariminian Folia, too,
Who with insatiate lewdness swells,
And drags, by her Thessalian spells,
The moon and stars down from the sky,*
Ease-loving Naples vows, was by;
And every hamlet round about
Declares she was, beyond a doubt.

Now forth the fierce Canidia sprang,
And still she gnawed with rotten fang

* "For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey."
—*Fairy Queen*, III. iii. 12.

Her long sharp unpared thumb-nail. What
Then said she? Yea, what said she not?

"O Night and Dian, who with true
And friendly eyes my purpose view,
And guardian silence keep, whilst I
My secret orgies safely ply,
Assist me now, now on my foes
With all your wrath celestial close!
Whilst, stretched in soothing sleep, amid
Their forests grim the beasts lie hid,
May all Suburra's mongrels bark
At yon old wretch, who through the dark
Doth to his lewd encounters crawl,
And on him draw the jeers of all!
He's with an ointment smeared, that is
My masterpiece. But what is this?
Why, why should poisons brewed by me
Less potent than Medea's be,
By which, for love betrayed, beguiled,
On mighty Creon's haughty child
She wreaked her vengeance sure and swift,
And vanished, when the robe, her gift,
In deadliest venom steeped and dyed,
Swept off in flame the new-made bride?
No herb there is, nor root in spot
However wild, that I have not;
Yet every common harlot's bed
Seems with some rare Nepenthe spread,
For there he lies in swinish drowse,
Of me oblivious, and his vows!
He is, aha! protected well
By some more skilful witch's spell!
But, Varus, thou (doomed soon to know
The rack of many a pain and woe!)

By potions never used before
Shalt to my feet be brought once more.
And 'tis no Marsian charm shall be
The spell that brings thee back to me!
A draught I'll brew more strong, more sure,
Thy wandering appetite to cure;
And sooner 'neath the sea the sky
Shall sink, and earth upon them lie,
Than thou not burn with fierce desire
For me, like pitch in sooty fire!"

On this the boy by gentle tones
No more essayed to move the crones,
But wildly forth with frenzied tongue
These curses Thyestéan flung:
"Your sorceries, and spells, and charms
To man may compass deadly harms,
But heaven's great law of Wrong and Right
Will never bend before their might.
My curse shall haunt you, and my hate
No victim's blood shall expiate.
But when at your behests I die,
Like Fury of the Night will I
From Hades come, a phantom sprite,—
Such is the Manes' awful might,—
With crookèd nails your cheeks I'll tear,
And squatting on your bosoms scare
With hideous fears your sleep away!*
Then shall the mob, some future day,

* "*Insequar et vultus ossea larva tuos:*
Me vigilans cernes, tacitis ego noctis in umbris
Excutiam somnos, visus adesse, tuos."
—OVID, *In Ibin.* 157.

"A bony phantom, I will haunt thine eyes;
Waking thou shalt behold me; in the night's
Still watches, through the shadows of the dark
Descried, I'll dash the slumber from thy lids."

Pelt you from street to street with stones,
Till falling dead, ye filthy crones,
The dogs and wolves, and carrion fowl,
That make on Esquiline their prowl,
In banquet horrible and grim
Shall tear your bodies limb from limb.
Nor shall my parents fail to see
That sight,—alas, surviving me!"

—o—

EPODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

VILE cur, why will you late and soon
At honest people fly?
You, you, the veriest poltroon
Whene'er a wolf comes by!

Come on, and if your stomach be
So ravenous for fight,
I'm ready! Try your teeth on me,
You'll find that I can bite.

For like Molossian mastiff stout,
Or dun Laconian hound,
That keeps sure ward, and sharp look-out
For all the sheepfolds round,

Through drifted snows with ears thrown back,
I'm ready, night or day,
To follow fearless on the track
Of every beast of prey.

But you, when you have made the wood
With bark and bellowing shake,
If any thief shall fling you food,
The filthy bribe will take.

Beware, beware! For evermore
I hold such knaves in scorn,
And bear, their wretched sides to gore,
A sharp and ready horn;

Like him whose joys Lycambes dashed,
Defrauding of his bride,
Or him, who with his satire lashed
Old Bupalus till he died.

What! If a churl shall snap at me,
And pester and annoy,
Shall I sit down contentedly,
And blubber like a boy?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

AH, whither would ye, dyed in guilt, thus headlong rush?
Or why
Grasp your right hands the battle-brands so recently laid by?
Say, can it be, upon the sea, or yet upon the shore,
That we have poured too sparingly our dearest Latian gore?
Not that yon envious Carthage her haughty towers should see
To flames devouring yielded up by the sons of Italy;
Nor that the Briton, who has ne'er confessed our prowess, may
Descend, all gyved and manacled, along the Sacred Way,
But that our Rome, in answer to Parthia's prayer and moan,
Should by our hands, her children's hands, be crushed and overthrown?
Alas! alas! More fell is ours than wolves' or lions' rage,
For they at least upon their kind no war unholy wage!
What power impels you? Fury blind, or demon that would wreak
Revenge for your blood-guiltiness and crimes? Make answer! Speak!
They're dumb, and with an ashy hue their cheeks and lips are dyed,
And stricken through with conscious guilt their souls are stupefied!
'Tis even so; relentless fates the sons of Rome pursue,
And his dread crime, in brother's blood who did his hands imbrue;
For still for vengeance from the ground calls guiltless Remus' gore,
By his descendants' blood to be atoned for evermore!

EPODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHEN, blest Mæcenas, shall we twain
Beneath your stately roof a bowl
Of Cæcuban long-hoarded drain,
In gladsomeness of soul,
For our great Cæsar's victories,
Whilst, as our cups are crowned,
Lyres blend their Doric melodies
With flutes' Barbaric sound?

As when of late that braggart vain,
The self-styled "Son of Neptune" fled,
And far from the Sicilian main
With blazing ships he sped;
He, who on Rome had vowed in scorn
The manacles to bind,
Which he from faithless serfs had torn,
To kindred baseness kind!

A Roman soldier, (ne'er, oh ne'er,
Posterity, the shame avow!)
A woman's slave, her arms doth bear,
And palisadoes now;
To wrinkled eunuchs crooks the knee,
And now the sun beholds
'Midst warriors' standards flaunting free
The vile pavilion's folds!

Maddened to view this sight of shame,
Two thousand Gauls their horses wheeled,
And wildly shouting Cæsar's name,
Deserted on the field;
Whilst, steering leftwise o'er the sea,
The foemen's broken fleet
Into the sheltering haven flee
In pitiful retreat.

Ho, Triumph! Wherefore stay ye here
The unbroke steers, the golden cars?
Ho! Never brought you back his peer
From the Jugurthine wars!
Nor mightier was the chief revered
Of that old famous time,
Who in the wreck of Carthage reared
His cenotaph sublime!

Vanquished by land and sea, the foe
His regal robes of purple shifts
For miserable weeds of woe,
And o'er the wild waves drifts,
Where Crete amid the ocean stands
With cities many a score,
Or where o'er Afric's whirling sands
The Southern tempests roar.

Come, boy, and ampler goblets crown
With Chian or with Lesbian wine,
Or else our qualmish sickness drown
In Cæcuban divine!
Thus let us lull our cares and sighs,
Our fears that will not sleep,
For Cæsar, and his great emprise,
In goblets broad and deep!

EPODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

FOUL fall the day, when from the bay
The vessel puts to sea,
That carries Mævius away,
That wretch unsavoury!

Mind, Auster, with appalling roar
That you her timbers scourge;
Black Eurus, snap each rope and oar
With the o'ertoppling surge!

Rise, Aquilo, as when the far
High mountain-oaks ye rend;
When stern Orion sets, no star
Its friendly lustre lend!

Seethe, ocean, as when Pallas turned
Her wrath from blazing Troy
On impious Ajax's bark, and spurned
The victors in their joy!

I see them now, your wretched crew,
All toiling might and main,
And you, with blue and death-like hue,
Imploring Jove in vain!

"Mercy, oh, mercy! Spare me! Pray!"
With craven moan ye call,
When founders in the Ionian bay
Your bark before the squall:

But if your corpse a banquet forms
For sea-birds, I'll devote
Unto the Powers that rule the storms
A lamb and liquorish goat.

EPODE XI.

THE LOVERS' CONFESSION.

O PETTIUS! no pleasure have I, as of yore,
In scribbling of verse, for I'm smit to the core
By love, cruel love, who delights, false deceiver,
In keeping this poor heart of mine in a fever.
Three winters the woods of their honours have stripped,
Since I for Inachia, ceased to be hypped.
Good heavens! I can feel myself blush to the ears,
When I think how I drew on my folly the sneers
And talk of the town; how, at parties, my stare
Of asinine silence, and languishing air,
The tempest of sighs from the depths of my breast,
All the love-stricken swain to my comrades confessed.
"No genius," I groaned, whilst you kindly condoled,
"If poor, has the ghost of a chance against gold;
But if"—here I grew more confiding and plain,
As the fumes of the wine mounted up to my brain—
"If my manhood shall rally, and fling to the wind
These maudlin regrets which enervate the mind,
But soothe not the wound, then the shame of defeat
From a strife so unequal shall make me retreat."
Thus, stern as a judge, having valiantly said,
Being urged by yourself to go home to my bed,

I staggered with steps, not so steady as free,
To a door which, alas! shows no favour to me;*
And there, on that threshold of beauty and scorn,
Heigho! my poor bones lay and ached till the morn.
Now I'm all for Lycisca—more mincing than she
Can no little woman in daintiness be—
A love, neither counsel can cure, nor abuse,
Though I feel, that with me it is playing the deuce,
But which a new fancy for some pretty face,
Or tresses of loose-flowing amber, may chase.

* An old lover's weakness.

"*Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?*
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipsa redit."
—TIBULLUS, B. II. El. 6.

"Ah me, how often have I sworn, that I
Would never cross her threshold, never more,
Sworn it by all the gods, but by-and-by
My feet would somehow wander to her door."

EPODE XIII.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

WITH storm and wrack the sky is black, and sleet and dashing rain
With all the gathered streams of heaven are deluging the plain;
Now roars the sea, the forests roar with the shrill north wind of Thrace,
Then let us snatch the hour, my friends, the hour that flies apace,
Whilst yet the bloom is on our cheeks, and rightfully we may
With song and jest and jollity keep wrinkled age at bay!
Bring forth a jar of lordly wine, whose years my own can mate,
Its ruby juices stained the vats in Torquatus' consulate!
No word of anything that's sad; whate'er may be amiss,
The Gods belike will change to some vicissitude of bliss!
With Achæmenian nard bedew our locks, and troubles dire
Subdue to rest in every breast with the Cyllenian lyre!
So to his peerless pupil once the noble Centaur sang;
"Invincible, yet mortal, who from goddess Thetis sprang,
Thee waits Assaracus's realm, where arrowy Simois glides,
That realm which chill Scamander's rill with scanty stream divides,
Whence never more shalt thou return,—the Parcæ so decree,
Nor shall thy blue-eyed mother home again e'er carry thee.
Then chase with wine and song divine each grief and trouble there,
The sweetest, surest antidotes of beauty-marring care!"

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHY to the core of my inmost sense
Doth this soul-palsying torpor creep,
As though I had quaffed to the lees a draught
Charged with the fumes of Lethean sleep?
O gentle Mæcenas! you kill me, when
For the poem I've promised so long you dun me;
I have tried to complete it again and again,
But in vain, for the ban of the god is on me.

So Bathyllus of Samos fired, they tell,
The breast of the Teian bard, who often
His passion bewailed on the hollow shell,
In measures he stayed not to mould and soften,
You, too, are on fire; but if fair thy flame
As she who caused Ilion its fateful leaguer,
Rejoice in thy lot; I am pining, oh shame!
For Phrynè, that profligate little intriguer.

EPODE XV.

TO NÆERA.

'TWAS night!—let me recall to thee that night!
The silver moon, in the unclouded sky,
Amid the lesser stars was shining bright,
When in the words I did adjure thee by,
Thou with thy clinging arms, more tightly knit
Around me than the ivy clasps the oak,
Didst breathe a vow—mock the great gods with it—
A vow which, false one, thou hast foully broke;
That while the ravened wolf should hunt the flocks,
The shipman's foe, Orion, vex the sea,
And Zephyrs lift the unshorn Apollo's locks,
So long wouldst thou be fond, be true to me!

Yet shall thy heart, Næera, bleed for this,
For if in Flaccus aught of man remain,
Give thou another joys that once were his,
Some other maid more true shall soothe his pain;
Nor think again to lure him to thy heart!
The pang once felt, his love is past recall;
And thou, more favoured youth, whoe'er thou art,
Who revell'st now in triumph o'er his fall,
Though thou be rich in land and golden store,
In lore a sage, with shape framed to beguile,
Thy heart shall ache when, this brief fancy o'er,
She seeks a new love, and I calmly smile.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

ANOTHER age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wrecked and overborne,
That Rome, the Marsians could not crush, who border on our lands,
Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivalled ours, nor Spartacus the stern,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quelled not with ruthless sword,
Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and abhorred,
We shall destroy with impious hands imbrued in brother's gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once more.
A foreign foe, alas! shall tread The City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of renown,
And the bones of great Quirinus, now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask, how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily,
No better counsel can I urge, than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doomed city they retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering as a prey
To the wild boar and the ravening wolf; so we, in our dismay,

Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should go,
Or wheresoe'er across the seas the fitful winds may blow.
How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?
But let us swear this oath;—"Whene'er, if e'er shall come the time,
Rocks upwards from the deep shall float, return shall not be crime;
Nor we be loath to back our sails, the ports of home to seek,
When the waters of the Po shall lave Matinum's rifted peak,
Or skyey Apenninus down into the sea be rolled,
Or wild unnatural desires such monstrous revel hold,
That in the stag's endearments the tigress shall delight,
And the turtle-dove adulterate with the falcon and the kite,
That unsuspicious herds no more shall tawny lions fear,
And the he-goat, smoothly sleek of skin, through the briny deep career!"
This having sworn, and what beside may our returning stay,
Straight let us all, this City's doomed inhabitants, away,
Or those that rise above the herd, the few of nobler soul;
The craven and the hopeless here on their ill-starred beds may loll.
Ye who can feel and act like men, this woman's wail give o'er,
And fly to regions far away beyond the Etruscan shore!
The circling ocean waits us; then away, where nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy Isles!
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the tree, that graffshoot never knew;

Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills;
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star
With fury of remorseless heat the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor this the only bliss that waits us there, where drenching rains
By watery Eurus swept along ne'er devastate the plains,
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods,
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the Gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gained,
Nor the wily she of Colchis with step unchaste profaned,
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses' toilworn band:
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That blissful region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared, but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise and follow me!

EPODE XVII.

HORACE'S RECANTATION TO CANIDIA.

HERE at thy feet behold me now
Thine all-subduing skill avow,
And beg of thee on suppliant knee,
By realms of dark Persephone,
By Dian's awful might, and by
Thy books of charms which from the sky
Can drag the stars, Canidia,
To put thy magic sleights away,
Reverse thy whirling wheel amain,
And loose the spell that binds my brain!
Even Telephus to pity won
The ocean-cradled Thetis' son,
'Gainst whom his Mysian hosts he led,
And his sharp-pointed arrow sped.
The man-destroying Hector, doomed
By kites and dogs to be consumed,
Was natheless by the dames of Troy
Embalmed, when, mourning for his boy,
King Priam left his city's wall,
At stern Achilles' feet to fall.
Ulysses' stalwart rowers, too,
Away their hide of bristles threw
At Circe's word, and donned again
The shape, the voice, the soul of men.
Enough of punishment, I'm sure,
Thou hast compelled me to endure,
Enough and more, thou being dear
To pedlar and to marinere!

My youth has fled, my rosy hue
Turned to a wan and livid blue;
Blanched by thy mixtures is my hair;
No respite have I from despair.
The days and nights, they wax and wane,
But bring me no release from pain;
Nor can I ease, howe'er I gasp,
The spasm which holds me in its grasp.
So am I vanquished, so recant,
Unlucky wretch! my creed, and grant,
That Sabine spells can vex the wit,
And heads by Marsic charms be split.
What wouldst thou more? O earth! O sea!
Nor even Alcides burned like me,
With Nessus' venomed gore imbued,
Nor Ætna in its fiercest mood;
For till my flesh, to dust calcined,
Be scattered by the scornful wind,
Thou glowest a very furnace fire,
Distilling Colchian poisons dire!
When will this end? Or what may be
The ransom, that shall set me free?
Speak! Let the fine be what it may,
That fine most rigidly I'll pay.
Demand a hundred steers, with these
Thy wrath I'm ready to appease!
Or wouldst thou rather so desire
The praise of the inventive lyre,
Thou, chaste and good, shalt range afar
The spheres, thyself a golden star!
Castor, with wrath indignant stung,
And Castor's brother, by the tongue,
That slandered Helena the fair,
Yet listened to the slanderer's prayer,
Forgave the bard the savage slight,
Forgave him, and restored his sight.

Then drive, for so thou canst, this pain,
This 'wildering frenzy from my brain!
O thou, untainted by the guile
Of parentage depraved and vile,
Thou, who dost ne'er in haglike wont,
Among the tombs of paupers hunt
For ashes newly laid in ground,
Love-charms and philtres to compound,
Thy heart is gentle, pure thy hands;
And there thy Partumeius stands,
Reproof to all, who dare presume
With barrenness to charge thy womb;
For never dame more sprightly rose
Or lustier from child-bed throes!

CANIDIA'S REPLY.

WHY pour your prayers to heedless ears?
Not rocks, when Winter's blast careers,
Lashed by the angry surf, are more
Deaf to the seaman dashed on shore!
What! Think, unpunished, to deride,
And rudely rend the veil aside,
That shrouds Cotytto's murky rites,
And love's, unfettered love's, delights?
And, as though you high priest might be
Of Esquilinian sorcery,
Branding my name with ill renown,
Make me the talk of all the town?
Where then my gain, that with my gold
I bribed Pelignian beldames old,
Or mastered, by their aid, the gift
To mingle poisons sure and swift?

You'd have a speedy doom? But no,
It shall be lingering, sharp, and slow.
Your life, ungrateful wretch! shall be
Spun out in pain and misery,
And still new tortures, woes, and pangs,
Shall gripe you with relentless fangs!
Yearns Pelops' perjured sire for rest,
Mocked by the show of meats unblest,
For rest, for rest, Prometheus cries,
As to the vulture chained he lies,
And Sisyphus his rock essays
Up to the mountain's top to raise;
Still clings the curse, for Jove's decree
Forbids them ever to be free.
So you would from the turret leap,
So in your breast the dagger steep,
So, in disgust with life, would fain
Go hang yourself,—but all in vain!
Then comes my hour of triumph, then
I'll goad you till you writhe again;
Then shall you curse the evil hour,
You made a mockery of my power!
Think ye, that I who can at will
Move waxen images—my skill
You, curious fool! know all too well—
That I who can by muttered spell
The moon from out the welkin shake,
The dead even from their ashes wake,
To mix the chalice to inspire
With fierce unquenchable desire,
Shall my so-potent art bemoan
As impotent 'gainst thee alone?

NOTES TO THE ODES

NOTES TO THE ODES

BOOK I.

[The references are to the pages of the First Volume.]

ODE I., page 3.

Mæcenas, scion of a race of kings, &c.

CILNIUS MÆCENAS belonged to the family of the *Cilnii*, descendants of Cilnius of Arretium, one of the Lucumones, or princes of Etruria. It is to this circumstance that Horace alludes here, and in the Ode xxxix. B. III. line 1. Mæcenas never accepted any of the high offices of state, preferring to remain a mere knight—a rank of which, to judge by the emphasis with which Horace dwells upon it in more than one poem, he appears to have been proud. In the words of Mr Newman, he was "the chief commoner of Rome;" but, "whatever his nominal relation to the state, was more powerful than senators and magistrates."—'The Odes of Horace,' Translated by F. W. Newman. London, 1853. P. 3.

Golden Attalus. Attalus, one of the kings of Pergamus, who were celebrated for their munificent patronage of art, and the habit of giving immense sums for books, statues, and pictures, to decorate their palaces. Attalus II. (B.C. 159-138) gave, according to Pliny (Hist. Nat., vii. 39), a hundred talents for a single picture by Aristides of Thebes. Attalus III., last king of Pergamus, bequeathed his possessions to the Roman people (B.C. 133).

With strong-ribbed Cyprian keel to creep, &c. Cyprus was famous for the excellence of its timber. Myrtos is one of a group of islands which almost landlock a portion of the Ægean. Horace, therefore, means to say emphatically, that the timorous landsman would refuse, on any terms, to sail in the most seaworthy ship in the most shel-

tered of bays. Professor Pillans, of Edinburgh, to whom the author owes much of the love of classic literature which has accompanied him through life, was the first to throw this happy light upon these lines. This is one of many passages in Horace, the force of which is lost to us from our ignorance of circumstances with which every educated Roman of his day was familiar.

Africus. The W.S.W. wind, or sirocco, which blew with great violence from the coast of Africa. The other winds, of which mention occurs in these Odes, are *Iapyx*, W.N.W., *Favonius*, W., *Auster*, S., *Eurus*, S.E., and *Aquilo* or *Boreas*, N.E.

Massic old. The Massic wine, the produce of Mons Massicus (*Monte Massico*), in Campania, like the Falernian, which came from another part of the same ridge of hills, was highly esteemed. See Pliny (Hist. Nat., xiv. 6). "The Massic wines, which come from the Gaurane hills looking towards Puteoli and Baiæ, come nothing behind the rest, but strive to match them every way."—Philemon Holland's Translation.

Ode II., page 6.

Rising in ire, to avenge his Ilia's plaint.

Ilia, the mother by Mars of Romulus and Remus, was drowned in the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, to the god of which latter river Horace here assumes her to have been wedded. Her "plaint" is for the death of her descendant, Julius Cæsar.

"*The monuments of regal eld*," &c. (*monumenta regis Templumque Vestæ*), to which the poet refers, were the Domus Vestæ Regia, and the Temple of Vesta, in the Forum, the sites of which have been identified since the recent excavations. The part of the Forum on which they stand was inundated by the Tiber so lately as December 1870.

The Marsian's flashing eye and fateful port. The Marsi, the most warlike people of Italy, are named here as representative of the Roman soldiery in general.

Ode III., page 8.

There can be no reasonable doubt that this poem was addressed to the poet Virgil, who was for many reasons peculiarly dear to Horace, and of whom he never speaks but in terms of admiration.

The remarks of Professor Sellar on this subject, in his 'Roman Poets of the Augustan Age,' p. 99, are sure to be valued by all lovers of Horace: "Of the contemporary poets and critics," he says, "whose works are extant, Horace is much the most important witness, from the clearness of his judgment, the calmness of his temperament, and the intimate terms of friendship on which he lived with the older poet. Unlike Virgil, who, from reasons of health or natural inclination, or devotion to his art, had chosen the '*secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ*,' and cherished few, but close, intimacies, Horace lived in the world, enjoyed all that was brilliant, genial, and illustrious in the society of his time, and while still constant to the attachments of his earlier years, continued through all his life to form new friendships with younger men, who gave promise of distinction. His Odes and Epistles are addressed to a great variety of men: to those of highest social and political position, such as Agrippa, Pollio, Munatius, Flavius, Sallustius, Crispus, Lollius, &c.; to old comrades of his youth, or brother-poets, such as Pompeius Grosphus, Septimius, Aristius Fuscus, Tibullus; to the men of a younger generation, such as Iulus, Antonius, Julius Florus, and the younger Lollius;—and to all of them he applies language of discriminating but not of excessive appreciation. To the men of eminence in the state he uses expressions of courteous and delicate compliment, never of flattery or exaggeration. His old comrades and intimate associates he greets with hearty friendliness or genial irony; to younger men, without assuming the airs of a Mentor, he addresses words of sympathetic encouragement or paternal advice. But amongst all those whom he addresses there are only two—unless, from one or two words implying strong attachment, we add one to the number, Ælius Lamia—in connection with whom he uses the language of warm and admiring affection. These are Mæcenas and Virgil. Whatever may have been the date or circumstances connected with the composition of the Third Ode of Book I., the simple words 'animæ dimidium meæ' establish the futility of the notion that the subject of this Ode is not the poet, but only the same merchant or physician whom Horace in the Twelfth Ode of Book IV. invites, in the style which he uses when he is most of an Epicurean, to sacrifice for a time his pursuit of wealth for the more seasonable claims of the wine of Cales."

The occasion of the poem obviously was the voyage made by Virgil to Greece, for the purpose of meeting Augustus on his return

from the East. His delicate health naturally filled Horace with anxiety, if not foreboding, which proved well founded. After meeting Augustus at Athens, Virgil was taken ill at Megara. He had to return to Italy, landed at Brundusium in a very feeble state, and died there a few days afterwards, B.C. 19.

Wordsworth had this poem in his mind, consciously or unconsciously, when he wrote his fine sonnet "On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford for Naples." It is pleasant to read the two poems in connection.

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!"

ODE IV., page 10.

Our own poet Carew had this Ode, and the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book (*ante*, vol. i. p. 195) in view, when he wrote the following lines on the Spring:—

"Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee.
Now do the choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring;

The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile; only my Love doth lour;
Nor hath our scalding noonday sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congealed, and make her pity cold.
The ox, that lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season—only she doth tarry,
June in her eyes, in her heart January."

Malherbe, in his beautiful poem of condolence to his friend, M. du Perrier, on the loss of a daughter, adopts in one stanza the thought and almost the words of Horace. But indeed the whole poem is so thoroughly Horatian in spirit and expression, that it might almost seem to have flowed from the pen of the Venusian bard. To those who are not already familiar with the poem, the following stanzas of it will be welcome:—

"Je sais de quels appas son enfance était pleine,
Et n'ai pas entrepris,
Injurieux ami, de soulager ta peine
Avecque son mépris.

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

. . . . . .

Ne te lasse donc plus d'inutiles pleintes;
Mais sage à l'advenir,
Aime une ombre comme ombre, et des cendres éteintes
Eteins le souvenir.

. . . . . .

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles;
On a beau la prier;
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles,
Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses lois ;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
N'en defend point nos rois.

De murmurer contre elle et perdre patience
Il est mal à propos ;
Vouloir ce que Dieu veut est la seule science,
Qui nous met en repos."

In exquisite finish of expression nothing finer than these lines can be desired ; and there runs through them a vein of feeling more delicately tender than is to be found anywhere in Horace. This was probably due to the purer faith of the modern, which insensibly coloured the almost pagan tone of the poem. Malherbe says of himself, that he made Horace his breviary,—with what effect, these lines prove.

ODE IX., page 16.

Why does Horace in this Ode mention the snow on Soracte especially, when the whole Sabine range of hills was equally in view to any one looking from Rome? To mark, apparently, the severity of the season. Soracte, standing out alone upon the plain as it does, and reaching a much lower elevation than the Sabine hills, was often clear of snow, when they were swathed in it. When, therefore, it had donned a covering of white, this was a sure sign that winter was at its worst ; then the only thing to be done was to shut out the cold, and to get what comfort might be had—and that is not small—out of old logs, old wine, and old books.

Allan Ramsay's paraphrase of this Ode has all the freshness and vigour of Horace, with added touches of his own, not unworthy of the original :—

"Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fouk wysing ajee
The byas bowls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and rype the ribs,
And beek the house baith butt and ben;
That mutchkin-stoup, it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth o' blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, though we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, Be quiet,
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cower into their caves, and wait
The high command of sov'reign Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep any skaith.

'Haith! ye're ill-bred!' she'll smiling say;
'Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook!'
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant."

Allan Ramsay attempted versions of other Odes, but this was his only success.

ODE XI., page 19.

When the old mode of divination by the flight of birds and the entrails of animals had begun to fall into disrepute among the Romans, their credulity found a vent in the idle speculations of astrology. The professors of that science thronged from the East to Rome, which, even in the time of Horace, was infested with them. In many families no event of importance occurred without their being consulted. If a child was born, or a daughter about to be married, the astrologer was called in to cast a horoscope. What value Horace attached to such prognostications this Ode very plainly shows. But if he rated them at their true worth, it is probable that in this, as in many other things, he stood above many even of the great men of his time. Augustus himself, according to Suetonius (August., § 94), had some reason to attach credit to the art. When a young man, during his retirement in Apollonia, he went with his friend Agrippa to visit Theogenes, a famous mathematician. Theogenes cast Agrippa's horoscope, and predicted for him a splendid career. Augustus, either incredulous or fearful of a less happy fortune, for a long time refused to furnish

the date of his birth, without which, of course, the astrologer could do nothing. At length he yielded, when instantly Theogenes flung himself at his feet, and hailed him as the future master of the world. After such an incident, Augustus was likely enough to have been a believer in the Chaldean's art—as indeed were most of his successors. Despots, like all men who have cause to dread the future, are generally superstitious. Pope's

"Godless Regent trembling at a star"

is a character not extinct even in our own days. But, indeed, credulity and superstition never die. We have the Chaldeans, too, under a different name; and their practice is precisely what Apuleius described it to be in his days—"*Ut adsolent, ad consulentis votum confinxerunt.*" The oracle shapes its responses according to the wishes of its votaries.

Juvenal, in his appalling diatribe against the Roman women of his day (Sat. VII. 553), charges them with being the great supporters of these Chaldean charlatans.

Chaldeis sed major erit fiducia, &c.

"But chiefly in Chaldeans she believes;
Whate'er they say, with reverence she receives,
As if from Hammon's secret fount it came,
Since Delphi now, if we may credit fame,
Gives no responses, and a long dark night
Conceals the future hour from mortal sight."
—Gifford's Translation.

And again:—

"But flee
The dame whose Manual of Astrology
Still dangles at her side, smooth as chafed gum,
And fretted by her everlasting thumb!—
Deep in the science now, she leaves her mate
To go, or stay; but will not share his fate,
Withheld by trines and sextiles; she will look,
Before her chair be ordered, in the book
For the fit hour; an itching eye endure,
Nor, till her scheme is raised, attempt the cure;
Nay, languishing in bed, receive no meat,
Till Petosyris bid her rise and eat.

The curse is universal; high and low
Are mad alike the future hour to know."

In justice Juvenal should not have confined his charge to women. The history of the Empire is rich in proofs that then, as now, credulity in this particular was no less common in the robuster sex. Why denounce the curiosity of poor, simple, ill-taught Leuconöe, and let that of Agrippa, the statesman and warrior, go free?

ODE XVI., page 29.

Dindymené herself, &c.

Cybele, an Asiatic goddess, styled by the Greeks "the mother of the gods," was called Dindymené, from Mount Dindymus in Phrygia. In works of art she generally appears as a grave and majestic matron. Her head is commonly crowned with towers; whence she is termed by Milton "the towered Cybele, mother of a hundred gods" ("Arcades," v. 21). She is often represented as roaming through the world in a chariot drawn by lions, attended by her priests, the Galli and Corybantes, who rushed about with hideous cries and cut themselves with knives, like the prophets of Baal (1 Kings xviii. 28). Their orgies were of a peculiarly wild and excited character, accompanied with loud music of flutes, cymbals, drums, tambourines, &c. Catullus's magnificent poem "Atys" breathes all the frenzy which was believed to inspire her votaries, and will keep alive the memory of their cult as long as Roman poetry has readers.

ODE XVII., page 30.

My own sweet Lucretilis, &c. Ustica's low vale.

Horace here invites the fair Tyndaris to visit him at his Sabine villa. Lucretilis and Ustica are hills in its neighbourhood. *Monte Gennaro* has been named by writer after writer as the Lucretilis of the poet; but a claim, founded on great probability from the smaller scale of the mountain, as well as from its being nearer to Horace's farm, has of late years been set up in favour of Monte Corgnaleto (see note *postea*, Sat. II. 6). There can be no doubt that the Ustica of this poem is *La Rustica*, on the right side of the valley going upwards, which Horace has himself described with graphic minuteness in the 16th Epistle of the First Book of Epistles. Mr Newman, whose tenderness for Horace's

morals goes so far as obviously to cost him serious personal uneasiness, thinks them in no danger in regard to the lady addressed in this Ode. "The whole tone towards Tyndaris," he says, "is fatherly, as well as genial." Certainly the paternal character of the relation does not strike the common reader. The lady, it is to be surmised, was no Lucretia; and *solus cum solâ*, says the canon, *non presumitur orare;* least of all when, as in this case, the gentleman undertakes to console the lady for the cruel usage of a former admirer. Still there may be comfort for Mr Newman. Horace invites Tyndaris to visit him; but did she go?

As a counterpart to the picture suggested by this Ode of the pleasant woodland festival of the poet and the celebrated singer, where the talk (Greek, probably) would be polished and witty, and the repast, "light and choice, of Attic taste, with wine," let us take the picture of a homelier kind of festival, kindred in character if not quite so refined, which Virgil, or some one of his contemporaries, has painted in his 'Copa.' The one is a cabinet sketch by Watteau, the other a gallery picture dashed in with the broad brush and vivid colours of Rubens.

The Tavern Dancing-Girl.

" See the Syrian girl, her tresses with the Greek tiara bound,
Skilled to strike the castanets, and foot it to their merry sound,
Through the tavern's reeky chamber, with her cheeks all flushed with wine,
Strikes the rattling reeds, and dances, whilst around the guests recline!
'Wherefore thus, footsore and weary, plod through summer's dust and heat?
Better o'er the wine to linger, laid in yonder cool retreat!
There are casks, and cans, and goblets,—roses, fifes, and lutes are there,—
Shady walks, where arching branches cool for us the sultry air.
There from some Mænalian grotto, all unseen, some rustic maid
Pipes her shepherd notes, that babble sweetly through the listening glade.
There, in cask pitched newly over, is a vintage clear and strong;
There, among the trees, a brooklet brawls with murmur hoarse along;

There be garlands, where the violet mingling with the crocus blows,
Chaplets of the saffron twining through the blushes of the rose;
Lilies, too, which Acheloës shall in wicker baskets bring,
Lilies fresh and sparkling, newly dipped within some virgin spring.
There are little cheeses also, laid between the verdant rushes,
Yellow plums, the bloom upon them, which they took from Autumn's blushes;
Chestnuts, apples ripe and rosy, cakes which Ceres might applaud;
Here, too, dwelleth gentle Amor; here with Bacchus, jovial god!
Blood-red mulberries, and clusters of the trailing vine between,
Rush-bound cucumbers are there, too, with their sides of bloomy green.
There, too, stands the cottage-guardian, in his hand a willow-hook,
But he bears no other weapon; maidens unabashed may look.
Come, my Alibida, hither! See, your ass is fairly beat!
Spare him, as I know you love him. How he's panting with the heat!
Now from brake and bush is shrilling the cicada's piercing note;
E'en the lizard now is hiding in some shady nook remote.
Lay ye down!—to pause were folly—by the glassy fountain's brink,
Cool your goblet in the crystal, cool it ever, ere you drink.—
Come, and let your wearied body 'neath the shady vine repose,
Come, and bind your languid temples with a chaplet of the rose!
Come, and ye shall gather kisses from the lips of yon fair girl;
He whose forehead ne'er relaxes, ne'er looks sunny, is a churl!
Why should we reserve these fragrant garlands for the thankless dust?
Would ye that their sweets were gathered for the monumental bust?
Wine there!—Wine and dice!—To-morrow's fears shall fools alone benumb!
By the ear Death pulls me. 'Live!' he whispers softly, 'Live! I come!'"

Baehr, in his 'History of Roman Literature,' suggests that this poem was written, not by Virgil, but by the Valgius Rufus to whom Horace addressed the Ninth Ode of the Second Book (*ante*, vol. i. p. 73).

And fear not lest Cyrus, that jealous young bear, &c. This is one of many indications to be met with in the Roman poets, that the quarrels of Roman gentlemen with their mistresses were not

usually confined to words, but were apt to degenerate even into blows. To avenge the falsehood of Neæra by handling the "tangles of her hair" with anything but a lover's gentleness was quite common; and the costliest robes of Cos were often rent into ribbons by the hands which had provided them at a reckless expense, in exchange for the privilege of caressing the form which they somewhat too lightly shrouded. Jealousy was the usual cause of these quarrels. It was easy to find the means "to make" such playthings of the hour as the Tyndaris of this poem "beautiful," but not so easy "to keep them true." Constancy must be won by constancy, and this was the last thing the young spendthrifts of Rome, any more than those of our own epoch, thought of giving. They bought their hold, such as it was, upon their Barinés and Lesbias, at a cost nearly as great as that paid for the ruinous favours of their modern counterparts, those *Dames aux Camellias*, of whom too much is both seen and heard in our own day; but one may doubt whether they bought it too dearly, if they were in the habit of using these "delicate creatures" after the fashion of the Cyrus mentioned in this Ode. Even the gentle Tibullus, as submissive a lover, to all appearance, "as ever sighed upon a midnight pillow," seems to have felt not too sure of being able to keep his hands off his mistress in the first paroxysms of a jealous fit. He says—

> "*Non ego te pulsare velim; sed venerit iste*
> *Si furor, optarim non habuisse manus.*"
> —El. I. vi. 73.

> "Beat thee! oh, that I never would!
> But if I should so far forget me,
> I'd wish my fingers off, that could
> In any fit of frenzy let me."

That the practice was common, however, other passages of the same poet leave no doubt. At the close of Elegy x. Book I., contrasting the times of peace with those of war, he writes thus:—

> "But then flame Venus' wars; and battered doors
> And tresses torn the woman then deplores.
> She wails the bruises of her tender cheeks,
> And even the victor's self bewails his freaks
> Of frantic rage, o'erwhelmed with the disgrace
> Of such a triumph in a strife so base.

But Love, when lovers into quarrels stray,
Prompts words of venom to embroil the fray,
And as from each to each the missiles fly,
He sits unmoved and inly smiling by.
The man who strikes a girl is steel, is stone,
And drags the gods down from their skyey zone.
Be it enough from off her limbs to tear
Her filmy dress, dishevel all her hair;
Enough to set her tears abroach, for most
Supreme felicity that man may boast,
Who, when the tempests of his wrath arise,
With tears can bathe a gentle woman's eyes.
But he that with his hands is cruel,—he
Should wield the sword and javelin, and be
From soft-eyed Venus evermore aloof!
Then, gentle Peace, come thou beneath my roof,
Bring ears of golden wheat, and from the snow
Of thy fair breast let ruddiest apples flow!"

The revelations of the Divorce Court show that unhappily this species of brutality has penetrated to us even through the ages of chivalry. But Damon no longer in our literature knocks down Phyllis, neither does Corydon in his angry fits annihilate the triumphs of Amaryllis's toilet. For parallels to the Roman youth of fashion we must turn to the popular fashionable literature of Paris. Thus M. Arsène Houssaye, in almost the words of Tibullus, appraises the luxury of forcing tears into fine eyes,—a luxury poignantly sweet, but, to such sybarites as M. Houssaye, unhappily as evanescent as any other pungent pleasure. "Une femme qui pleure bien répand encore une poignante volupté dans le cœur de son amant; mais rien ne lasse si vite que les larmes,—fussent elle les perles."—('Le Violon de Franjolé.') M. Ernest Feydeau, in the most shamelessly unmanly book of his day ('Fanny'),—it has been eclipsed by others more unmanly since,—represents his hero as striking his mistress, a lady of rank superior to his own, without a misgiving that in this he is doing anything extraordinary. "Elle s'affaissa en sanglotant sur ma poitrine. Mais la mémoire m'était revenue avec la connaissance, et *la frappant au front de poings fermés*, je la détachai de moi en m'écriant comme un furieux: 'Va-t'en d'ici!' . . . Retrouvant un reste de force de ma colère,

je la frappais encore à l'épaule." To such triumphs of masculine passion has civilisation educated the most sentimental nation in Europe.

Propertius, like Tibullus, professed to be superior to the vulgar vengeance of blows and violence. Thus, in Elegy v. Book II. he says:—

"The robe from thy false breast I will not tear,
Nor burst thy bolted door with frenzy in,
Nor rend the tresses of thy braided hair,
Nor bruise with ruthless hands thy dainty skin.

In such vile brawl, in such low bursts of ire,
Let rude unlettered churls their solace find;
They never felt the Muses' quivering fire,
No ivy-wreath their narrow brows hath twined.

But words that shall outlive thee write will I,
O Cynthia fair, and not more fair than frail!
And, trust me, rumour's breath though thou defy,
My verse shall make thy rosy beauties pale."

A threat which probably appeared much less formidable to Cynthia than it did to Propertius. Poets, if we are to trust themselves, are so often ill used. What if Cynthia had possessed "the accomplishment of verse," and had given us her version of the rupture?

ODE XX., page 34.

This Ode is either an invitation to Mæcenas to visit the poet at his farm (Mæcenas's gift), or, more probably, a note written with the view of preparing the luxurious statesman for the homely fare of the place, on hearing that he intended to pay him a visit. The age of the home-grown wine is marked by a flattering allusion to an incident by which Mæcenas had manifestly been much gratified,—the applause of the theatre on his first appearance there after recovering from a dangerous illness. Horace makes another reference to the same occurrence (B. II. Ode xvii.) The theatre referred to was that built by Pompey, after the Mithridatic war, on the opposite side of the Tiber from Mount Vatican, and directly opposite to the Janiculan Hill. It was the first theatre built of stone in Rome. In the Curia, near this theatre, Julius Cæsar was assassinated. The wines mentioned in the last stanza were all Italian wines of a high class. The Cæcuban was from a district of

Latium near Amyclæ and Fundi. The wines of Cales and Falernum, like the Massic wine, were from Campania. Formiæ, now Mola di Gaeta, in Latium, was supposed to be the capital of the Læstrygons. The wines of Campania, according to Pliny, were the finest.

ODE XXII., page 36.

Of the Aristius Fuscus to whom this Ode is addressed, nothing is known except that Horace ranks him (Satires, I. v. 83) with his friends Plotius, Varius, Mæcenas, Virgil, and others, and addressed to him the Tenth Epistle of the First Book.

ODE XXIV., page 39.

In this Ode Horace condoles with Virgil on the death of their friend Quinctilius Varus of Cremona, conjectured to be the same person to whom the Eighteenth Ode of this Book is addressed. No one who has lost a friend, or has a friend to lose, can read this poem unmoved. Its pathos is genuine and profound. Quinctilius, the sincere, the loyal friend; the upright, high-hearted gentleman, is gone. Are we never again to see, to hold communing with, one so good, so noble, so beloved? Can it be that all that force of character, that nobility of purpose, those qualities of heart which made him so dear, have been for ever quenched? *Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor urget?* Are they sunk into eternal sleep? Or, if not, where are they? When such a loss as this struck them, with what troubled solicitude must the thoughtful souls of such men as Virgil and Horace have looked into that world around whose shores the dark waters of Cocytus formed a barrier which no living mariner might cross.

The traces in ancient literature of a belief in a better world beyond the grave are few and vague. It is impossible, however, that the nobler minds of Greece and Rome could have been without strong inward assurances that their brief and troubled career on earth could not be the "be all and the end all" of their existence. The proofs of this are manifold; but the sum of their creed may be held as expressed in these lines of Propertius (Eleg. IV. 7):—

> "*Sunt aliquid Manes; letum non omnia finit,*
> *Luridaque evictos effugit umbra rogos.*"
>
> "The Manes are no dream; death closes not
> Our all of being, and the wan-visaged shade
> Escapes unscathed from the funereal fires."

The yearnings of the soul for immortality, and for a higher and happier state of existence, must have been the same with them as with ourselves. How often must the cry have gone up from the pagan breast, for which our great contemporary poet has found a voice!

"O God, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us,
What and where they be!"

Indeed a belief in a life beyond the present, in which the perplexities of this life shall be resolved, and its inequalities adjusted, underlies the whole pagan idea of Hades, with its punishments and rewards.

This Ode was a special favourite with Charles James Fox, as we see from what is said in the following letter by the late Sir Robert Peel to the late Duke of Bedford,—a letter which pleasantly illustrates the manner in which our former statesmen found solace for their toils in the literature of antiquity:—

"I am rather surprised at the preference given by Mr Fox to 'Quis desiderio,' but I am quite a Foxite in the admiration of 'Ulla si juris.' I daresay Lord John [Russell] recollects the application of that Ode to Marianne Clarke, and the singular appositeness of every line, and every word.

'Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, puerûmque prodis
Publica cura.'

I will vote with Lord John for assigning a very high place to 'Quis multâ gracilis' and also to 'Lydia, dic per omnes,' but not so high as to 'Ulla si juris,' or to one not mentioned by Lord John or Mr Fox, and which I think quite perfect, 'Donec gratus eram.' Mr Fox does not mention an Ode from which he made a beautiful quotation towards the end of his life—

'Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixæ cupidos protervæ;
Non ego hoc ferrem calidâ juventâ,
Consule Planco.'

I am forgetting, however, that this is the day on which the Novem-

ber sittings of the Cabinet begin, and that Lord John has other things to think of than the Odes of Horace. We cannot give him the invitation to idleness which Horace gave to some one—Mæcenas, I think—

> 'Negligens, ne quâ populus laboret
> Parce privatus nimium cavere;
> Dona præsentis cape lætus horæ, et
> Linque severa.'"

Ode XXIX., page 46.

This Ode appears to have been written when the expedition against the Arabians was first contemplated by Augustus. Vast expectations had been excited of the probable plunder of a people who were the medium of commerce with the East, and had acquired a reputation for wealth far beyond what was justified by the reality. Iccius, possessed by the prevailing lust for riches, is rallied by Horace on his weakness in abandoning his literary and philosophic pursuits for so ignoble an end. It is probable that Iccius subsequently joined the disastrous expedition under Ælius Gallus in B.C. 24, and thereby impaired, instead of augmenting, his fortune. Several years afterwards we find him acting as the resident agent for Agrippa's great estates in Sicily. Time and experience had obviously not cured him of his yearning for wealth. Though of simple personal tastes, he tormented himself with this insatiable passion; and Horace, whose practice lent no ordinary force in this instance to his precepts, rallies him upon his infirmity in the Twelfth Epistle of the First Book.

Ode XXXI., page 48.

This Ode was composed on the occasion of the dedication by Augustus, B.C. 28, of the Temple to Apollo, on Mount Palatine, in which also he deposited his library. Frequent references to this temple are made by Horace in his Epistles.

Ode XXXIII., page 50.

Aulus Albius Tibullus, the elegiac poet, to whom this Ode is addressed, was born about B.C. 54. He was of good family, and

the heir of a considerable estate, which, during the civil wars, had been either wholly or partially confiscated. What he recovered of it was sufficient to maintain him in easy competence, and he appears to have spent most of his life upon it, enjoying the pleasures of the country with an intensity which colours most agreeably the greater portion of his poetry. This estate was situated at Pedum, now Zagarola, a small town in the neighbourhood of Præneste, the modern Palestrina. Although the contemporary of Virgil and Horace, and intimate with the latter, there is no evidence that he had attracted the notice either of Mæcenas or Augustus. His great friend and patron was M. Valerius Messala, who had fought against the Triumvirs at Philippi, but subsequently distinguished himself on the side of Octavius at the battle of Actium. To this war Tibullus refused to accompany his friend; but when, in the autumn of the same year (B.C. 31), Messala was despatched to quell a rebellion in Aquitania, he so far overcame his most un-Roman repugnance to warfare, that he accompanied his patron as *Contubernalis*, or aide-de-camp, and was present at the battle of Atax (Aude in Languedoc) which closed the rebellion. In the following year (B.C. 30), Messala was despatched by Augustus to the East to organise that part of the empire. Tibullus went with him, but fell ill upon the way (Eleg. B. I. iii.), and was left behind at Corcyra, the modern Corfu, whence he returned, after his recovery, to Rome. The remainder of his short life—for he died young (B.C. 19), about the same time as Virgil—was spent in retirement and peaceful pursuits.

Tibullus, as we learn from his elegies, had two deep attachments. The first was to Delia, a lady whose exact position it is not easy to define, and to whom the first six Elegies of the First Book are addressed. Her real name is said to have been Plania, and she most probably belonged to the class of females "of the middle order, not of good family, but above poverty, which answered to the Greek hetæræ" (Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography,' &c., *sub voce* "Tibullus"). During his absence from Rome she appears to have been unfaithful to him. First we hear of other lovers, and ultimately of a husband. Tibullus in time found consolation in the attractions of another lady, to whom, under the name of Nemesis, most of the Elegies of the Second Book are addressed; yet one cannot but feel that the love he gave to her was by no means so deep or tender as the devotion he had lavished on the inconstant Delia.

The merits of Tibullus as an elegiast are of the first order. He writes from the heart, and his poems abound in strokes of pathos and tenderness which have never been surpassed. Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Browning, for example, might have written such a line as this :—

"*Non ego sum tanti, ploret ut illa semel.*"

"For what am I, that she
Should shed so much as one poor tear for me?"

Indeed in subtle tenderness of feeling it is closely akin to Shakespeare's—

"For I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking of me then should make you woe."

His powers of expression are admirable, his imagery rises up clearly and spontaneously, and the glow of genuine passion inspires and vivifies his gracefully modulated verses. A poet who brings before us such pictures as the following, can never be old. He is lying dangerously ill at Corcyra, and thus appeals to his Delia, whom he has left at Rome, and of whose constancy he appears to have even then had misgivings—not without cause, as the event proved :—

"O love, be true! And ever near thee hold,
To ward thy chastity, that ancient dame!
Let her beguile thine ears with legends old,
And spin long threads by the lamp's waning flame :

And let thy maids around that, as they run
Their nimble spools, a listening silence keep;
From their o'erwearied fingers one by one
The spindles drop, and dream away to sleep.

Then shall I burst upon thee, as though I
Had dropped from heaven! Then, Delia, O my sweet,
Howe'er thou art arrayed, to meet me fly,
With hair dishevelled, and unsandalled feet!

This, this, my Delia, is my dream, my prayer,
That bright Aurora with her rosy steeds
May hurry on that shining morning fair,
Which for us this celestial transport breeds."
—Eleg. B. I. 3.

To Tibullus is assigned by Quinctilian the first place among the Roman elegiasts. Terseness and elegance are assigned as his distinguishing qualities (Instit. Orat., X. i. § 93). Some, he adds, prefer Propertius. Muretus ('Schol. in Propertium') has marked the superiority of Tibullus admirably: "*Illum* (i.e., *Tibullum*) *judices simplicius scripsisse quæ cogitaret; hunc* (i.e., *Propertium*) *diligentius cogitasse quæ scriberet. In illo plus naturæ, in hoc plus curæ atque industriæ perspicias.*" "Of Tibullus you would say that he wrote down his thoughts offhand and unaffectedly as they rose; of Propertius, that he set to work laboriously to think how and what he should write. The former is all nature, the latter all study and industry." Of late years Tibullus appears to have fallen into unmerited disrepute. Dr Arnold disposes of him summarily as "a bad poet." Niebuhr (Lectures on Roman History, vol. ii. p. 164) says, that "the doleful and weeping melancholy and sentimentality, such as we find them in Tibullus, are always un-antique; they are the misunderstood tones of Mimnermus." Un-antique is a phrase conveniently vague for those who think that to be antique a writer must be severe and cold. Hearts, however, beat as warmly under the toga and peplum of old Rome as under the waistcoat and bodice of modern life. For a knowledge of what and how men felt and acted in their everyday life in the days of the republic and the Cæsars, we are infinitely beholden to the poets, and to none more than to Tibullus. Unhappily they tell us only too little of the life of the home, where the "*placens uxor*" presided, and chastity and order and religion "teaching household laws" prevailed. The Romans were no strangers to these virtues, and we catch glimpses of them, though slight, through the allusions of Virgil, Horace, and others. But both he and the other lyrists and elegiasts of Rome deal rather with the wild and transitory attachments, in which there was much passion and little love, where the tie was, for the most part, one of mere desire on the one side, and of mercenary advantage on the other. Still through their pictures we come to know the Romans on the side of their affections. There we are on

common ground with them. We feel with them as men, and no longer regard them as "the lords of humankind," with the distant awe which lifeless histories are calculated to inspire. Regarded from this point of view, the poems of Tibullus are most valuable. There is nothing grand or noble about the man,—but much that is most lovable, even in his weakness. His worst fault is to have "loved not wisely, but too well." He thought better of Delia and Nemesis than they deserved. His verses are not always free from a languor which seems to betoken the excessive sensibility of a delicate constitution. But his feeling is always genuine, and its expression direct and unaffected. As a fair example of his characteristics may be taken the First Elegy of the First Book. The following translation must fail signally, if it shall convey to the reader the impression of "a doleful and weeping sentimentalism:"—

"Let other men pile heaps of yellow gold,
And many a fair and fertile acre hold,
Who quake at the alarm of neighbouring foes
By martial trumpet scared from their repose;
Mine, mine be poverty, if only she
Secure a life of careless ease for me,
And on my humble hearth a cheerful blaze
Sparkle and glow unquenched through all my days.
My joy it is a rustic's life to lead,
To watch the times and seasons as they speed,
Plant out betimes my tender vines, and prune
My lusty orchards 'gainst the coming June.
Nor may I fail a fair return to reap
Of mellow fruits in many a golden heap,
And brimming vats of must; for wheresoe'er
A floral chaplet hangs, I make my prayer,
Among the fields on crumbling trunk moss-grown,
Or in the highway on some ancient stone;
And of my orchards the first fruits alway
Unto the rural god I duly pay.
O golden Ceres, from my fields I plait
A wheaten chaplet for thy temple's gate;
And in my orchards, great Priapus, rear
A warder fiery-red, to scatter fear

Among the birds, with his remorseless brand
Flaming destruction from his dexter hand!
You, too, ye Lares, who did guard my grounds,
Once spacious, now shrunk to these scanty bounds,
Receive your tribute:—in those wealthier years
A calf made sacrifice for countless steers;
But for my tiny farm a lamb is now
The mighty all I can afford to vow:—
To you a lamb shall fall, round which a ring
Of rustic lads and lasses blithe shall sing,
'Io! Io! good wines and plenteous harvest bring!'
Now with the little that I have content,
My steps are ne'er on toilsome journeys bent;
I shun the dog-star's heat in leafy shade,
Where some clear runnel trickles through the glade;
Nor do I blush at times the plough to guide,
Or with the goad the tardy steers to chide,
Or in my bosom bear a lambkin home,
Or kid, its heedless dam has left to roam.
Spare my small flock, ye thieves and wolves; from some
Huge herd of countless beeves your prey should come;
For never do I fail each year, with due
Lustration, to assoil my shepherd too,
And o'er the gentle Pales sprinkle free
Milk in libations for my kine and me.
Ye gods, draw near, nor spurn, though served on clay,
Such gifts as home so poor as mine can pay!
Of plastic clay the husbandman of yore
The earliest vessels made, that held his store.
Not for ancestral lands nor gold thirst I,
Nor harvests garnered in years long gone by;
Enough for me a little crop to reap,
Upon a little bed to sink to sleep,
And on the mat for many a day I've pressed
To stretch my limbs contentedly to rest.
What joy within my mistress' arms to lie,
And hear the cruel winds go howling by;
Or, when chill Auster drenches all the plain,
To sleep secure, lulled by the rushing rain!

Such lot be mine! Give wealth to him who braves
Disastrous tempests, ocean's angry waves.
All gold and gems into perdition sweep,
Ere any maid for me afar should weep!
Thee well, Messala, it beseems to roam
By land and sea, to bring triumphant home
The spoils of prostrate foemen. Me the chain
Of a fair girl a prisoner doth detain,
And, like a porter, here I sit before
The steps of her inexorable door.
I care not for renown, my Delia! Still
Be thou with me, thy heart still let me fill,
And men may call me dreamer, dotard,—what they will!
With thee to yoke my kine were bliss indeed,
Or on the lonely hills my flocks to feed;
And sleep were sweet upon the hardest ground,
If thou within my loving arms wert wound.
What profits it, on Tyrian couch to lie,
If, racked by hopeless love, with tear and sigh
We wake the watches of the night away?
Not softest down, nor tapestried array,
Nor flowing streams that gently murmuring creep,
Can o'er us then diffuse the balm of sleep.
The man were iron, who could fly thine arms
For lust of plunder, and for war's alarms;
Let such before him drive the foe like deer,
And on their conquered soil his war-tents rear;
Let him, ablaze with silver and with gold,
Prance on swift steed, for all men to behold;
So I, when dying, see thee near me stand,
And, dying, clasp thee with my failing hand!
Thou wilt bewail me, Delia; and when I
Upon that dark and woful bed shall lie,
Soon to be wrapt in flame, thou'lt give me, dear,
Fond kisses mixed with many a scalding tear;
Thou wilt bewail me; in thy gentle heart
Nor ruthless steel nor rugged flint have part.
From that sad pyre no maiden home shall go,
Nor youth, with eyes that are undimmed by woe.

Yet wrong not thou my Manes; spare, oh spare
Thy tender cheeks and thy dishevelled hair!
Then let us, whilst we may, our loves unite.
Soon death will come with forehead palled in night:
Dull-sprighted age will steal on us anon,
Nor will it then, when all our locks are gone,
Be fit that we should give our days and nights
To love's soft dreams and rapturous delights.
Now is the time to feed on Venus' sweets,
Whilst yet I may indulge in roistering feats
Without a blush, beat in a door, or lay
About me stoutly in a midnight fray.
No better warrior in such scenes than I:
But you, ye standards and ye clarions, hie
Far, far from me; to men, that pant for pelf,
Bring wounds, bring riches, too! As for myself,
I, with my store secure, though it be scant,
Will look with equal scorn on wealth and want."

Whether the Glycera mentioned in the Ode which has given rise to this note was Delia under another name, or a different person altogether, it is impossible to decide. No Glycera appears in any of the poems of Tibullus which survive. It seems but natural, therefore, to conclude that Horace wrote this Ode with reference to some elegy, perhaps one of those of the First Book, wrung from the too sensitive soul of Tibullus by Delia's inconstancy. That Tibullus suffered deeply from this, no one who reads his poems can doubt. Horace, less susceptible, could look on Glycera with eyes undazzled by the glamour of passion, and probably wished to rally his friend out of his fancy for a woman on whom he thought so much genuine feeling was thrown away. The kind of consolation suggested by him, however, was not likely to soothe his friend. "The sight of lovers feedeth those in love;" but it is nothing to a lover in despair, that other men have survived a similar ordeal. That Tibullus was a man not unlikely to find favour with the sex, we are not left to infer from his own verses. The young, handsome, wealthy, and highly cultivated poet, as he is described by Horace in the Fourth Epistle of the First Book, was not likely to have been easily displaced from the regards of a woman worth

winning. This Epistle also affords a pleasing picture of the friendship of two men who must have had many sympathies in common.

Ovid, who was a much younger man, and expresses his regret (Tristia, IV. v. 51) that he only saw Virgil, and that Tibullus was snatched away before he had time to cultivate his friendship, devoted one of his elegies to his memory. This poem, besides being peculiarly beautiful in itself, is valuable for the biographical hints which it affords. It is a curious illustration of the state of manners to find both the poet's mistresses joining with his mother and sister in paying the last honours to his remains. There is a dash of grim irony, too, in the exclamations of the two women, as recorded by the poet; Delia taunting her successor with the fact that Tibullus died under the regency of his new passion, and Nemesis reminding Delia of her inconstancy by reference to the fact that it was her hand which the dying poet had held within his own,—an allusion to his own beautifully expressed wish (El., B. I. 1, translated *ante*, p. 56), which must have been peculiarly stinging:—

"If Eos for her Memnon made lament,
If Thetis wept her son Achilles slain,
If mighty goddesses, like us, are bent
By the rude shocks of anguish and of pain,

Then, woful Elegy, thy looks unloose,—
Too well henceforth thy name befits thy cheer,—
Thy dearest bard, the glory of thy muse,
A soulless corpse lies smouldering on the bier;

With broken bow, lo! yonder Venus' boy,
His quiver void, his lightless torch depressed,
With drooping wings he walks, bereft of joy,
And beats with cruel hand his open breast!

Drenched in his tears is his dishevelled hair,
With sighs and frequent sobs his bosom rent;
So from thy home, 'tis said, Iulus fair!
Forth with thy sire Æneas' bier he went.

Nor for her bard is Venus less distraught
Than when the boar destroyed her love; and yet
We bards the gods' peculiar care are thought,
And 'mongst their choir of sacred votaries set.

But ruffian death all sacred things profanes,
On all alike his darkling hands he lays;
What helped it god-sprung Orpheus, that his strains,
As with a spell, held beasts in mute amaze?

So Linus', Linus' name the woods along
Clashed from his father's lyre in days of yore;
And rare Mæonides, that fount of song,
Whence poets quaff delight for evermore,—

Him, too, hath fate in black Avernus drowned,
His strains alone escape the hungry pile;
Still lives in song the toil of Troy renowned,
The web unwoven by nocturnal wile.

So through long ages yet to be the name
Of Nemesis with Delia's shall live on;
That, who last stirred Tibullus' soul to flame,
This, who his fancy first to passion won.

What now avails him rite or vow or prayer,
Or that apart in lonely couch he lay?
'Can there be gods?' I cry in my despair,
When such good men by fate are snatched away.

Live pure and good, and blameless of repute,
Yet shalt thou perish by the common doom;
Revere the gods, yet from the altar's foot
Fell death shall drag thee to the voiceless tomb.

Trust in the might of glorious song! Behold,
Where lies Tibullus crushed by timeless Fate!
And yon poor urn is ample to enfold
All that remains of what was once so great.

Thee, sacred bard, could funeral fires consume,
Nor dread to prey upon thy goodly frame?
They that have wrought such sacrilegious doom
Would wrap the temples of the gods in flame.

Fair Erycina turned her head away,
And wept, 'tis said, her impotence to save,
Yet better this, than if Phæacian clay
Had hid his ashes in a nameless grave.

For here a mother closed his dying eyes,
And the last tribute to his ashes bore;
Sharing his mother's grief, with piteous cries,
A sister, too, her tangled tresses tore.

And with thy kindred Nemesis, and she,
Who earlier had thralled thy heart, drew near,
True to the love which they had borne for thee,
And mingled tears above thy lonely bier.

'Ah, wherefore did we part?' thy Delia cried,
As from the pyre with broken sobs she turned.
'Our happier loves the shock of death defied,
Whilst for myself thy constant bosom burned.'

'What? He was mine!' made Nemesis reply.
'Mine, mine the loss, that never may be scanned;
In his last hour he saw me standing by,
And, dying, grasped me with his failing hand.

But if, of all that makes our being, ought
Beyond a name and empty shade remain,
Tibullus then, with loftier yearnings fraught,
Will surely wander the Elysian plain.

Come with thy Calvus, come, with ivy wreathed,
Catullus thou, to hail him there! And, should
That slur upon thy truth be falsely breathed,
Thou, Gallus, lavish of thy noble blood!

Thy shade is peer for these; Tibullus, thou,
If shades there be, art with the good and just;
Oh, rest thy bones, I pray, in quiet now,
Nor lie the earth too heavy on thy dust!"

ODE XXXVII., page 55.

This Ode was manifestly written soon after the tidings of the death of Cleopatra reached Rome. Modern critics have discovered that she did not die by the poison of asps. What do they not dis-

cover? But at all events, it is clear that the Romans, with Horace at their head, held the common faith, which Shakespeare has firmly established for all true Englishmen.

The poem alludes both to the battle of Actium, B.C. 31, and the battle at Alexandria in the following year, which completed the defeat of Antony and his royal paramour.

BOOK II.

ODE I., page 59.

CAIUS ASINIUS POLLIO was in his youth a partisan of C. Julius Cæsar, and accompanied him on his invasion of Italy, B.C. 45. He also fought in Africa against King Juba, was engaged in the battle of Pharsalia, and subsequently in a campaign in Africa. In B.C. 44 he held the command of Farther Spain. He joined the Triumvirs, and became Consul in B.C. 40. In the following year he overcame the Parthini, a people of Dalmatia, and then abandoned political life. He was an early patron of Virgil, who speaks of his tragedies in these high terms—

"*Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.*"—Ecl. VIII. 10.

> "Thy poems, that alone may fitly match
> The stately strains and tread of Sophocles."

As an orator he was distinguished, and not less so as a historian. The events of the period which he had selected were so recent, and the passions of party so fierce, that Horace gracefully warns him of the perils of his task, while complimenting him on the picturesque force with which he is certain to execute it. It is clear, from the terms in which Tacitus (Ann. IV. 34) alludes to his History, that Pollio spoke fearlessly in praise of Cassius, Brutus, and other enemies of Augustus.

Juno and whosoe'er, &c. Astarte, the queen of heaven, interpreted by the Romans as Juno, the tutelary goddess of Carthage, was worshipped by the Phœnicians. Dishonoured and driven from Carthage by the successful Romans, the goddess retaliates upon them by the slaughter of Romans in Africa. "The Romans," says Mr Newman, "who fell with Curio against King Juba, B.C. 49, and

afterwards at Thapsus against Cæsar, are here said to have been sacrificed by the African deities to the spirit of Jugurtha."

Ode VI., page 68.

Titius Septimius, an old companion in arms of Horace, possessed an estate at Tarentum, where the poet visited him after the celebrated journey to Brundusium (B.C. 40), the details of which form the subject of the Fifth Satire of the First Book, and on other occasions. He was a poet, and imitated Pindar with success (see Horace's Epistles, B. I. 3). When Tiberius Claudius Nero, the future emperor, was preparing to set out on his Eastern campagin, in B.C. 23, Horace wrote recommending his friend Septimius to his notice, in the Epistle which forms the Ninth of the First Book. This letter of introduction, in itself a masterpiece of tact, obviously had the desired effect. Septimius was admitted into Claudius Nero's suite, and was serving under him in the East, when Horace wrote the Epistle (B. I. 3) to Julius Florus, Nero's secretary.

Ode VII., page 70.

Whom will Venus send to rule our revel?

The allusion here is to the practice, taken by the Romans from the Greeks, of appointing a king or dictator of the feast, who prescribed the laws of the feast, which the guests were bound, under penalties, to obey. Sometimes this office was assigned to the master or even the mistress of the house; but commonly it fell to such of the guests as made the highest throw of the dice, which was called *Venus* or *Jactus Venereus*, the lowest being distinguished as *Canis*. The chairman thus selected settled the number of cups to be drunk. Bumpers were the rule, and no heeltaps allowed. He was entitled to call upon any one for a song or a recitation, and kept the mirth from becoming too fast and furious. Lipsius records fifteen of the ordinary laws upon such occasions. Ten bumpers were the usual allowance, nine in honour of the Muses, and one to Apollo. Every gentleman who had a mistress was to toast her, when required. This was a practice common also to the Greeks (see Theocritus, Idyll xiv. 18). There was to be no wrangling or noise,—an injunction apt to be slighted, if we may judge by the frequency with which Horace enforces it. A

penalty was frequently attached to requiring a man to name his mistress, which was somewhat serious to those who, like Cassio, had "poor and unhappy brains for drinking." The challenger was bound to empty a cup to each letter of the lady's name. Sometimes, when the gallant had reasons for secrecy, he merely announced the number of cups which had to be drunk. From these the company might divine her name, if they could. Thus six cups were drunk for Nævia, seven for Justina, five for Lycas, four for Lydè, three for Ida (Martial, I. 7 and VIII. 51). Most of these practices our grandfathers revived with a truly pagan vigour.

Ode IX., page 73.

C. Valgius Rufus is one of the circle of valued friends whom Horace mentions (Sat. I. x. 81). He was an epic poet and rhetorician of great eminence, of whom Tibullus, or, more probably, some rhetorician of a more recent period, says—

> "*Est tibi qui possit magnis se accingere rebus*
> *Valgius: æterno propior non alter Homero.*"—IV. i. 179.

Remember, friend, that sage old man. Nestor, whose son Antilochus, while defending his father, was slain by Memnon.

The slaughtered Troilus; slain by Achilles. He was the brother of Polyxena, Cassandra, &c., daughters of Priam.

Ode XI., page 77.

And bring to our revel that charming recluse.

It may be thought that the "devium scortum" of the original is too much softened down in our version. But Horace obviously means to speak of this young lady playfully and kindly. She was apparently coy and hard to be got hold of,—not ready to answer to everybody's call;—and "shy little puss" may be substituted for "charming recluse" by those who adopt this view in preference to "profligate puss," which may, after all, be nearer the poet's meaning.

> *What boy, then, shall best in the brook's deepest pool*
> *Our cups of the fiery Falernian cool?*

A cupbearer, who was master of the art of cooling wine to the

right point, must always have been in request. The mixing of wine with water, which was the constant practice of the Romans, was also probably reduced to an art, of which their attendants made a study. The art is one which, in our ignorance of the character of their wines, we cannot appreciate. Water, except to mix with a *vin ordinaire*, is with us regarded as a most unsatisfactory addition —*vini pernicies*, in fact, as Catullus called it. When we read, however, as we do, of such additions to ancient wine as salt water, turpentine, and other equally pungent and unpleasant ingredients, a dash of "allaying Tiber" seems comparatively innocent. The Romans were great drinkers of negus. What headaches they must have had after a night spent in drinking toasts in this insidious compound! About a hundred years ago several jars of Roman wine, entirely coagulated, were found near Musselburgh. The tidings soon brought to the spot all the antiquaries of Edinburgh; but alas! the Bailies of the burgh of the bivalves had met in conclave to test the treasure, had brewed bowl upon bowl of negus from it, and found the result so admirable that they finished the precious deposit at a sitting!

Ode XII., page 78.

Who the Licymnia of the Ode was has been a subject of much controversy. Some critics, following Bentley, suppose her to have been Mæcenas's wife, Licinia Terentia. Others hold that she was more probably the "puella" mentioned in the 3d Epode. It was certainly quite consistent with Roman manners for a poet to write thus of his friend's mistress. Let us hope that it was exceptional in the case of a wife, even though the tie of marriage, as in Terentia's case, was of the loosest possible kind. In the 14th Epode Horace clearly alludes to Mæcenas's mistress. The Roman gentleman seems to have had as little scruple as a modern Parisian in blazoning his amours to his friends. Indeed, half the pleasure of these, according to Catullus, consisted in making a bravado of them:—

"Si linguam clauso tenes in ore,
Fructus projicies amoris omnes;
Verbosâ gaudet Venus loquelâ."

"If to no one the tale of your triumph you tell,
You waste all its fruits, for love revels in this,
To be evermore babbling and boasting its bliss."

ODE XIII., page 79.

Although the tone of this Ode is half sportive, the incident it records appears to have impressed Horace deeply. He alludes to it again on two several occasions (B. II. Ode xvii. and B. III. Ode iv.) in the most serious terms ; and a third time, in B. III. Ode viii., we find him celebrating the anniversary of his escape on the Kalends of March by the sacrifice of a snow-white goat to Bacchus.

ODE XVIII., page 90.

Nor Attalus' imperial chair have I usurped, &c.

The poet is here supposed to allude to Aristonicus, the illegitimate son of Attalus, who usurped the kingdom, which had been bequeathed by Attalus to the Romans, but was expelled by them under Perpenna, B.C. 129.

Laconian purples. Wools died with the murex, which produced the celebrated purple, and was found, among other places, at Tænaron in Laconia.

ODE XIX., page 92.

Now may I chant her honours, too, thy bride, &c.

The allusion is to Ariadne, and the golden crown given to her by Bacchus, and which, after her death, was translated to the skies, where it is represented by the nine stars forming the Corona Borealis. The story of Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete, and her desertion by Theseus, one of the most beautiful mythical legends of Greece, was a favourite one with the Roman poets. It forms the principal feature of the longest, and, in some respects, finest poem by Catullus. Ovid has treated the subject no less than four times, and in the Eighth Book of the Metamorphoses he deals with the transformation of her crown into a star. Titian's great picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, in our National Gallery, is little more than an embodiment in colours of what Catullus has described in words scarcely less vivid, in his account of the coverlet of pictured arras prepared for the nuptial couch of Peleus and Thetis.

"*At parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus,*" &c.

" Elsewhere upon that coverlet of sheen,
Bounding along, was blooming Bacchus seen,

With all his heart aflame with love for thee,
Fair Ariadne! And behind him, see
Where Satyrs and Sileni whirl along,
With frenzy fired, a wild tumultuous throng!
Evoë! Evoë! yells the jocund rout,
And clap their hands, and toss their heads about.
There, some wave thyrsi, wreathed with ivy; here,
Some toss the limbs of a dismembered steer;
Around their waists some coiling serpents twine,
Whilst others work the mysteries divine
With arks of osiers, mysteries of fear,
Which the profane desire in vain to hear.
Others with open palm the timbrel smite,
Or with smooth brazen rods wake tinklings light,
And many a hoarse-resounding horn is blown,
And fifes barbarian shriek with hideous drone."

The Halls of Pentheus shattered in their pride. Pentheus, king of Thebes, having opposed the Bacchanalian orgies, was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian women.

And of Lycurgus the disastrous story. The story of Lycurgus of Thrace is variously told. He drove the Mænads across Nysa, for which he was blinded by Jupiter (Iliad, VI. 130), or, according to Sophocles (Antigone, 955), shut up in a cave. According to later legends, he was driven mad by Bacchus, because of his having cut down the vines, and in his frenzy killed his son Dryas, and mutilated himself. The allusion in the last verse of the Ode is to the descent of Bacchus into Tartarus, from which he brought up his mother Semele, and led her to Olympus, where she took her place under the name of Thyone.

BOOK III.

Ode I., page 97.

THE Pindaric verse, introduced by Cowley, and carried by Dryden to perfection, has been adopted in translating this Ode, the 14th Ode of the Fourth Book, and the Secular Hymn, as the only measure in which the requisite freedom of movement could be obtained for grappling with the originals. This verse, whilst in some respects it tempts to amplification, is favourable to closeness in others, inasmuch as the translator is not tied down, as in our ordinary stanza, to a regularly recurring rhyme. Dryden, with his usual mastery of critical exposition, has said all that can be said of this noble form of verse. "For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, the numbers may be stretched to the English heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be complete; *the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another.* It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour."

Ode V., page 109.

Has any legionary, who his falchion under Crassus drew, &c.

The defeat of the Romans under Crassus (B.C. 53), by the Parthians, was one of the most signal disgraces ever sustained by the Roman arms. Their standards fell into the hands of the enemy, and many of the Roman prisoners had accepted their fate, married Parthian women, and become the subjects of a Parthian king.

This, as the Ode intimates, was felt to be a blot upon the national honour. At the time this Ode was written, Augustus was no doubt projecting a campaign to recover the standards, and retrieve the defeat which, despite the lapse of thirty years, still rankled with peculiar bitterness in the Roman mind. This object was subsequently achieved by treaty (B.C. 23), when Augustus seized the opportunity of an embassy from Phraätes to Rome, to treat for the surrender of his son, then a hostage in the hands of Augustus, to stipulate for the delivery of the captured standards and the surviving prisoners. Many of the latter killed themselves rather than return, probably either from grief at the disruption of the ties they had formed, or in apprehension of being dealt with by Augustus as deserters.

The shields no more remembering. The *Ancilia*, or shields, were typical of the grandeur and permanence of Rome. In the days of Numa the original Ancile had fallen from heaven, and it was regarded as the Palladium of the city. To prevent its being stolen, as that of Troy had been, Numa had eleven others like it made, and delivered them into the custody of twelve of the leading families of the city. Out of these grew the college of the Salii, or priests of Mars, in whose charge the sacred shields were kept, and who carried them through the city in annual procession, dancing with peculiar vehemence of gesticulation.

Ode VII., page 115.

To Asterië.

Whether this lady was the mistress or wife of Gyges is not very clear. The fact that Enipeus was in the habit of serenading under her windows, rather points to the former conclusion. These serenades, practised by the Greeks, and by them called *paraclausithura*, were a common resource of the Roman gallants. A specimen of one occurs in Ode x. of this Book.

Bithynia, the modern Anatolia, to which Gyges had gone, was the emporium of the commerce of Asia Minor and all the rich Greek colonies on the shores of the Black Sea. (See Epistles I. 6.) He has been compelled to put in at Oricum (the modern Erikho) in Epirus, to wait for the finer weather of spring. Asterië, Horace seems to surmise, has begun to indicate that she is not altogether inconsolable.

ODE X., page 119.

To Lycè.

This lady has been assumed to be one of Horace's many mistresses, upon what appear to be very insufficient grounds. The poem is more like a *jeu d'esprit* than a serious appeal—a mere quiz upon the serenades of forlorn lovers. How like is the picture it presents to that in Lydia Languish's confession to her friend Julia! "How mortifying to remember the dear delicious shifts one used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! *How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!* There would he kneel to me in the snow, and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! And while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love!" But there was no drop of "the blood of the Absolutes" in the veins of the bard of Venusia.

ODE XIV., page 125.

To the Romans.

This Ode was written apparently in anticipation of the return of Augustus to Rome, at the conclusion of his victorious campaign in Spain, B.C. 25. Livia Drusilla, his wife, and Octavia his sister, the widow of Marc Antony, are summoned to lead the procession to the temples for a public thanksgiving; while the poet resolves to make merry over wine, which, if we are to construe literally the allusion to the Marsic war, in B.C. 91-88, was at least sixty-four years old. This wine was old even at the time of the insurrection, B.C. 73-72, of gladiators and slaves under Spartacus, whose marauding clutch Horace intimates it could scarcely have escaped. The best wines of ancient times rose in value with age, like those of our own day. These alone would bear age. The lighter wines of Horace's time, like most of the Tuscan wines now, could not be kept for much more than one year. Seven years were considered to be the period for ripening the commoner sorts of the wines of the best districts. The Falernian, according to Athenæus and Galen, was not ripe till it was ten years old, and it only preserved its finer qualities for about nine years after this term. In this respect it

seems to resemble port, according to the opinions of many connoisseurs. Other wines required a longer time to mellow. Thus the Alban wine was not mature under twenty years. Horace (Odes, IV. ii.), however, seems to have thought it in high condition in nine. The wine of Sorrento required to be kept for twenty-five years. These general rules must, of course, have been liable to many exceptions, according to the quality of the vintage of particular years, the way the wine had been made or kept, and other circumstances. Thus Cicero, after dining with Damasippus, eulogises some Falernian, forty years old, as having borne its age well—*bene ætatem fert.* Like ourselves, the Romans occasionally spoiled their wines by keeping them too long. Cicero (Brut. 83), speaking of the speeches of Thucydides, compares them to very old Falernian, and says the style had better be avoided, "*tanquam Amicianam notam,*" like wine of the consulship of Amicius; and he adds, "*atque eæ notæ sunt optimæ, credo, sed nimia vetustas nec habet eam quam querimus suavitatem, nec est jam sane tolerabilis.*"

Horace (Satires II. viii. 15) speaks of the Chian wine introduced at the dinner of Nasidienus, which had no doubt been bought at a high price, as having lost its body, "*maris expers.*"

It is contended that the Neæra of this Ode is the Neæra of the 15th Epode, with whom Horace there remonstrates for her infidelity, and that the concluding lines indicate that in the days of Plancus's consulate (B.C. 42), when Horace was twenty-four, he would have knocked down that lady's porter, if he had given him a surly answer. That he would "in his hot youth" have handled roughly the *concierge* of that Neæra, or of any other lady of her profession, is most probable. But the Neæra of the 15th Epode was by this time seventeen years older at least; and there was no such dearth of younger beauties of her class as to compel us to conclude that she and she only could be the Neæra here referred to.

Ode XVI., page 127.

Argos' augur.

Amphiaraus. For his story, see Smith's 'Dict. of Greek and Roman Biography,' vol. i. p. 148.

'*Twas by bribes the Macedonian, &c.* It was a boast of Philip of Macedon that he could take any fortress into which an ass could mount laden with gold.

Our bluffest navy captains. It is generally considered that a sarcasm is here directed against Menas, the freedman of Pompey the Great, and the admiral of Sextus Pompeius, who alternately betrayed both parties, and was ultimately made *Tribunus Militum* by Augustus for his traitorous services. See Epode iv., where he is mercilessly scourged.

The realms of Alyattes, wedded to Mygdonia's plains. Lydia. Alyattes was the father of Crœsus, proverbial for his wealth, and by Mygdonia's plains Horace understands Phrygia.

The sentiment of the concluding part of this Ode has been embodied, with truly Horatian spirit, in the following beautiful song in the old play of "The Patient Grissell," by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton :—

SWEET CONTENT.

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
Oh, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet in thy mind perplexed?
Oh, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed,
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
Oh, sweet content!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
Oh, sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
Oh, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
Oh, sweet content!"

ODE XVII., page 129.

To Ælius Lamia.

This is the same Lucius Ælius Lamia to whom Ode xxvi. B. I. is addressed. This family claimed for their ancestor Lamus, king of the Læstrygones, who was said by tradition to have founded Formiæ. The Ode reads like a little friendly note, sent most probably by the poet to Lamia on the eve of his birthday. This view is strongly supported by the phrase in the last verse—"*Cras*

Genium mero curabis;"—the genius here alluded to being in all probability the tutelary genius who presided at Lamia's birth. *Genius est deus, cujus in tutelâ, ut quisque natus est, vivit* (Censorinus, 'De Die Natali,' c. 3). See also what Horace says on the subject, Epistle ii. Book II., line 187 *et seq.* On the anniversary of this day it was the practice to raise altars to the Genius, to crown them with flowers, and burn incense upon them. The day was one of festival and holiday to the household, and wine flowed freely to the health of the master, and in honour of his Genius.

ODE XXI., page 133.

To a jar of Wine.

This joyous panegyric of the virtues of wine will hold its own against anything which has been written on the subject. Horace's views were akin to those of The Preacher: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Burns, in his own vigorous way, echoes unconsciously the very words of Horace!—

"Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin',
Though life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragged wi' pine and grievin';
But, oiled by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin'
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited lear,
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping care,
Thou strings the nerves o' labour sair
At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark despair
Wi' gloomy smile."

ODE XXVII., page 141.

To Galatea.

The lady to whom this beautiful Ode is addressed appears to have been some Roman matron of Horace's acquaintance, about to

visit Greece. The allusions to the evil omens remind us with what tenacity superstition clings to the human mind, when we see that neither revelation nor science has yet extinguished the belief in many of those to which Horace refers. The transition to the story of Europa is abrupt according to our notions; but a reference to this triumphant beauty's troubles and glory was an implicit compliment to the beauty and attractions of Galatea.

ODE XXIX., page 145.

This Ode will probably always be read in English in Dryden's noble version, which, as a whole, is certainly finer than the original. The following passage, of which a faint suggestion only is to be found in Horace, is highly characteristic of the genius of Dryden, and his peculiar mastery of the great rhythmical resources of our language:—

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own;
He, who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away;
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned;
Content with poverty my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

Nor always from afar survey, &c. From Mæcenas's palace on the Esquiline Hill he could command a view of Tibur, the modern Tivoli, Æsula (the exact site of which is unknown, but which probably lay between Præneste and Tibur), and Tusculum, built on a hill above the modern Frascati, and said to have been founded by Telegonus, son of Circe by Ulysses, whom he slew in ignorance of the fact of his paternity. The "Circean walls of Tusculum" are again referred to in the First Epode.

BOOK IV.

ODE I., page 153.

The Pains of Love.

THIS Ode has been for the most part so admirably rendered by Ben Jonson, that only such alterations have been made upon his version as were necessary to bring it into harmony with the modern diction of the other translations.

ODE III., page 158.

Julius Scaliger said of this Ode and the Amœbean Ode (Book III. ix.), that he would rather have written them than be king of Arragon.

ODE IV., page 159.

The Praises of Drusus.

Drusus was the son of Tiberius Claudius Nero and his wife Livia, and was born three months after Livia, who had been divorced by Nero, had been married to Augustus. His elder brother Tiberius, by the same father, was adopted by Augustus, but Drusus was not, as though with the view of giving the lie to the current scandal, that an intimacy had subsisted between Livia and Augustus before her divorce from Claudius Nero. Of the two, Drusus was, however, most in favour with Augustus. He possessed, according to Velleius Paterculus (II. 97), every natural endowment, carried by culture to perfection. He was only twenty-three years old when he achieved the great victory celebrated in this Ode. The Vindelici, who occupied that part of modern Bavaria which lies between the

Tyrol and the Lech and its tributaries, had formed an alliance with the Rhæti, a race of wild mountaineers, who occupied the Tyrol, the Vorarlberg, and the Grisons. They were in the habit of making descents upon the plains of northern Italy, for purposes of plunder and destruction. Drusus forced his way through the passes of the Tyrolese Alps and defeated them; while his brother Tiberius, crossing the Lake of Constance, made a diversion, which enabled Drusus to complete their overthrow. All the young men of the enemy, who were not slain, were carried prisoners to Rome, only such of the population being left behind as were necessary for the tillage of the soil. The victory was complete and conclusive. Augustus is said to have prescribed the theme of this Ode to the poet, who executed his task with consummate skill. Through both their parents, Tiberius and Drusus were descended from both the consuls Livius and Nero, who defeated Hasdrubal at the Metaurus, B.C. 207,—a circumstance which the poet has turned to excellent advantage.

ODE V., page 163.

The husband in the child we trace.

This evidence of the chastity of the mother is greatly insisted on in Greek and Roman poetry. The following amusing anecdote is told by Macrobius. A provincial, who had gone to Rome on business, drew crowds after him by his great resemblance to Augustus. The emperor, hearing of this, had him sent for, and, struck by the likeness, asked him, "Young man, was your mother ever in Rome?" "Never," replied the provincial; "but my father often was."

ODE VII., page 167.

Of the Manlius Torquatus to whom this Ode is addressed, nothing is known beyond what may be gathered from the Fifth Epistle of the First Book, which is also addressed to him. His name is evidence that he was of good family. He was obviously a young man of good fortune, and rising to distinction at the bar. Himself surrounded with the means and appliances of luxury, he had not lost the relish for simple habits, and the subtle zests which the society of bright spirits and unspoiled hearts impart to homely fare. He was not likely to wreck himself in sensual indulgence, like so many of his peers, but rather to cloud his enjoyment of life by

too sedulous a devotion to what, in Horace's philosophy, was only a "busy idleness," and that ambition of wealth which is apt to creep insidiously but surely on those who throw themselves zealously into a professional career. This much may be inferred both from this Ode and from the Epistle in question, one of the most charming of its class, and especially interesting from the light it throws upon the interior of the poet's establishment. It is pleasant, as Wieland observes, to see the poet so attentive to all the little domestic details, and pluming himself so heartily upon the purity of his table furniture, and the brightness of his cups and dishes. "These are the traits," he adds, "which Plutarch so industriously sought out, and by which he makes his biographies and his heroes so interesting to us."

ODE XII., page 175.

Now buildeth her nest, &c.

Procne, daughter of Pandion son of Cecrops, and wife of Tereus, king of Thrace, killed her son Itys, and served his heart up to his father, in revenge for the brutal lust and cruelty of Tereus, who had ravished her sister Philomela, and then cut out her tongue. "The sad bird" is Procne, who was transformed into a swallow, according to some,—to a nightingale, according to others.

And thirst, O my Virgil, &c. This invitation, whether of the poet or of some other Virgil, to dinner, was written probably soon after Horace's return from Greece to Rome, and when the poet Virgil, already backed by powerful friends, was much better off than himself. Choice perfumes were as indispensable to a Roman's enjoyment of a feast as choice wines. They were costly, and Horace requires Virgil to contribute this part to the essentials of their carouse. Catullus, in much the same strain, invites his friend Fabullus to dinner, promising to find the perfume, on condition that Fabullus brings with him all the other requisites.

The use of perfumes, which the Romans learned from the Easterns, was carried by them to excess. No banquet was complete without them. Egypt, India, Arabia, yielded the choicest spices for their manufacture, which was carried to perfection at Rome. The native plants of Italy—the lily, the iris, the narcissus, sweet marjoram, &c.—were also extensively employed. The roses of Pæstum, *biferi rosaria Pæsti*, and of Phaselis and Campania, were in high repute, as those of the country near Cannes are now.

Besides the perfumes extracted from plants, there were many compound perfumes. The most esteemed were *Megalium*, *Mindesium*, *Telinum* from Telos, *Metopium*, *Malobathrum* from Sidon, *Nardum*, especially the Persian, *Opobalsamum*, *Amaracinum*, *Cyprinum*, *Susinum*, &c. The composition of these is not known. This was kept secret by those who dealt in them, which was more practicable in days when chemistry was in its infancy, and known but to a few. If they were extracted, as many of our fashionable essences are said to be, from substances the most loathsome, ignorance of the mysteries of the perfumer's craft was a blessing. These artists, like the Farinas and Rowlands of modern times, had each their special receipts; and their names have been embalmed for posterity by the poets. Niceros gave his name to an essence, *Fragras plumbea Nicerotiana* (Martial, B. VII. 55). So, too, had Cosmus, whose name still survives in the word *cosmetic* (Martial, B. XII. 65). Folia of Ariminium, the companion of Canidia on the Esquiline, gave her name to the *Foliatum*, a costly and highly prized variety of the Persian nard, prepared in some peculiar way. *At una me libram foliati poscit amica* (Martial, B. XI. 27), and again (Martial, B. XIV. 110):—

Hac licet in gemma, servat quæ nomina Cosmi,
Luxuriose, bibas, si foliata sitis.

These perfumes were kept in alabaster flasks, called *alabastra*, or more commonly in small onyx vases, such as that alluded to by Horace in this Ode. So, too, Propertius (B. II. Eleg. xxx.), *Syrio munere plenus onyx*, and (B. III. Eleg. viii. 22), *Et crocino nares murrheus ungat onyx*. The pungency of these essences probably stimulated the appetite, and, it may be, relaxed the frame into an agreeable languor. Of the excess to which their use was carried, we may form an idea from the description by Petronius of Trimalchio at his banquet, "loaded with several chaplets, and with ointment trickling down over his forehead into his eyes."

Ode XIII., page 177.

To Lycè.

Only a pagan, it is often said, could feel or write as Horace does in this Ode. One would fain think so, were the proofs to the con-

trary not too numerous. Men will certainly not dare nowadays openly to avow such sentiments. That is something gained. But not very long since we could have almost matched Horace even here in England. Thus a great wit and fine gentleman of the last century, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his published poems, treats a former mistress, the celebrated Mrs Margaret Woffington (who, however, did not, like Lycè, outlive her fascinations), with a rude insolence which makes one wish she had played Sir Harry Wildair off the stage as well as upon it, and caned him roundly. While sighing at her feet, he writes of her thus (Works: London, 1822: vol. ii. p. 4) :—

" 'Tis not her form alone I prize,
Which every fool, that has his eyes,
As well as I can see;
To say she's fair is but to say,
When the sun shines at noon 'tis day,
Which none need learn of me.
But I'm in love with Peggy's mind,
Where every virtue is combined
That can adorn the fair."

She discards him, no doubt with good reason, and then addressing to her by name an adaptation of Horace's Ode to Barine (B. II. viii.), he assails his former paragon in this unmanly strain :—

" By tricks and cheats and lies you live,
By breach of word and honour thrive,
Like my good Lord of Bath."

Those who are curious to see with what coarse raillery a gentleman of the last century could insult a brilliant beauty who had condescended to grant him her favours, may consult the remainder of the poem.

NOTES TO THE EPODES

NOTES TO THE EPODES.

EPODE I., page 3.

THE occasion of this Ode is uncertain. It has been customary to refer it to the campaign which ended in the battle of Actium, B.C. 31. But this seems unlikely, as Mæcenas was not there. Mr Thomas Dyer, whose view is adopted by Mr J. W. Newman, with greater probability refers it to the Sicilian war, in which Mæcenas took part, B.C. 36. The Liburnians referred to in the first line were vessels of a light draught, convenient for an officer in command, as being more easily moved from point to point. This Epode was probably written not long after Horace had been presented with the Sabine villa, which he may be presumed to contrast in the concluding lines with the sumptuous villas in the more fashionable district of Tusculum.

EPODE V., page 10.

This remarkable poem throws vivid light upon the practices and belief of the Romans in the matter of witchcraft, nearly all of which survived in modern Europe till a comparatively recent date. Canidia, anxious to reclaim the vagrant affections of her lover Varus, murders a young boy by a frightful process of slow torture, in order to concoct from his liver and spleen a philtre of irresistible power. The place, the time, the actors, are brought before us with great dramatic force. Canidia's burst of wonder and rage, on finding that the spells she deemed all-powerful have been neutralised by some sorceress of skill superior to her own, gives great reality to the scene; and the curses of the dying boy, launched with tragic vigour, and closing with a touch of beautiful pathos, make one regret that we have no more pieces by Horace in a similar vein.

The speculations as to who and what Canidia was, in which scholars have indulged, point to no satisfactory conclusion. That she was a real personage, and most obnoxious to the poet, is certain from the peculiar venom with which he denounces her, not only here but in the Satire I. 8, as well as from the sarcastic Recantation and Reply, which form the Seventeenth Epode.

Young children supplied a favourite condiment to the witches of modern Europe, as well as to those of Horace's days. From them, according to Baptista Porta, was procured an ointment, which, rubbed into the skin, enabled the "filthy hags," the Canidias and Saganas of a more recent period, to mount in imagination into the air, and to enjoy amorous dalliance with their paramours. Thus in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' we find the following recipe for this precious embrocation cited from that great Neapolitan authority: "*The fat of young children, and seethe it with water in a brazen vessel*, reserving the thickest of that which remaineth boiled in the bottom, which they lay up and keep, until occasion serveth to use it. They put hereunto *Eleoselinum*, *Aconitum*, *frondes populeas* (*mountain-parsley*, *wolf's-bane*, *leaves of the poplar*), *and soot*." "They stamp all these together, and then they rub all parts of their bodies exceedingly, till they look red and be very hot, so as the pores may be opened, and their flesh soluble and loose." By this means in a moonlight night they seemed to be carried in the air, to feasting, singing, dancing, kissing, culling, and other acts of venery, with such youths as they love and desire most."—Reginald Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' Book X. cap. viii. p. 135, ed. 1651.

Reginald Scot gives, from Baptista Porta, an anecdote which explains the delusions under which the belief in witchcraft flourished, and led so many wretched outcasts to the pond and the stake:—

"Now," saith he (Porta), "when I considered thoroughly hereof, remaining doubtful of the matter, there fell into my hands a witch, who of her own accord did promise to fetch me an errand out of hand from far countries and willed all them whom I had brought to witness the matter to depart out of the chamber. And when she had undressed herself, and frotted her body with certain ointments (which action we beheld through a chink or little hole of the door), she fell down through the force of these soporiferous or sleepy ointments into a most sound and heavy sleep, so as we did

break open the door, and did beat her exceedingly; but the force of her sleep was such as it took away from her the sense of feeling, and we departed for a time. Now when her strength and powers were weary and decayed, she awoke of her own accord, and began to speak many vain and doting words, affirming that she had passed over both seas and mountains, delivering unto us many untrue and false reports. We earnestly denied them, she impudently affirmed them."—Reginald Scot, *loc. cit.*

The sacrifice of infancy has always been thought welcome to the devil. Shakespeare's witches make the hell-broth of their caldron "thick and slab" by adding the

> "Finger of birth-strangled babe
> Ditch-delivered by a drab."

And ingredients of a similar kind figure in most of the plays of the Elizabethan period, where witches and their orgies are introduced. See, for example, "The Witch," by Thomas Middleton, in Mr Dyce's edition of that dramatist, vol. iii. p. 259 *et seq.* In Jonson's "Masque of Queens," one of the hags thus reports her achievements (Gifford's ed., vol. vii. p. 130):—

> "I had a dagger: what did I with that?
> Killed an infant to have his fat."

Jonson, as might be expected, has borrowed largely from Horace in this Masque, in which he has skilfully brought together all the floating superstitions, ancient and modern, as to witches and their arts.

The Romans, in the days of Horace, were great believers in necromancy. The professors of the art seem to have been chiefly females, and their powers were mainly employed in forwarding the wild desires and intrigues of their votaries. Philtres to force love, or to extinguish it, were in great demand, and commanded a high price. These traders in "the arts inhibited," like all professors of the craft, in all countries and all ages, claimed for themselves great command over the powers of nature. Of their pretensions in this respect, the Saga mentioned by Tibullus (B. I. Eleg. xi. 41) is a good example. He is addressing Delia, and assures her that, if she will continue her intrigue with him, her husband will turn a deaf ear to any one who should acquaint him with it:—

"Nor will your lord believe his tale; of this
A trusty witch, by her divining art,
Assures me. Her have I beheld, I wis,
Making the stars from out their orbits start;
The rushing rivers by her spells she turns,
The earth she pierces with her magic tones,
Awakes the Manes from their lonely urns,
And from the yet warm pyres collects the bones;
Anon she summons forth, with eldritch shriek,
A phantom crowd, anon commands them back,
With milk besprent, the infernal shades to seek;
From heaven can she dispel the lowering rack,
Thicken at will the summer air with snows:
She only all Medea's herbs is famed
To hold in store, and that great secret knows
Whereby dread Hecate's savage hounds are tamed."

Like other great enchantresses of a modern date, this mighty Saga seems, after all, to have been little better than an *entre-metteuse*. Although the moon and stars were under her control, she made her livelihood by pimping, thus combining in herself the attributes of Medea and Dame Quickly. It is marvellous how long this sort of personage held her place in Europe. Is she yet dead? Or has she only passed into another phase of existence? And does she now make a decent livelihood by evoking from tables responses to profane questions, and stimulating weak brains into a state of nervous disorder, which they mistake for spiritual exaltation?

EPODE VI., page 14.

Like him, whose joys Lycambes dashed, &c.

The poets who thus made Furies of their Muses were Archilochus and Hipponax. Lycambes had promised his daughter Neobule to Archilochus, and afterwards broke his promise. The ferocity of the poet's satire drove him to commit suicide. So, too, Bupalus, a sculptor of Chios, who had caricatured Hipponax, adopted the same effectual means of escaping the sting of the satirist's verses.

EPODE IX., page 17.

This Ode appears to have been written on the arrival in Rome of tidings of the battle of Actium. The "self-styled Neptunius" was

Sextus Pompeius, who was defeated in B.C. 36 by Agrippa off Mylæ, and again off Naulochus, in the Sicilian Sea. He had taken into his service all the slaves who fled to him. The "woman's slave" of the third verse is of course Marc Antony.

EPODE XI., page 20.

This amusing picture of a disconsolate lover is obviously an early poem, and founded upon fact. Who the lady was whose neglect had thrown the poet into the state of woe-begone distraction which he so graphically describes is uncertain, and is indeed of no great moment. The chances are that she was the *bona Cinara* of Ode xiii. B. IV.

Cinara, whoever she was, seems to have been Horace's first love, and her image clung about his heart till late in life. He had the additional motive for loving her memory that she died young (Odes, xiii. B. IV.) He, too, had said,—who has it not to say? —"*Das ist das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde!*" How many a day-dream may she not have filled for the poet with a sad beauty, among the solitudes of his Sabine valley!

The Roman lover in despair was quite as apt as his modern counterpart to seek consolation in the wine-cup. Thus Tibullus (Eleg. I. 5):—

> "*Sæpe ego tentavi curas depellere vino;*
> *At dolor in lacrymas verterat omne merum;*"

where the remedy and the results are precisely those which the ballad-monger, with more truth than grace, records in the familiar quatrain:—

> "To wine I flew to ease the pain
> Her beauteous charms created;
> But wine more firmly bound the chain,
> And love would not be cheated."

Horace's complaint that genius has no chance with beauty when matched against wealth is very amusingly put. The cry has been transmitted by all sorts of poets to our own times, through every modulation of tone, from flippant sarcasm to wild despair. It was an old one, doubtless, in the days of Anacreon, who thus states the poor lover's case with all the emphasis of strong personal feelings:—

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι, κ.τ.λ.

"Not to love is pain and woe,
And to love is pain also;
But to love unloved again
Is a tenfold sharper pain.
Lineage, high howe'er it mount,
Is in love of small account;
Worth goes to the wall and brains,
Gold alone has all the gains.
Be the soul of him accursed,
On vile gold who doted first!
Gold 'twixt brothers sets despite,
Makes the child the parents slight;
Hence do bloody wars befall,
And, what direr is than all,
We poor lovers every one
Are by gold, alas! undone."

Nemesis—not the great Avenger, but the lady who was his peculiar fate—taught Tibullus to his cost the truth of Anacreon's creed. *Eheu, divitibus video gaudere puellas!* he exclaims (Eleg. II. 3).

"Alas! I see that wealthy churls
Stand high in favour with the girls!"

Propertius found the doctrine illustrated by his Cynthia:—

Cynthia non sequitur fasces, non curat honores,
Semper amatorum ponderat illa sinus.

"Title, honours, station, fame,
These are not my Cynthia's aim.
What to her are sighs or verses?
She weighs lovers by their purses."

Ovid is evermore ringing the changes on the same theme; as, for example,—

Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro,
At nunc barbaries grandis, habere nihil.
—Amores, B. III. Eleg. viii.

"Time was, that beauty would vouchsafe to hold
Genius a thing more precious far than gold;
But now, to sigh with empty hands in us
Is past all bearing low and barbarous."

Quite in the same tone is the lament of La Fontaine, in his lines *A une femme avare*:—

"Gratis est mort; plus d'amour sans payer:
En beaux louis se comptent les fleurettes.
. . . . . .
Je l'ai jà dit, rien n'y font les soupirs;
Celui-là parle une langue barbare,
Qui, l'or en main, n'explique ses desirs."

Burns puts the complaint against the sex more pithily than all his predecessors, in one verse of his fine song "*She's fair and fause*," and this simply because there is more of genuine feeling at the root of his sarcasm:—

"A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear,
An' I hae lost my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang!"

EPODE XVI., page 25.

To the Roman People.

This poem was probably written shortly before the peace of Brundusium (B.C. 40) was concluded between Antony and Octavius, and when the dangers threatening Rome from civil dissensions were of the most alarming kind.

The story of the Phocæans here referred to is told by Herodotus ("Clio," 165). Their city having been attacked by Harpagus, one of the generals of Cyrus, B.C. 534, "the Phocæans launched their fifty-oared galleys, and, having put their wives, children, and goods on board, together with the images from their temples, and other offerings, except works of brass or stone, or pictures, set sail for Chios;" and the Persians took possession of Phocæa, abandoned by all its inhabitants. They subsequently returned and put to the sword the Persian garrison which had been left by Harpagus in the city. "Afterwards, when this was accomplished, they pronounced terrible imprecations on any who should desert the fleet; besides

this, they sunk a mass of red-hot iron, and swore 'that they would never return to Phocæa till this burning mass should appear again.'"

The idea of the Happy Isles was a familiar one with the Greek poets. They became in time confounded with the Elysian fields, in which the spirits of the departed good and great enjoyed perpetual rest. In this character Ulysses mentions them in Mr Tennyson's noble monologue :—

> "It may be that the gulfs shall wash us down;
> It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

These islands were supposed to lie in the far West, and were probably the poetical amplification of some voyagers' account of the Canaries or of Madeira. There has always been a region beyond the boundaries of civilisation to which the poet's fancy has turned for ideal happiness and peace. The difference between ancient and modern is, that material comforts, as in this Epode, enter largely into the romantic dream of the former, while independence, beauty, and grandeur are the chief elements in the picture of the latter.

"Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadth of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag.

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,
Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

Epode XVII., page 28.

Reverse thy whirling wheel amain.

A wheel appears to have been turned by the witches and sorcerers of Greece and Rome in their incantations, under the belief that its revolutions drew after them the soul of the person intended to be spell-bound. It is to a wheel of this kind that the girl in Theocritus (Idyll ii.), throughout her conjuration of the wandering affections of her lover, keeps up an appeal :—

Ἴυγξ, ἕλκε τὺ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

"Turn, wheel, turn my beloved from his paramour back to my dwelling!"

The Iynx (*torquilla*, the wryneck), which was used by witches in compounding their love-potions, was fastened upon the wheel; and so, in time, the wheel itself came to be called, as in the above passage, Iynx.

Propertius (B. III. Eleg. vi. 25) alludes to the wheel thus:—

Non me moribus illa, sed herbis, improba vicit,
Staminea rhombi ducitur ille rotâ.

"'Twas not by witchery of grace,
By charm of manner, or of face,
That she, vile wretch, subdued me, but
By herbs in watery moonshine cut;
And he by her revolving wheel
Is at her feet constrained to kneel."

The wheel seems, however, not to have confined its operations to the hearts of recalcitrant swains, but to have been used in incantations generally. See Propertius, B. II. Eleg. xxviii. 35.

The days and nights, they wax and wane,
But bring me no release from pain, &c.—P. 29.

So the witch in Macbeth threatens the Master of the Tiger:—

"I will drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

The tongue,
That slandered Helena the fair.—P. 29.

Stesichorus, who was blinded by the Dioscuri for lampooning their sister, wrote a recantation, whereupon they restored his sight.

Think ye, that I who can at will
Move waxen images.—P. 31.

That is, give life and feeling to images of wax made to represent any one whom she wished to enchant. Thus the girl in the Second Idyll of Theocritus already referred to (v. 28):—

ὡς τοῦτον τὸν χηρὸν ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τάκω,
ὡς τάκοιθ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος αὐτίκα Δέλφις.

"As this image of wax I melt here by aidance demonic,
Myndian Delphis shall so melt with love's passion anon."

Virgil uses the same image in the Eighth Eclogue (l. 80):—

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,
Uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.

"As hardens with the self-same fire this clay,
That melts the while this mould of wax away,
So, so may Daphnis melt with love for me,
So with hard heart all other wooers see!"

And Hypsipyle says of Medea (Ovid, Heroid. vi. 91):—

Devovet absentes simulacraque cerea figit,
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.

"The absent she binds with her spells, and figures of wax she devises,
And in their agonised spleen fine-pointed needles she thrusts."

In these passages we are again reminded of the practices of modern sorcery. The familiar instance of Eleanor, Duchess of Glo'ster, who was accused along with Hume, Margery Jourdain, and others, of attempting by means of an image of this kind to compass the death of Henry VI., will occur to every one. The older dramatists are full of allusions to the practice.

THE SECULAR HYMN

THE SECULAR HYMN.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

PHŒBUS, and Dian, forest queen,
Heaven's chiefest light sublime,
Ye, who high-worshipped evermore have been,
And shall high-worshipped be for evermore,
Fulfil the prayers which, at this sacred time,
To you we pour;
This time, when, prompted by the Sibyl's lays,
Virgins elect, and spotless youths unite
To the Immortal Gods a hymn to raise
Who in the seven-hilled City take delight!

Benignant sun, who with thy car of flame
Bring'st on the day,
And takest it away,
And still are born anew,
Another, yet the same,
In all thy wanderings mayst thou nothing view,
That mightier is than Rome,
The empress of the world, our mother, and our home!
O Ilithyia, of our matrons be
The guardian and the stay,
And, as thine office is, unto the child,
Who in the womb hath reached maturity,
Gently unbar the way,
Whether Lucina thou wouldst rather be,
Or Genitalis styled!

Our children, goddess, rear in strength and health,
And with thy blessing crown
The Senate's late decree,
The nuptial law, that of our dearest wealth
The fruitful source shall be,—
A vigorous race, who to posterity
Shall hand our glory, and our honours down!
So, as the circling years, ten-times eleven,
Shall bring once more this season round,
Once more our hymns shall sound,
Once more our solemn festival be given,
Through three glad days, devoted to thy rites,
Three joyous days, and three not less delightsome nights!

And you, ye Sister Fates,
Who truly do fulfil
What doom soever, by your breath decreed,
In the long vista of the future waits,
As ye have ever made our fortunes speed,
Be gracious to us still!

And oh! may Earth, which plenteous increase bears
Of fruits, and corn, and wine,
A stately coronal for Ceres twine
Of the wheat's golden shocks,
And healthful waters and salubrious airs
Nourish the yeanling flocks!
Aside thy weapons laid, Apollo, hear
With gracious ear serene
The suppliant youths, who now entreat thy boon!
And thou, of all the constellations queen,
Two-hornèd Moon,
To the young maids give ear!

If Rome be all thy work, if Trojan bands
  Upon the Etruscan shore have won renown,
That chosen remnant, who at thy commands
    Forsook their hearths, and homes, and native town;
  If all unscathed through Ilion's flames they sped
      By sage Æneas led,
  And o'er the ocean-waves in safety fled,
    Destined from him, though of his home bereft,
A nobler dower to take, than all that they had left!

      Ye powers divine,
    Unto our docile youth give morals pure!
      Ye powers divine,
    To placid age give peace,
  And to the stock of Romulus ensure
    Dominion vast, a never-failing line,
And in all noble things still make them to increase!

  And oh! may he who now
To you with milk-white steers uplifts his prayer,
    Within whose veins doth flow
Renowned Anchises' blood, and Venus' ever fair,
  Be still in war supreme, yet still the foe
    His sword hath humbled spare!
  Now, even now the Mede
Our hosts omnipotent by land and sea,
  And Alban axes fears; the Scythians, late
  So vaunting, and the hordes of Ind await,
    On low expectant knee,
What terms soe'er we may be minded to concede.
Now Faith, and Peace, and Honour, and the old
  Primeval Shame, and Worth long held in scorn,
    To reappear make bold,
  And blissful Plenty, with her teeming horn,
    Doth all her smiles unfold.

And oh! may He, the Seer divine,
God of the fulgent bow,
Phœbus, belovèd of the Muses nine,
Who for the body racked and worn with woe
By arts remedial finds an anodyne,
If he with no unloving eye doth view
The crested heights and halls of Palatine,
On to a lustre new
Prolong the weal of Rome, the blest estate
Of Latium, and on them, long ages through,
Still growing honours, still new joys accumulate!

And may She, too, who makes her haunt
On Aventine and Algidus alway,
May She, Diana, grant
The prayers, which duly here
The Fifteen Men upon this festal day
To her devoutly send,
And to the youth's pure adjurations lend
No unpropitious ear!

Now homeward we repair,
Full of the blessèd hope, that will not fail,
That Jove and all the gods have heard our prayer,
And with approving smiles our homage hail,—
We skilled in choral harmonies to raise
The hymn to Phœbus and Diana's praise.

NOTE TO THE SECULAR HYMN.

FOR a full account of the secular games, see the article "Ludi Seculares" in Smith's 'Dictionary of Antiquities.'

Augustus, resolved to mark conspicuously the close of the first ten years for which the imperial power had been placed in his hands, and the distinguished success which had attended his administration and his arms, appointed a great festival, based upon the model of the ancient Ludi Tarentini or Taurii. These had been held in seasons of public calamity or peril, to propitiate the infernal deities Dis and Proserpina, who were, however, dropped out of view on the present occasion, and the festival held in honour of Apollo (the patron god of Augustus) and Diana. It was desirable to have this festival regarded, not as something new and special, but merely as the observance of a periodic solemnity. The Quindecemvirs, therefore, were directed to consult the Sibylline Books, and they reported that the cyclical period for its celebration had now revolved (B.C. 17). Ateius Capito, the celebrated jurist, was appointed to arrange the ceremonies, and Horace was requested to prepare an Ode. The festival was celebrated with great splendour. It occupied three days and nights. The Ode was sung at the second hour of the night at the most solemn part of the festival, when the emperor, attended by the Fifteen Men who presided over religious affairs, was offering sacrifice in person on the banks of the Tiber. The chorus consisted of twenty-seven boys and the same number of girls of noble birth, whose parents were yet living (*patrimi* and *matrimi*). See Ode vi. B. IV. *supra*, p. 165, which is generally regarded as one of the Hymns sung at an earlier part of the festival.

Diana is celebrated under the three names of Ilithyia (*The Bringer of Light*), the Greek name for Here and Artemis,—Lucina, also applied indiscriminately to Juno and Diana, and bearing the same signification,—and Genitalis (*The Begetter*), supposed to be a version of the Greek Γενετυλλίς, which was applied to Aphrodite as well as to Artemis.

THE SATIRES

BOOK I.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TELL me, Mæcenas, if you can,
How comes it, that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim?
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbour plies?
"O happy, happy merchants!" cries
The soldier crippled with the banes
Of age, and many hard campaigns.
"A soldier's is the life for me!"
The merchant shouts, whilst on the sea
His argosies are tossing far;
"For, mark ye, comes the tug of war,
Host grapples host, and in a breath
'Tis glorious victory or death!"
The lawyer deems the farmer blest,
When roused at cock-crow from his rest
By clients—those prodigious bores—
Thundering *réveillé* on his doors;
Whilst he, by business dragged to town
From farmy field and breezy down,
Vows happiness is only theirs,
Who dwell in crowded streets and squares.

The cases of this kind we see,
So multitudinous they be,
Would tire e'en Fabius' self, that fount
Of endless babble, to recount.
But to my point at once I'll come,
Lest you should think me wearisome.
  Suppose some god to say, "For you
What you're so eager for I'll do.
Be you a merchant, man of war!
You for the farm renounce the bar!
Change places! To your clients you,
You to your fields! What's here to do?
Not stir? 'Tis yours, and yet you scorn
The bliss you pined for night and morn."
Heavens! Were it not most fitting, now,
That Jove at this should fume, and vow,
He never, never would again
Give credence to the prayers of men?
  But to proceed, and not to seem
To skim the surface of my theme,
Like one who has no higher views
Than with quaint fancies to amuse:—
Yet why should truth not be impressed
Beneath the cover of a jest,
As teachers, gentlest of their tribe,
Their pupils now and then will bribe
With cakes and sugar-plums to look
With favour on their spelling-book?
Still, be this as it may, let us
Treat a grave subject gravely—thus:
  The man who turns from day to day
With weary plough the stubborn clay,
Yon vintner—an exceeding knave,
The soldier, sailor rashly brave,

Who sweeps the seas from pole to pole,
All, to a man, protest their sole
Incentive thus to toil and sweat
Is a bare competence to get,
On which to some calm nook they may
Retire, and dream old age away.
Just as the tiny ant—for this
Their favourite illustration is—
Whate'er it can, away will sweep,
And add to its still growing heap,
Sagacious duly to foresee,
And cater for the time to be.
True sage, for when Aquarius drear
Enshrouds in gloom the inverted year,
She keeps her nest, and on the hoard
Subsists, her prudent care has stored;
Whilst you nor summer's fervent heat
From the pursuit of wealth can beat,
Nor fire, nor winter, sword, nor wrack;
Nothing can daunt, or hold you back,
As long as lives the creature, who
Can brag he's wealthier than you.
  Where is the pleasure, pray unfold,
Of burying your heaps of gold
And silver in some darkling hole,
With trepidation in your soul?
Diminish them, you say, and down
They'll dwindle to a paltry crown.
But say you don't, what beauty lies
In heaps, however huge their size?
Suppose your granaries contain
Measures ten thousandfold of grain,
Your stomach will not, when you dine,
Hold one iota more than mine.

Like the poor slave, that bears the sack
Of loaves upon his aching back,
You'll get no more, no, not one jot,
Than does his mate, who carries nought.
Or say, what boots it to the man,
Who lives within boon Nature's plan,
Whether he drive his ploughshare o'er
A thousand acres or five score?
  But then, you urge, the joy is deep
Of taking from a bulky heap.
Still, if we're free to pick out all
Our needs require from one that's small,
What better with your barns are you,
Than we with our poor sack or two?
Let us imagine, you desire
Some water, and no more require
Than might be in a jar ta'en up,
Or ev'n in, shall we say, a cup?
"I will not touch this trickling spring,
But from yon rolling river bring
What store I want," you proudly cry.
Well, be it so! But by-and-by
Those who still strive and strain, like you,
For something more than is their due,
By surly Aufidus will be
Swept with its banks into the sea;
Whilst he, who all-abundant thinks
What for his wants suffices, drinks
His water undefiled with mud,
Nor sinks unpitied in the flood.
  But most men, blinded and controlled
By the delusive lust of gold,
Say that they never can obtain
Enough; because a man, they're fain

To think, is prized, and prized alone
For just so much as he may own.
What's to be done with fools like these?
Let them be wretched, if they please!
They have their comforts, it appears,
Like that rich knave, who met the jeers
Of the Athenian mob with this:
"The people hoot at me, and hiss,
But I at home applaud myself,
When in my chest I view my pelf."
See Tantalus, parched sinner, gasp
To catch the stream that slips his grasp!
Nay, smile not! change the name; of you
The story will be quite as true.
With panting breath and sleepless eye,
Upon your hoarded bags you lie,
And can no more their stores abridge,
Than if to touch were sacrilege,
But gaze and gloat on them, as though
They were mere pictures. Would you know,
What money can avail, and what
The uses may from it be got?
Buy bread, some herbs, a flask of wine,
To these add whatsoe'er, in fine,
Our human nature, if denied,
Feels pinched for and unsatisfied.
That's common-sense. But, day and night,
To watch and ward, half dead with fright,
To live in dread of thieves and fire,
Nay, let your very servants tire
Your soul with panic, lest they strip
Your house, and give yourself the slip,
If these the joys that riches give,
Heaven keep me beggared while I live!

But if, you say, you catch a cold,
Or any other illness hold
You fast in bed, you can provide
Some one to sit by your bedside,
To nurse and tend you, and beseech
The doctor with caressing speech,
To cure your ailments, and restore you
To kith and kindred, that adore you.
'Tis all delusion! Neither wife
Nor son pray heaven to spare your life:
Neighbours, acquaintance, boy and girl,
All, all detest you for a churl.
And can you wonder, you who deem
Mere wealth above all things supreme,
If none vouchsafe that loving thought,
For which your life has never wrought?
No! In the chariot-race to train
A jackass to obey the rein
Were just as hopeless, as to win
Or keep the fond regards of kin
However near, or yet of friend,
Without some labour to that end.
Then let this lust of hoarding cease;
And, if your riches shall increase,
Stand less in dread of being poor,
And, having managed to secure
All that was once your aim, begin
To round your term of toiling in;
Nor act like that Ummidius, who
(Brief is the tale) was such a screw—
Although so rich, he did not count
His wealth, but measured its amount—
That any slave went better dressed,
And to the last he was possessed

By dread that he should die of sheer
Starvation. Well, the sequel hear!
His housekeeper, tried past all bearing,
With more than Clytemnestra's daring
Resolved to cure him of his pain,
So cleft him with an axe in twain.
"What is the counsel, then, you give?
That I like Mænius should live,
Or Nomentanus?" Are you mad?
Extremes in either way are bad.
When I dissuade you from the vice
Of grasping, sordid avarice,
I do not counsel you to be
A spendthrift and a debauchee.
A line there is, not hard to draw,
'Twixt Tanaïs and the sire-in-law
Of young Visellius. Yes, there is
A mean in all such things as this;
Certain fixed bounds, which either way
O'erstep, and you must go astray.
And so this brings me round again
To what I started from, that men
Are like the miser, all, in this:
They ever think their state amiss,
And only those men happy, who
A different career pursue;
Pine, if their neighbour's she-goat bears
An ampler store of milk than theirs;
Ne'er think how many myriads are
Still poorer than themselves by far,
And with unceasing effort labour
To get a point beyond their neighbour.
So does some wight, more rich than they
For ever bar their onward way;

Just as, when launched in full career,
On, onwards strains the charioteer
To outstrip the steeds that head the pace,
And scorns the laggards in the race.
And thus it happens, that we can
So rarely light upon a man
Who may with perfect truth confess
His life was one of happiness;
And, when its destined term is spent,
Can from its way retire content,
And like a well-replenished guest.
But now I've prosed enough; and lest
You think I have purloined the olio,
That crams Crispinus's portfolio,*
That pink of pedants most absurd,
I will not add one other word.

* Horace seems to have used Crispinus as Pope used Theobald and Cibber. Nothing is known of him beyond what Horace tells us. Oblivion is the natural destiny of a man whose chief distinction was that he could turn out more verses on any given subject than other men, and always in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood" of feeble fluency. His name appears again in the Third and Fourth Satires of this Book and in the Seventh Satire of the Second Book.

SATIRE II.

THE players on the flute, the quacks, the vendors of perfume,
Mimes, mountebanks, and dancers, all that set, have into gloom
And panic by Tigellius the singer's death been cast,
Because amongst their ranks he showered his money thick and fast;
While here's a man, so dreads to be called spendthrift of his gold,
Won't part with what would keep his friend from famishing or cold.
A third man wastes his ancestors' magnificent estates
In thankless gluttony,—borrowing at most usurious rates,
To pile his board with dainties; and if you ask him why,
"What! would you have me niggardly and shabby?" he'll reply.
And some men will his spirit praise, while other men will blame.
Fufidius, rich in lands and bonds, is fearful of the name
Of prodigal and rake,—so lends at sixty odd per cent,*
And takes his interest at the time the capital is lent.

* Literally, extracts from his victims five per cent per month. One per cent per month was the ordinary rate at this time. The race of the Fufidii, one of the many fungus-growths of what is called civilized society, is never extinct. They abound in every capital of modern Europe, and ply their evil trade with as great success as their prototypes in Rome.

A fellow that with special haste is posting to the dogs,
However hard his pace may be, that fellow's pace he jogs;
And casts about to get the bonds, or, better, bills at sight,
Of youngsters just of age, who groan, their fathers keep them tight.
Who, told of this, would not exclaim, "Great Jove! But then, no doubt,
He screws out all he can to meet his costly goings out?"
Not he. In fact, you'd scarce believe the miserable way
He stints himself of all delights: the father in the play,
Whom, after driving out his son, in wretched plight we see,
Did not excruciate himself more ruthlessly than he.
And now should any ask—"The drift of this?" I then reply,
Fools shunning faults at one extreme, off to the other fly.
Malthinus shuffles down the street, his robe about his heels,
Another tucks his up, till what he should not he reveals.
Rufillus smells all pouncet-box, Gargonius stinks all goat;
No medium's kept. . . . . .

SATIRE III.

ALL singers have this failing; asked to sing,
Their minds to do so they can never bring,
But, leave them to themselves, and all night long
They'll go on boring you to death with song.
Tigellius had this failing to excess:
Cæsar, who could have ordered him, might press
And coax by all the ties of friendship to
His father and himself, it would not do;
Whilst if his fancy did that way incline,
On from the eggs* to the dessert and wine,
He'd carol "Bacchus, ho!" in every key
From C in alto down to double D.
That man was made of inconsistencies:
Oft would he scour along, like one that flees
A foe; as often with majestic stalk,
As though he carried Juno's symbols,† walk;

* That is, from the beginning to the end of dinner. Eggs were not used as a whet, as we use oysters or caviare, but seem to have come in, like our soup, as the opening of everyday dinners. For the relishes with which the epicures of Horace's day provoked an appetite, see the opening of the Eighth Satire of the Second Book.

† This refers to the Canephoræ, the damsels who carried on their heads baskets containing the materials and implements used at sacrifices. How they did so, and how necessary a measured grace was for their movements, is well shown in a woodcut after an antefixa in the British Museum, given in Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' under the article "Canephoræ." There the Canephoræ are represented as steadying the baskets with their hands. But in Rome at this day,

One day he'd have two hundred serving-men,
The very next as probably have ten;
Of kings and tetrarchs now his talk would be,
And all things splendid, like some great grandee;
Anon he'd say, "Give me an oaken chair,
A three-legged table, and the homeliest fare,*
A coat however coarse, so 'twill prevent
The cold from pinching me, and I'm content."
Give him ten thousand pounds, this frugal soul,
And in a week he would have spent the whole.
He waked the livelong night, and snored all day;
Such contrasts never did one man display.
"What of yourself?" should some one ask me now,
"Have you no vices, then?" I must allow
I have; and, haply, graver to your mind,
Although, 'tis true, of quite a different kind.
As Mœnius once was urging an attack
On Novius' character behind his back,
"How," cried a friend, "do you so little know
Yourself, or think you can hoodwink us so
To what your vices are?" Said Mœnius, "Why,
On my own sins I look with lenient eye!"
A self-love this, at once absurd and wrong,
That should be crushed with reprobation strong.

and throughout Central and Southern Italy, women are to be seen every day carrying jars and other fragile objects on their heads without this assistance, thanks to the fine symmetry of their figures and a stately grace of motion, as beautiful as it is obviously unstudied.

* Literally, a shell of wholesome salt. Only the very poorest ate their salt out of a sea-shell. It was usually an heirloom, and of silver. In the Sixteenth Ode, Book II., Horace says—

> "He lives on little, and is blest,
> On whose plain board the bright
> Salt-cellar shines, which was his sire's delight."

It was the pride of the household to keep it bright, as our own good housewives of old kept their silver teapots.

To your own faults when thus you seal your eyes,
Why bring a glance your friend to scrutinize
Keen as the eagle's or the sacred snake's
Of Epidaurus?* Think, too, this but wakes
As close a scrutiny into your own.
Here is a man, to anger somewhat prone,
And little apt to understand a joke;
His beard of clownish cut might well provoke
A smile, as might his gown hung all askew,
And shoes a world too wide. Well! Grant this true.
But he is good, no better anywhere,
Your friend withal; and there is genius there,
Great genius, 'neath a rugged husk. So, then,
On all sides view them, when you judge of men,
But probe yourself especially, to spy
If faults have haply been engendered by
Nature or evil ways; for fields unsown,
Untilled, are soon by worthless ferns o'ergrown.†
Here were it well for us to bear in mind
That lovers to their ladies' faults are blind,
Or think them beauties; as Balbinus shows
A passion for the wen on Hagna's nose.
Oh that we blundered in our friendships thus,
And deemed such blundering no shame in us!
For we are bound to treat a friend's defect
With touch most tender, and a fond respect;
As with his child a father deals, who hints
The urchin's eyes are roguish, if he squints;

* The serpents of Epidaurus were celebrated, that being one of the chief seats of the worship of Æsculapius, with whose worship the serpent was connected.

† Why ferns? For thirty miles round Rome, probably farther, ferns may be seen forcing their way up on any patch of land which has gone out of tillage for a year or two. The same thing may be seen in Horace's Sabine valley.

Or if he be as stunted, short, and thick
As Sisyphus the dwarf, will call him "chick!"
If crook'd all ways, in back, in legs, and thighs,
With softening phrases will the flaw disguise.
So, if our friend too close a fist betrays,
Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways;
Or is another—such we often find—
To flippant jest and braggart talk inclined,
'Tis only from a friendly wish to try
To make the time 'mongst friends go lightly by.
Another's tongue is rough and over-free,
Let's call it bluntness and sincerity;
A fourth is choleric; him we must screen,
As cursed with feelings for his peace too keen.
This is the course, methinks, that makes a friend
And, having made, secures him to the end.
But we, all simple worth inclined to doubt,
Turn virtue's self the seamy side without,
And strive with damning varnish to incrust
Even those, whose characters are pure and just.
A man shall live a life devoid of blame:
"A poor weak creature, pitifully tame!"
Another, slow in thought, and slow in act,
We brand as "dull, a dunderhead in fact!"
Here shall be one, around whose way of life
The plots of malice and revenge are rife:
Through these he steers secure, nor lets his foe
One point unguarded find, to plant a blow;
Yet him, that is so wary and discreet,
We charge with tortuous cunning and deceit.
Is one too little circumspect, and apt
To break upon your privacy, when wrapt
In reading or in thought (as oft I should
On thee, Mæcenas, if I might, intrude),

With idle gossip boring you, we say,
Of common-sense he lacks the faintest ray.
Alas! how rashly we our sanction lend
To laws must wring our withers in the end!
For no man lives but has his faults; and best
Is he who by the smallest is oppressed.
A good kind friend should, therefore, whensoe'er
My virtues with my faults he would compare,
Unto my many virtues more incline,
Especially if many such be mine.
So shall he win my favour, so the same
Allowance for himself in turn shall claim.
For, who would have his friend his wens o'erlook,
The casual freckles of that friend must brook,
And the same mercy should by us be shown
To others' sins we ask for to our own.
Now to another point! Since it is plain
That to uproot the vice of wrath were vain,
Or other kindred vices, which the schools
Assure us cling inherently to fools,
Why does not reason unto them apply
Her weights and measures, and each culprit try,
Appraise his crime, and punish or disgrace
According to the nature of the case?
If a man crucify his slave, because
He eats the scraps of fish and half-chilled sauce
Which from the board he carries, will he not
By all sane men even more insane be thought
Than Labeo's self? Yet how much madder is
Your conduct, and more culpable than his?
A friend, we'll say, has done you some despite,
Which any but a churlish nature might
Frankly o'erlook; yet him you hate and shun,
As debtors Druso fly, that dreary dun,

Who, if they can't by the appointed day,
By hook or crook, get wherewithal to pay
His principal or interest, must sit
In double bondage to his suit and wit,
Hear him recite his histories long-drawn,
Nor dare the solace of one truthful yawn.
Or if my friend, somewhat o'erflushed with wine,
Upon my couch his dirty soles recline,
Or from the table with his elbow throw
Some dish Evander* used, long, long ago,
Is he for this, or yet because he may,
By hunger overcome, have swept away
The chicken from the dish before me placed,
In my regards to sink, and be disgraced?
Let this be so, and then what can I do,
Should he turn thief, or to his oath untrue,
Or prate of things committed to his trust?
Who hold as equal all offences must
Be sorely puzzled, when they come to deal
With what the facts of real life reveal.
Their creed is contrary to common-sense,
To usage, nay, to that experience
Of man's true needs, which may be said to be
Of justice mother, and of equity.
When human beings from primeval clay
Crawled forth at first, and struggled into day,
Dumb squalid brutes, for dens and acorn-mast
They fought with nails and fists, then clubs, at last
With such rude arms, as they by slow degrees
Were driven to frame by their necessities;

* Not Evander the engraver and statuary, as contended by the Scholiasts, but Evander the king and ally of Æneas. The collector of rare china, who in the circumstances here supposed will bear no grudge against the destroyer of the gem of his collection, must be magnanimous indeed.

Till they invented language to express
Their thoughts and feelings: then grew less and less
The rage of war; walled towns began to rise,
And laws were framed to appal and to chastise
Thieves, robbers, and adulterers. For before
Fair Helen's days had woman drenched in gore
Both men and nations. But the lusty wights,
Who, brutelike, wildly snatching love's delights,
Were slain by him who topped them all in might
Like the prime bull that lords the herd, from sight
Have vanished in the shade of death's engulfing night.
Whoe'er explores and follows to their source
The annals of the past must own, perforce,
That in the dread of wrong laws had their rise.
For nature is not by mere instinct wise
To choose 'twixt wrong and right, 'twixt good and ill,
As she distinguishes with inborn skill
Betwixt what things are wholesome, what are not,
What should by all be shunned, and what be sought;
Nor will our reason e'er be brought to rate
His crime the same in essence, and as great,
Who from his neighbour's garden steals some pods,
As his, who robs the temples of the gods.
Then to devise some rule should be our care,
Which to the crime the punishment shall square,
Lest he, whose fault a stinging birch might purge,
Be flayed alive by the infernal scourge.
For that you shall with a mere whipping chide
The rogue who should at least be crucified,
I have no fear, though you maintain, 'tis quite
As bad to steal, as break a house by night;
And vow, were you a king, that you would strike
At great offenders and at small alike.*

* Alluding to an extravagant doctrine of certain followers of the Stoic

Were you a king? Absurd! If it be true,
That whosoe'er is wise is wealthy too,
An excellent shoemaker, and that he
Alone of men is beautiful to see,
A king in fine, why do you wish for what
Is yours already? This, you say, is not
The true intent of Sire Chrysippus' views,*
"A sage, though he ne'er made his boots and shoes,
Is still a sage at making shoe or boot."
But how? "Just as Hermogenes,† though mute,
Is a fine singer and musician still;
Just as astute Alfenius‡ kept the skill
To handle brad and lapstone, since the day
He shut up shop, and threw his awl away,

school, that all offences against the law were equally criminal, and should be punished with equal severity. Cicero 'de Finibus,' IV. xix. 55, states it thus: "*Recte facta omnia æqualia, omnia peccata paria,*" —a doctrine, as he says, very showy at first sight, but utterly unsound and contrary to common-sense. Horace, having dealt with one extravagance of this sect, proceeds to ridicule another, to wit, that a wise man was potentially master of all knowledge, all excellence, all power. In one of the fragments of Lucilius this proposition is stated in almost the words of Horace:—

"*In mundo sapiens hæc omnia habebit;*
Formosus, dives, liber, rex, solus vocetur."

"All these things shall the sage have here on earth;
Let none but he be called surpassing fair,
Wealthy and free,—he is the only king."

Horace refers again to this notion at the end of the First Epistle of the First Book.

* Chrysippus, born at Soli in Cilicia, 280 B.C. He succeeded Cleanthes, the successor of Zeno, in the Stoic school.

† Hermogenes Tigellius, a teacher of music, to whom Horace apparently had a dislike. He mentions him again in the next Satire, and also in the ninth of this book.

‡ Alfenius, a shoemaker of Cremona, who is said to have afterwards become a lawyer of eminence, and to have even attained the honours of the consulship.

So of all crafts the true wise man is free,
And of mankind the only king is he."
All very fine, most sage and most revered!
But yet the street-boys tweak you by the beard,
And if you don't disperse them with your stick,
They'll mob you, hustle you, torment and trick,
O mightiest of kings, the livelong day,
Storm, swear, and bluster howsoe'er you may.
And now an end! Whilst you your kingship steep
In farthing baths, as nasty as they're cheap,
And on your royal movements not one friend,
Except that fool Crispinus,* shall attend,
Whilst friends I love, should I their patience try,
Regard my follies with a kindly eye,
And I to them in spite of theirs shall cling,
More happy humble I than you the king!

* See note on this worthy, p. 112, *ante.*

SATIRE IV.

THE bards of ancient comedy, when it was at its best,
Aristophanes, and Eupolis, Cratinus, and the rest,
Whene'er they had a mind to paint some notable for us,
Rogue, cut-throat, thief, adulterer, or some way infamous,
With fearless pencil dashed him off; and this it is that makes
The merit of Lucilius, who followed in their wakes,
Their feet and measure only changed: bright was his wit, and shrewd
His views of men and life, yet were his verses harsh and crude.
For he was much to blame in this; that, as 'twere some great feat,
Two hundred verses by the hour he'd dictate at a heat;
A muddy torrent, charged with much were better out of sight,
Words crowded in on him so fast, he'd take no pains to write,—
Write well, I mean; for writing much, that's what I most despise;
There even Crispinus knows his strength, and safely me defies.
"Your tablets, quick, your tablets take,—name umpires, time, and place,
And see, which can compose the most within the shortest space!"

Praised be the gods, that me they did with a spirit poor endue,
Retiring, little prone to talk, and then in words but few.
You, if you like, may imitate the blacksmith's bellows' blast,
That puffs and pants till in the fire the iron melts at last.
Ah, happy Fannius, that could find admirers to instal
His writings and his bust in public library and hall,
Whilst nobody my writings reads, and I dare not recite
In public, for how few are they who in such things delight,
Since satire's shafts, at random sent, their bosom sins may strike?
There lies the grudge. From any crowd pick whomsoe'er you like:
One's racked by avarice, or yearns for power's deceitful joys,
. . . . . .
One's wild for silverplate, for bronze old Albius has a craze,*
And one his trading ventures plies, through ceaseless nights and days,
From the rising sun to that which warms the earth at eve, headlong
Through toils and perils swept, like dust, where whirlwinds eddy strong;
Still haunted by the dread to lose some of his hoarded store,
Or by a gnawing passion racked to swell his wealth with more.
All these of verses stand in awe; the poet tribe they hate:
"He's dangerous—steer clear of him—or dread a rueful fate!
So he can only raise a smile, he'll spare no friend, not he,
And any trash once jotted down, he's dying till it be
'Mongst all the boys and crones he meets shown off and scattered wide!"
Now listen to a word or two upon the other side.

* Old plate and fine bronzes, and spurious copies of both, drained as many purses in Horace's days as they do in our own.

First from the roll I strike myself of those I poets call,
For merely to compose in verse is not the all-in-all;
Nor if a man shall write, like me, things nigh to prose akin,
Shall he, however well he write, the name of poet win.
To genius, to the man whose soul is touched with fire divine,
Whose voice speaks like a trumpet-note, that honoured name assign.
So some have asked, if Comedy be poetry or no,
Since neither in its diction nor its characters the glow,
The spirit, the concentred force, of poetry it shows,
And would, but for its rhythmic beat, be prose, and only prose.
But 'twill be said, a father raves and storms in fiery lines,
Because his son, infatuate by a courtesan, declines
A bride with a stupendous dower, and reels, blind drunk, by day,
With torches (oh most dire disgrace!) to light him on his way.
Now were Pomponius' sire alive, think you that youth would hear
Reproaches pitched less high in tone, less statelily severe?
And therefore is it not enough, that you compose your verse
In diction irreproachable, pure, scholarly, and terse,
Which, dislocate its cadence, by anybody may
Be spoken like the language of the father in the play.
Divest these things which now I write, and Lucilius wrote of yore
Of certain measured cadences, by setting that before
Which was behind, and that before which I had placed behind,
Yet by no alchemy will you in the residuum find
The members still apparent of the dislocated bard,
As if in like degree these lines of Ennius should be marred:

"When direful Discord burst
The iron-hafted posts and gates of war."

So much for this! Some other time I'll ask, if Satire be
As poetry to rank at all; but meanwhile let us see,
If you regard it with distrust deservedly or no?
See yonder Sulcius, Caprius too, with their indictments go,
Hoarse foul-mouthed rascals, common spies, of rogues the dread and bane,
But utterly despised by all, whose hands are pure of stain.
Like Cœlius or like Byrrhius, those robbers, though you be,
No Caprius nor Sulcius I,—then why this dread of me?
On pillar or on stall exposed no man my booklets sees,*
By greasy fingers to be thumbed, or by Hermogenes.
I ne'er recite except to friends; and even from that forbear,
Unless compelled; to every one I can't, nor everywhere.
In open forum some recite their works; and some for choice
Within the baths, whose vaulted space rings sweetly back the voice.
Their foolish self-complacency the fact will never face,
That conduct such as this is most absurd and out of place.
"But you delight to wound," you say, "and with malicious zest
Smite friend and foe!" On what do you this accusation rest?

* "*Nulla taberna meos habet nec pila libellos.*" Literally, "No shop nor pillar has my little books." The shops in Rome were very frequently under porticoes, and as these were favourite lounges, this was sure to be a situation preferred by the booksellers. On the columns (*pilæ*) the titles of their books were hung to attract attention. Horace again alludes to this usage in the much-quoted lines ('Ars Poetica,' 372): "*Mediocribus esse poetis, non Di, non homines, non concessere* columnæ." Martial (Book i. 15) tells his friend Lupercus that he will find a copy of his Epigrams at the shop of one Atrectus, which is thus described:—

"*Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,*
Scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,
Omnes ut cito perlegas poetas."

"Just opposite to Cæsar's forum is
A shop, its columns larded all about
With written notices, from which you may
Learn quickly all the works of all the bards."

Comes it from any man with whom I've lived as friend with friend?
He who an absent friend assails, nor him does not defend,
When others blame; who strives to catch men's idiot merriment
By repartees and reckless jokes; who can as fact present
What never was, or secrets blab intrusted to his care;
That man is black of heart; of him, O son of Rome, beware!
On couches three at supper oft twelve people you may see,
Of whom one splashes all the rest with coarse scurrility,
Except the host; and even he must brook the ribald's vein,
Soon as outspoken Liber gives the heart unbounded rein.
To you, who hold us satirists in such disgust and dread,
This man seems spirited and frank, jocose and not ill-bred,
Whilst I, if I but dare to smile, because—myself to quote—
Rufillus smells all pouncet-box, Gargonius stinks all goat,*
Am deemed by you malignant and black-hearted. Now suppose,
That in your presence somebody should chance to talk of those
Huge larcenies of Petillius Capitolinus, you
Would thus speak out in his defence, as you are wont to do:
"Capitolinus from a boy I've known as chum and friend;
Prompt was he ever at my call a helping hand to lend,
And glad am I to see him walk the town at large; yet how
He 'scaped conviction is to me a mystery, I vow."†

* See Satire II., *ante*, p. 114.

† The reader of the 'Anti-Jacobin' will be reminded here of Canning's description of the "Candid Friend:"—

> "Candour, which spares its foes, nor e'er descends
> With bigot zeal to combat for its friends:
> Candour, which loves in seesaw strain to tell
> Of acting foolishly, but meaning well:
> Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
> Convinced that all men's motives are the same;

This is the deadly henbane, this the true corrosive style,
Which never writing shall of mine, no, nor my soul defile!
This much I truly vow, if aught I of myself may vow;
Then should my humorous vein run wild, some latitude allow.
I learned the habit from the best of fathers, who employed
Some living type to stamp the vice he wished me to avoid.
Thus temperate and frugal when exhorting me to be,
And with the competence content, which he had stored for me;
"Look, boy!" he'd say, "at Albius' son—observe his sorry plight!
And Barrus, that poor beggar there! say, are not these a sight,
To warn a man from squandering his patrimonial means?"
When counselling me to keep from vile amours with common queans;
"Sectanus, ape not him!" he'd say; or urging to forswear
Intrigue with matrons, when I might taste lawful joys elsewhere;
"Trebonius' fame is blurred, since he was in the manner caught.
The reasons why this should be shunned, and why that should be sought,
The sages will explain; enough for me, if I uphold
The faith and morals handed down from our good sires of old,
And, while you need a guardian, keep your life pure and your name.
When years have hardened, as they will, your judgment and your frame,

> And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
> Black's not so black, nor white so very white.
> . . . . . .
> Save me, oh save me, from the Candid Friend."

Petillius Capitolinus is said to have stolen the crown from the statue of Jupiter in the Capitol. But this, like many other stories about characters named by Horace, rests on mere conjecture. He had obviously made a narrow escape from being convicted of some serious charge.

You'll swim without a float!" and so with talk like this he won,
And moulded me, while yet a boy. Was something to be done,
Hard it might be, "For this," he'd say, "good warrant you can quote,"
And then as model pointed to some public man of note.
Or was there something to be shunned, then he would urge, "Can you
One moment doubt that acts like these are base and futile too,
Which have to him and him such dire disgrace and trouble bred?"
And as a neighbour's death appals the sick, and by the dread
Of dying forces them upon their lusts to put restraint,
So tender minds are oft deterred from vices by the taint
They see them bring on others' names; 'tis thus that I from those
Am all exempt, which bring with them a train of shames and woes.
Of lesser faults, all venial, all, I am the slave; but these
Will years, reflection, a frank friend extirpate by degrees.
At least, so let me hope! for still when on my couch I muse,
Or saunter in the porticoes, to tax myself I use.
"This is the better course to steer: I will, by doing this,
Be happier, dearer to my friends; that surely was amiss;
And shall I e'er so foolish be as do the like again?"
Thus do I mutter to myself; when I have leisure, then
I cheat the time with writing down my thoughts; and this, I own,
Is one of those small faults of mine, which, if you won't condone,
Straightway all those that scribble verse I'll summon to my aid,—
And little wot ye of the hosts pursue the tuneful trade,—
And like proselytising Jews, we'll make you out of hand
Enrol yourself a son of song in our poetic band!

SATIRE V.

FRESH from great Rome with all its din
Aricia* with its little inn
Received me first: here let me say,
I had for comrade on the way
That Greek, who towers in learning o'er us,
The rhetorician Heliodorus.
At Forum Appii† next we stopped,
And there upon a medley dropped
Of bluff bargees and landlords surly,
Who made the place one hurly-burly.
Two days to gain this point we spent,
At such a lazy pace we went:
More active travellers had done
The distance easily in one.
But yet for those who travel slow
The Appian Way's the best to go.
Well, here the water was so bad,
That I my wretched stomach had

* Aricia, one of the most ancient and important towns of Latium, was sixteen miles from Rome. The mother of Augustus was born there, and it was at this time a considerable town. It lay on the southern slope of a hill, and extended to the plain traversed by the Via Appia. Here numerous ruins still exist. The modern town (Ariccia) is on the summit of the hill, and about one mile from Albano.

† Forum Appii was thirty-nine miles from Rome. Its modern name is Borgo Longo. Here St. Paul was met by some Christians, who on hearing of his approach came to meet him from Rome.

To rob of its expected rations,
And wait, with anything but patience,
Whilst my companions, well employed,
Their supper leisurely enjoyed.*
Now 'gan the night with gentle hand
To fold in shadows all the land,
And stars along the sky to scatter,
When there arose a hideous clatter,
Slaves slanging bargemen, bargemen slaves;
"Ho, haul up there! How now, ye knaves,
Inside three hundred people stuff,
Already there are quite enough!"
Collected were the fares at last,
The mule that drew our barge made fast,
But not till a good hour was gone.
Sleep was not to be thought upon,
The cursèd guests were so provoking,
The bull-frogs set up such a croaking.
A bargeman too, a drunken lout,
And passenger, sang turn about,
In tones remarkable for strength,
Their absent sweethearts, till at length
The passenger began to doze,
When up the stalwart bargeman rose
His fastenings from the stone unwound
And left the mule to graze around;

* At Appii Forum the travellers took the boat, which was to carry them to Terracina by the canal, which had been constructed between these places by Augustus, with the view, among others, of draining the Pomptine Marshes. It was nineteen miles long, and travellers, according to Strabo, were in the habit of getting over this part of their journey during the night. Passing as it did through the Pomptine Marshes, the mosquitoes and the frogs, which robbed Horace of his sleep, were inevitable incidents, the terrors of which travellers in modern Italy can well appreciate.

Then down upon his back he lay,
And snored in a terrific way.
  And now day broke, but still we note
No signs of motion in the boat,
Till out a hair-brained fellow sprang
And with a willow cudgel rang
A rouser round the ribs and head
Of mule and bargeman. Then we sped,
But it was ten o'clock and more
Before our party got on shore.
  First we our hands and faces wash,
Feronia,* where thy waters plash;
Then after luncheon on we creep
Three miles, which bring us to the steep
Where Anxur † from its rocks of white
Gleams many a mile upon the sight.
'Twas fixed that we should meet with dear
Mæcenas and Cocceius here,
Who were upon a mission bound
Of consequence the most profound,
For who so skilled the feuds to close
Of those, once friends, who now were foes?
Here my eyes teased me, so that I
Black wash was driven to apply.
Meanwhile beloved Mæcenas came,
Cocceius too, and brought with them
Fonteius Capito, a man
Endowed with every grace that can
A perfect gentleman commend,
And Anthony's especial friend.

* A temple of Feronia, at the place of disembarkation, seventeen miles from Appii Forum.

† Anxur, the modern Terracina, was three miles farther on, at the top of a steep ascent.

We turn our backs with much delight
On Fundi,* and its prætor, hight
Aufidius Luscus; many a gibe
And jest upon that crack-brained scribe
We broke, and his pretentious ways,
His grand pretexta, all ablaze
With a broad purple band, flung o'er him,
And pans of charcoal borne before him.
Tired with the journey of the day,
In the Mamurræ's town† we stay,
Where to Murena's house we go,
But take our meals with Capito.
Here having rested for the night,
With inexpressible delight
We hail the dawn,—for we that day
At Sinuessa‡ on our way
With Plotius, Varius, Virgil too,
Have an appointed rendezvous;
Souls all, than whom the earth ne'er saw
More noble, more exempt from flaw,
Nor are there any on its round,
To whom I am more fondly bound.
Oh what embracings, and what mirth!
Nothing, no, nothing on this earth,

* Having slept at Anxur, the travellers proceeded next day to Fundi, the modern Fondi, sixteen miles to the north-east. The main street of the modern town is built on the Appian Way, and some portions of the old road have been preserved.

† Formiæ, the modern Mola di Gaeta, about twelve miles from Fundi, has resumed its old name, and is now called Formia. The wealthy family of Mamurra had become owners of the property in and about the town to such an extent that Horace calls it "the town of the Mamurræ." Murena, at whose house the travellers slept, was the brother of Licymnia, the wife of Mæcenas.

‡ Sinuessa was eighteen miles from Formiæ. The site on which it stood is now called Monte Dragone.

Whilst I have reason, shall I e'er
With a true-hearted friend compare!
  The hostel, which adjacent lies
To the Campanian bridge,* supplies
The quarters for our evening halt,
And the parochians wood and salt,
For legates the accustomed boon.
Next day at Capua† by noon
Our mules are all unpacked. Away
Mæcenas hies at ball to play;
To sleep myself and Virgil go,
For tennis practice is, we know,
Injurious, beyond all question,
Both to weak eyes and weak digestion.
  Next day Cocceius' country seat,
Above the Caudian Inns,‡ replete
With all good things, receives us. Now,
O Muse, relate, and briefly, how
The battle raged that afternoon
Betwixt Sarmentus the buffoon
And Messius Cicirrhus,—and
Their pedigree, these warriors grand.
Messius is of the famous race
Of Oscus, while, oh woful case!
Sarmentus' mistress still exists.
So ancestored into the lists
They came. Sarmentus first made play;
"You're like a wild horse, you, I say!"

* This was a small house built for the accommodation of persons travelling on public business, near the bridge across the Savo (modern Savone), just within the borders of Campania.

† This day's journey was a short one, not much more than six miles.

‡ This was probably Caudium, the site of the modern Montesarchio, and about twenty-one miles from Capua.

We laugh. "I'm for you!" Messius said—
"Lay on!" and then he shakes his head.
"Oh!" cried Sarmentus, "if your horn
Had from your forehead not been torn,
What frightful lengths would you not go,
When, crippled, you can menace so?"
(For on the left an ugly scar
His beetle-brows doth sorely mar.)
Then after pelting him apace
With scurvy jests about his face,
And the Campanian disease,*
"Dance us 'The Cyclop Shepherd,'† please!"
Sarmentus cried. "You want no mask,
Nor tragic buskins for the task!"
Cicirrhus was not far behind
In paying off these gibes in kind;
Begged him to answer, when and where his
Chain was offered to the Lares—
"A scribe you may be; still, confess
Your mistress' rights are none the less!
And where, now, was the motive, pray,
Incited you to run away,
When good enough was gruel weak
For such a scarecrow, such a sneak?"
And so these knaves with antics wild
Our supper pleasantly beguiled.
Hence without halting on we post
To Beneventum,‡ where our host

* A kind of wart, or wen, common in Campania, by which Cicirrhus apparently was disfigured.

† In which the uncouth gestures of Polyphemus, making court to Galatea, were represented. This was a dance in which the skill of the pantomimists of the period was frequently shown. Horace alludes to it in the Second Epistle of the Second Book, line 125.

‡ The modern Benevento, ten miles from Caudium. Here the Via Appia diverged into two branches, one, the Via Trajana, towards Apulia, and the other and more southern through Venusia to Tarentum.

Escaped most narrowly from burning;
For while he was intent on turning
Some starveling thrushes on the coals,
Out from the crazy brazier rolls
A blazing brand, which caught and spread
To roof and rafter overhead.
The hungry guests, oh how they ran!
And frightened servants, to a man,
The supper from the flames to snatch,
And then to quench the blazing thatch.
Apulia here begins to show
The hills I knew well long ago,*
Swept by Atabulus' sultry blast,
And over which we ne'er had passed,
But that within a farmhouse near
Trivicus† we found hearty cheer,
Well mixed with tearful smoke, 'tis true,
From fagots thick with leaves, that strew
The hearth, and sputter, spit, and steam.
Past midnight here, oh dolt supreme!
I waited for a lying jade,
Till sleep at length its finger laid
On me still panting with desire,
And then my fancy, all on fire,
With visions not the chastest teems,
And I possess her in my dreams.
In chaises hence we travel post
Some four-and-twenty miles at most,
At a small hamlet halting, which
Into my verse declines to hitch,‡

* These were his native hills.

† The modern Trevico. The halt here enabled the travellers to face the long stage, twenty-four miles, which they had to make the next day.

‡ Probably some small place. But its name, "*quod versu dicere non est*," has been lost beyond the ingenuity of scholars to restore.

But by its features may be guessed;
For water, elsewhere commonest
Of all things, here is sold like wine,
But then their bread's so sweet, so fine,
That prudent travellers purvey
A stock to last beyond the day.
For the Canusian's full of grit,
And yet is water every whit
As scarce within that town, of old
Founded by Diomede the bold.*
Here Varius left us, sad of heart,
And sadder we from him to part.
To Rubi† next we came, and weary,
For the long road was made more dreary
And comfortless by lashing rain.
Next day the weather cleared again,
But worse and worse the road up to
The walls of fishy Barium‡ grew:
Thence to Egnatia,§ built, although
The water nymphs said plainly, no!
Which food for jest and laughter made us,
In the endeavour to persuade us,

* Canusium (modern Canosa), one of the ancient Greek settlements of Apulia. The bread of the modern town is as bad as in Horace's time, in the same way, and probably from the same cause—being full of grit from the soft nature of the millstones used for grinding the corn of the locality.

† The modern Ruvo, thirty miles from Canusium.

‡ The modern Bari, an important town upon the coast, occupying a rocky peninsula, about a mile in circumference. It is twenty-two miles from Rubi. It has now upwards of 50,000 inhabitants, and is still famous for its fish, and the "most ancient and fishlike flavour" of its atmosphere.

§ This was another seaport town, thirty-seven miles from Barium. Its ruins still exist, about five miles south of the town of Monopoli, near the *Torre d' Egnazia*.

That incense in its temple porch
Takes fire without the help of torch.
This may your circumcisèd Jew
Believe, but never I! For true
I hold it, that the Deities
Enjoy themselves in careless ease,
Nor think, when Nature, spurning law,
Does something which inspires our awe,
'Tis sent by the offended gods
Direct from their august abodes.*
Brundusium brings, oh blest repose!
My tale and journey to a close.

* The words here are adopted from Lucretius, B. vi. l. 56:—

"*Nam bene qui didicere deos securum agere ævum.*"

The allusion may perhaps be to the miracle of Elijah, recorded in chap. xviii. of First Book of Kings.

SATIRE VI.

THOUGH Lydian none, Mæcenas, may be found
Of higher blood within Etruria's bound,
Though thy progenitors on either hand
Long since o'er mighty armies bore command,
Yet thou dost not, as most are wont, contemn
The nameless shoots of an inglorious stem,
Men like myself, a freedman's son; for thou
Mak'st no account, who was his sire, or how
A man was born, so long as inward worth
And upright conduct dignify his birth.
Thy stedfast creed it is, that, long before
The slave-born Tullius kingly empire bore,
Lived many a man, who ancestry had none,
Yet by desert the amplest honours won,
Whilst vile Lævinus, of the Valerian race
That drove proud Tarquin from his pride of place,
Was rated worth not one poor doit, and this
Even by the populace, whose wont it is,
As well thou know'st, unwisely to endow
Unworthy men with dignities, to bow
In foolish homage to a name, and gaze
At rank and title with awestruck amaze.
If they could reason thus, then how much more
Should we, who far above the rabble soar,
Maintain our souls from vulgar judgments free?
For what were it to us, though we should see

The mob with state this same Lævinus crown,
And thrust the great though low-born Decius down
Or from the senate though I must retire,
At Censor Appius' hint, because my sire
Was meanly born?—and rightly, since 'tis clear
I would not rest within my proper sphere,—
Still, to her shining chariot lashed, doth Fame
Drag peasant churl, and noble, all the same.
Say, Tillius, say, wherein thy profit, when
Thou didst assume the laticlave again,
And Tribune's office? Grew not envy rife,
Which else had spared thee in a private life?
For just as when some fool his leg hath braced
With sable buskins, and adown his waist
Bade flow the lordly laticlave, he hears
Question on question buzz about his ears;
"Who is the man? Who was his father, eh?"
Or as some awkward grinning popinjay,
That aims, like Barrus there, to shine, of beaus
The pink and paragon, where'er he goes
Provokes the girls to scan with curious care
His features, bust, limbs, feet, and teeth, and hair;
So he that to the care of Rome aspires,
Of Romans, Italy, her temples' fires,
Her boundless empiry, perforce constrains
All men to ask, and ask with anxious pains,
Who was his sire, or if a mother's name,
Noteless herself, mark him unknown to fame?
Say, son of Syrus, wouldst thou dare, or thou,
The son of Dionysius, from the brow
Of the Tarpeian hurl the sons of Rome,
Or hand them over to the headsman's doom?
"Well! but my colleague Novius," you reply,
"Is one degree still lower down than I.

For what my father was he is." Oh rare!
And therefore you with Paulus may compare,
Or great Messala! Novius, too, you see,
Though tenscore hulking wains, and funerals three,
Stun all the forum with their mingling roar,
Can roll his thunder-tones triumphant o'er
Trumpet and horn, and bray of man and beast,
And there's some merit in that feat at least.
Now to myself, the freedman's son, come I,
Whom all the mob of gaping fools decry,
Because, forsooth, I am a freedman's son;
My sin at present is, that I have won
Thy trust, Mæcenas; once in this it lay,
That o'er a Roman legion I bore sway
As Tribune,—surely faults most opposite;
For though, perchance, a man with justice might
Grudge me the tribune's honours, why should he
Be jealous of the favour shown by thee,—
Thee who, unswayed by fawning wiles, art known
To choose thy friends for honest worth alone?
Lucky I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards;
But Virgil first, that best of friends and bards,
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance), I did not profess,
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate,
On Satureian barb,* but what and who
I was as plainly told. As usual, you

* A horse bred in the pastures of Saturium in Calabria, near Tarentum obviously a breed in great request, and only to be bought by the rich.

Brief answer make me. I retire, and then,
Some nine months after, summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place:
And proud I feel, that thus I won thy grace,
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.
Yet if some trivial faults, and these but few,
My nature, else not much amiss, imbue,
Just as you wish away, yet scarcely blame,
A mole or two upon a comely frame;
If no man may arraign me of the vice
Of lewdness, meanness, nor of avarice;
If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loath to send me to the village school,
Whereto the sons of men of mark and rule,—
Centurions, and the like,—were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter day;
But boldly took me when a boy to Rome,
There to be taught all arts, that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And in a word he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss,
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.

No dread had he, that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector seek
With petty vails my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know,
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own
With pride, that I have such a father known!
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself, with mine content,
I would not choose whom men endow as great
With the insignia and the seats of state;
And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise,
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.
For then a larger income must be made,
Men's favour courted, and their whims obeyed,
Nor could I then indulge a lonely mood,
Away from town, in country solitude,
For the false retinue of pseudo-friends,
That all my movements servilely attends.
More slaves must then be fed, more horses too,
And chariots bought. Now I have nought to do,
Would I as far as even Tarentum * ride,
But mount my bobtailed mule, my wallets tied

* Tarentum (the modern Taranto) is used here to express a remote part of Italy. Horace rejoices in a freedom denied to men in high

Across his flanks, which, flapping as we go,
With my ungainly ankles to and fro,
Work his unhappy sides a world of weary woe.
Yet who shall call me mean, as men call you,
O Tillius, oft when they a prætor view
On the Tiburtine Way with five poor knaves,
Half-grown, half-starved, and overweighted slaves,
Bearing, to save your charges when you dine,
A travelling kitchen, and a jar of wine?
Illustrious senator, more happy far,
I live than you, and hosts of others are!
I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of potherbs and of bread,
The circus cross to see its tricks and fun,
The forum, too, at times near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and peas;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand,
A common ewer, patera, and bowl,—
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I, unharassed by the fear
That I to-morrow must betimes appear
At Marsyas' base * who vows he cannot brook
Without a pang the Younger Novius' look.

office, who could not go except to a limited distance from Rome without permission from the Senate.

* In the Forum stood a statue of Marsyas, Apollo's ill-starred rival. It probably bore an expression of pain, which Horace humorously ascribes to dislike of the looks of the Younger Novius, who is conjectured to have been of the profession and nature of Shylock. A naked figure carrying a wine-skin, which appears upon each of two fine basreliefs of the time of Vespasian found near the Rostra Vetera in the

I keep my couch till ten, then walk a while,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after hour, anoint my limbs
With oil,—not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then having lightly dined, just to appease
The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight,
And hence, I own with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, ay, than though a quæstor's power
From sire and grandsire's sires had been my dower.

Forum during the excavations conducted within the last few years by Signor Pietro Rosa, and which now stand in the Forum, is said by the archæologists to represent Marsyas. Why they arrive at this conclusion, except as arguing, from the spot where these bas-reliefs were found, that they were meant to perpetuate the remembrance of the old statue of Marsyas, is certainly not very apparent from anything in the figure itself.

SATIRE VII.

THERE'S not an idler, I suppose,
Or sharper about town, but knows,
How mongrel Persius, t'other day,
Took vengeance in a wondrous way
Upon proscribed Rupilius, hight
The King, for his envenomed spite.
Persius was rich, his fortune made
At Clazomene in thriving trade,
And was besides—no pleasant thing—
Involved in lawsuits with the King.
A hard man he, a thorough hater,
The King was good, but he was greater,
Vain, headstrong, and for any brawl
Armed with a tongue so steeped in gall,
No Barrus or Sisenna known
'Gainst him could ever hold his own.
But for The King!—All had in vain
Been tried to reconcile these twain;
But as a law, when men fall out,
Just in proportion as they're stout
In heart or sinews, neither will
Give in, till one be killed or kill.
The strife 'twixt Hector, Priam's son,
And fierce Achilles thus was one,
Which death alone could bring to pause;
And plainly for this simple cause,

That both were, and were known to be,
Courageous in supreme degree.
But let two, that cold-blooded are,
Or matched unfairly, meet in war,
Like Diomed and Lycian Glaucus,
Then of hard blows they're sure to balk us:
The weaker somehow quits the field,
Some presents pass, and truce is sealed.
Vain, then, all efforts to appease
The feud of combatants like these,
And so, what time our Brutus o'er
Rich Asia sway as Prætor bore,
Rupilius fought with Persius: ne'er
Were seen so aptly matched a pair,—
No, not when Bacchius shook his fists
Against great Bithus* in the lists,—
So down to court, with souls aflame,
A mighty spectacle, they came.
  First Persius states his case: a roar
Of laughter greets the orator.
He praises Brutus, praises all
His staff, and then begins to call
Brutus, great Brutus, Asia's sun,
His friends, the good stars, all but one,
That one The King;—he was that pest,
The dog whom husbandmen detest.
So on like winter-flood he raves,
That bears down all before its waves.
  To all this torrent of abuse
With sarcasms cutting and profuse,
Such as among the vineyards fly,
Did the Prænestine make reply.

* Bacchius and Bithus, the Scholiasts tell us, were celebrated gladiators, who after killing each his score of men in the arena, ended with killing each other.

A vintager he was, full sturdy,
Ne'er vanquished yet in conflict wordy,
Such as would make the passer-by
Shout filthy names, but shouting fly.
But Grecian Persius, after he
Had been besprinkled plenteously
With gall Italic, cries, "By all
The gods above, on thee I call,
O Brutus, thou of old renown,
For putting kings completely down,
To save us, wherefore you do not
Despatch this King here on the spot?
One of the tasks is this, believe,
Which you were destined to achieve!"

SATIRE VIII.

EREWHILE I was a fig-tree stock,
A senseless good-for-nothing block,
When, sorely puzzled which to shape,
A common joint-stool or Priape,
The carpenter his fiat passed,
Deciding for the god at last.
So god I am, to fowl and thief
A source of dread beyond belief.
Thieves at my right hand, and the stake
Which from my groin flames menace, quake,
Whilst the reeds waving from my crown
Scare the intrusive birds of town
From these new gardens quite away,
Where, at no very distant day,
From vilest cribs were corpses brought
In miserable shells to rot.
For 'twas the common burial-ground
Of all the poor for miles around.
Buffoon Pantolabus lay here,
With spendthrift Nomentanus near;
It stretched a thousand feet in span,
A hundred back in depth it ran,—
A pillar marked its bounds, and there
Might no man claim the soil as heir.*

* This is a forlorn joke founded upon the usage of engraving upon tombs the letters H.M.H.N.S.=*hoc monumentum hæredem non sequitur.*

Now it is possible to dwell
On Esquiline, and yet be well,
To saunter there and take your ease
On trim and sunny terraces,
And this where late the ground was white
With dead men's bones, disgusting sight!
But not the thieves and beasts of prey,
Who prowl about the spot alway,
When darkness falls, have caused to me
Such trouble and anxiety,
As those vile hags, who vex the souls
Of men by spells, and poison-bowls.
Do what I will, they haunt the place,
And ever, when her buxom face
The wandering moon unveils, these crones
Come here to gather herbs and bones.
Here have I seen, with streaming hair,
Canidia stalk, her feet all bare,
Her inky cloak tucked up, and howl
With Sagana, that beldam foul.
The deadly pallor of their face
With fear and horror filled the place.
Up with their nails the earth they threw;
Then limb-meal tore a coal-black ewe,
And poured its blood into the hole,
So to evoke the shade and soul
Of dead men, and from these to wring
Responses to their questioning.
Two effigies they had,—of wool
Was one, and one of wax; to rule
The other and with pangs subdue,
The woollen larger of the two;
The waxen cowered like one that stands
Beseeching in the hangman's hands.

On Hecate one, Tisiphone
The other calls; and you might see
Serpents and hell-hounds thread the dark,
Whilst, these vile orgies not to mark,
The moon, all bloody-red of hue,
Behind the massive tombs withdrew.
. . . . . .
Why should I more? Why tell how each
Pale ghost with wild and woful screech
To gibbering Sagana answer makes;
How grizzled wolves and mottled snakes
Slunk to their holes; and how the fire,
Fed by the wax, flamed high and higher;
Or what my vengeance for the woe
I had been doomed to undergo
By these two Furies, with their shrieks
Their spells, and other ghastly freaks?
. . . . . .
Back to the city scampered they:
Canidia's teeth dropped by the way,
And Sagana's high wig; and you
With laughter long and loud might view
Their herbs, and charmèd adders, wound
In mystic coils, bestrew the ground.

SATIRE IX.

IT chanced that I, the other day,
Was sauntering up the Sacred Way,
And musing, as my habit is,
Some trivial random fantasies,
That for the time absorbed me quite,
When there comes running up a wight,
Whom only by his name I knew;
"Ha, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?"
Grasping my hand, he shouted. "Why,
As times go, pretty well," said I;
"And you, I trust, can say the same."
But after me as still he came,
"Sir, is there anything," I cried,
"You want of me?" "Oh," he replied,
"I'm just the man you ought to know;—
A scholar, author!" "Is it so?
For this I'll like you all the more!"
Then, writhing to evade the bore,
I quicken now my pace, now stop,
And in my servant's ear let drop
Some words, and all the while I feel
Bathed in cold sweat from head to heel.
"Oh for a touch," I moaned in pain,
"Bolanus, of thy slapdash vein,*

* Bolanus was apparently some person well known in Rome as a man who would stand no nonsense, and who could cut short a bore without ceremony—a quality for which a sensitive man like Horace might well call him "*cerebri felicem*."

To put this incubus to rout!"
As he went chattering on about
Whatever he descries or meets,
The crowds, the beauty of the streets,
The city's growth, its splendour, size.
"You're dying to be off," he cries;
For all the while I'd been struck dumb.
"I've noticed it some time. But come,
Let's clearly understand each other;
It's no use making all this pother.
My mind's made up to stick by you;
So where you go, there I go too."
"Don't put yourself," I answered, "pray,
So very far out of your way.
I'm on the road to see a friend,
Whom you don't know, that's near his end,
Away beyond the Tiber far,
Close by where Cæsar's gardens are."*
"I've nothing in the world to do,
And what's a paltry mile or two?
I like it, so I'll follow you!"
Down dropped my ears on hearing this,
Just like a vicious jackass's

* These were gardens on the right bank of the Tiber, near the Pons Sublicius—the much-revered bridge, which had been kept by "stout Horatius Cocles." They were bequeathed by Julius Cæsar to the Roman people. Shakespeare makes Antony in his speech over Cæsar's body refer to this gift (Julius Cæsar, Act iii. Sc. 2):—

"Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.—
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?"

They were a reasonably long walk distant from the Sacra Via.

That's loaded heavier than he likes;
But off anew my torment strikes,
"If well I know myself, you'll end
With making of me more a friend
Than Viscus, ay, or Varius; for
Of verses who can run off more,
Or run them off at such a pace?
Who dance with such distinguished grace?
And as for singing, zounds!" said he,
"Hermogenes might envy me!"
Here was an opening to break in.
"Have you a mother, father, kin,
To whom your life is precious?" "None;—
I've closed the eyes of every one."
Oh happy they, I inly groan.
Now I am left, and I alone.
Quick, quick, despatch me where I stand!
Now is the direful doom at hand
Which erst the Sabine beldam old,
Shaking her magic urn, foretold
In days when I was yet a boy:—
"Him shall no poisons fell destroy,
Nor hostile sword in shock of war,
Nor gout, nor colic, nor catarrh.
In fulness of the time his thread
Shall by a prate-apace be shred;
So let him, when he's twenty-one,
If he be wise, all babblers shun."
Now we were close to Vesta's fane.
'Twas hard on ten, and he, my bane,
Was bound to answer to his bail,
Or lose his cause, if he should fail.
"Do, if you love me, step aside
One moment with me here," he cried.

"Upon my life, indeed, I can't;
Of law I'm wholly ignorant;
And you know where I'm hurrying to."
"I'm fairly puzzled what to do.
Give you up, or my cause?" "Oh, me,
Me, by all means!" "I won't," quoth he;
And stalks on, holding by me tight.
As with your conqueror to fight
Is hard, I follow. "How," anon
He rambles off—"how get you on,
You and Mæcenas? To so few
He keeps himself. So clever, too!
No man more dexterous to seize
And use his opportunities.
Just introduce me, and you'll see,
We'll pull together famously;
And hang me, then, if with my backing,
You don't send all your rivals packing!"
"Things in that quarter, sir, proceed
In very different style indeed.
No house more free from all that's base,
In none cabals more out of place.
It hurts me not, if there I see
Men richer, better read than me.
Each has his place!" "Amazing tact!
Scarce credible!" "But 'tis the fact."
"You quicken my desire to get
An introduction to his set."
"With merit such as yours, you need
But wish it, and you must succeed.
He's to be won, and that is why
Of strangers he's so very shy."
"I'll spare no pains, no arts, no shifts!
His servants I'll corrupt with gifts.

To-day though driven from his gate,
What matter? I will lie in wait,
To catch some lucky chance; I'll meet,
Or overtake him in the street;
I'll haunt him like his shadow! Nought
In life without much toil is bought."
Just at this moment who but my
Dear friend Aristius * should come by?
My rattle-brain right well he knew.
We stop. "Whence, friends, and whither to?"
He asks and answers. Whilst we ran
The usual courtesies, I began
To pluck him by the sleeve, to pinch
His arms, that feel but will not flinch,
By nods and winks most plain to see
Imploring him to rescue me:
He, wickedly obtuse the while,
Meets all my signals with a smile.
I, choked with rage, said, "Was there not
Some business, I've forgotten what,
You mentioned, that you wished with me
To talk about, and privately?"
"Oh, I remember! Never mind.
Some more convenient time I'll find.
The Thirtieth Sabbath this! Would you
Offend the circumcisèd Jew?"

* This is the Aristius Fuscus of the Twenty-second Ode of the First Book. The Tenth Epistle of the First Book of Epistles is also addressed to him. Fuscus, who knew into what hands Horace had fallen, enjoys the joke, and is obdurate to every hint to come to his rescue. His pretext that the day is too sacred for business, being the Jew's Thirtieth Sabbath, is a mere piece of roguishness, as the Jews were held in supreme contempt by the Romans, and their festivals regarded as ridiculous superstitions.

"Religious scruples I have none."
"Ah! But I have. I am but one
Of the *canaille*—a feeble brother.
Your pardon! Some fine day or other
I'll tell you what it was." Oh, day
Of woful doom to me! Away
The rascal bolted like an arrow,
And left me underneath the harrow;
When by the rarest luck, we ran
At the next turn against the man
Who had the lawsuit with my bore.
"Ha, knave!" he cried with loud uproar,
"Where are you off to? Will you here
Stand witness?" I present my ear.*
To court he hustles him along;
High words are bandied, high and strong,
A mob collects, the fray to see:
So did Apollo rescue me.

THE SACRA VIA.

Much learning has been expended on the subject of the Sacra Via. All that books have to tell upon the subject has been brought together by W. A. Becker with his wonted scholarly care in his 'Handbuch der Römischen Alterthümer,' Part I. p. 219 *et seq.* But the excavations which have been made since 1870 in the Forum Romanum have done more than anything else to throw light upon the exact position of this celebrated road or street, and to illustrate the locality in which the incidents of this Satire occur. Even now one of the terminal points of the Sacra Via remains in uncertainty. The other was the Capitol. Varro, to whom we owe

* If a person consented, when called upon, to act as a witness, he allowed his ear to be touched by the applicant for his testimony, and he was then bound to give evidence, when required.

the only authentic ancient description of it, speaks of it as running from the Sacellum Stresiæ to the Capitol; but hitherto it has been impossible to fix the site of the Sacellum Stresiæ, which is conjectured to have lain between the slope of the Esquiline, near the spot on which the Baths of Titus were built, and the site of the Coliseum. The intermediate course from that point up to the Regia Domus and the Temple of Vesta probably swept between the Coliseum and the circular ruin known as the *Meta Sudans* on to the Arch of Titus; then turning sharply to the right, as you advance to the Capitol, it seems to have curved down the slope of the Velian Spur of the Palatine towards the Temple of Romulus. From this point to the Capitol the line of the Sacred Way is marked with something like certainty for a considerable way up the slope of the Capitoline Hill.

In determining this part of its course, it became of the first importance to ascertain the position of the Regia Domus and the Temple of Vesta, the "*monumenta regis Templaque Vestæ*" of the Second Ode of the First Book of Horace. Where they stood is indicated in the clearest terms by Servius in his Commentary on the Æneid, viii. 363. "*Quis ignorat,*" he says, "*Regiam, ubi Numa habitaverit, in radicibus Palatii finibusque Romani Fori esse?*" "Who does not know that the Palace where Numa dwelt is at the foot of the Palatine, and at the extremity of the Roman Forum?" And sure enough there the ruins of both have been unveiled by the recent excavations—the Temple of Vesta, lying a little south-east of the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and those of the Regia immediately to the south-east of the Temple of Vesta. The position of the latter ruins, and the remains of the façade of a building of importance, constructed before marble came into use by the Romans for building, and of mosaic flooring of an archaic but (for the period) costly character, cannot be examined without leaving little or no doubt that this was the *Regia*, the residence of the Pontifex Maximus, in close proximity to the much-revered Temple of Vesta. Here, too, the Forum terminated, and in popular talk, as Varro notes, it was only the road between this point and the Capitol that was known as the *Sacra Via*. It naturally came to be so regarded by the common people from lying between the two most revered spots in Rome; and we may therefore look to find the traces of the road onwards to the Capitol with some certainty. What it was the remains which have now been laid bare leave little

doubt. Of the actual road over which the feet of Horace and his contemporaries passed nothing appears to be left, with the exception, possibly, of a small portion on the rise of the Capitoline Hill between the Arch of Septimius Severus, or, more accurately, between the remains of the Rostra and those of the Temple of Saturn. But the line of the road is clearly marked as running between the Basilica Julia and the remains which have now been uncovered of the pedestals on which a series of statues must at some time have been erected, and thence sweeping with a sharp curve first to the right and then to the left round the Temple of Saturn up the *Sacer Clivus* to the Capitol. Standing by the circular heap of concrete which marks the site of the Temple of Vesta, and looking towards the Capitol, a vivid meaning is infused into the words of Horace, Odes, Book III. 30, l. 7 :—

> "*Usque ego postera*
> *Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium*
> *Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex.*"
>
> "For long as with his Vestals mute
> Rome's Pontifex shall climb
> The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
> Fresh buds through future time."

We feel that it was along this line that the stately processions, religious or triumphal, passed, at all events until the later period, when, after the Arch of Septimius Severus was constructed, they might have been diverted through that arch, and along the road, of which the remains may now be seen, which skirted the eastern side of the Forum.

These topographical details, verified by a recent careful study on the spot, are not without importance to a right understanding of the present Satire. Where did Horace meet the bore, and was he coming up or down the Forum when he met him? Scarcely down the Forum from the Capitol, for the distance that would have been traversed was too short for what occurred. Moreover, in that case Horace could scarcely have pretended, as he did, that he was on his way to see a sick friend beyond Cæsar's gardens on the other side of the Tiber. To do this he would not have descended into the Forum, but have made his way south-west from the Capitoline Hill towards the Sublician Bridge; while coming the other way towards the Forum, he might be supposed to intend to turn aside out of the Forum into the Vicus Tuscus, close to the Basilica Julia, in order to get to that bridge.

It is therefore probable that when the encounter took place Horace was sauntering up the Sacred Way between the *Sacellum Streniæ* and the *Regia Domus*, and that with stopping now and then to try to shake off his tormentor, or being stopped by him to point out the new features of the costly structures that had for some time been rising in the neighbourhood, or to have his attention called to other things which Horace knew better than himself, a good deal of time had been taken up, although the distance was not above a quarter of an hour's easy walk, even allowing for the route being somewhat serpentine.

If the reader has followed the preceding description, he will see the full meaning of the words "*Ventum erat ad Vestæ*"—"Now we were close to Vesta's fane." The Sacred Way skirted the very threshold of the temple, and only a very few paces beyond, after passing the Temple of Castor and Pollux, lay the Basilica Julia, where Horace's tormentor was by this time due to meet some claim against him, which stood for discussion in one of the law courts. In all probability the front of the Temple of Castor and Pollux was the spot on which Horace's friend Aristius Fuscus met him. Here he might have been observed by his creditor, who, seeing him turn into the Vicus Tuscus out of the Forum, as if he meant to give him the slip, rushed after him, when the scene ensued which Horace has so vividly described.

A lounging twenty minutes' walk—we have done it in the time—would cover the whole space traversed by Horace and his bore. But any one who has been held by the button in the same way knows how seconds seem minutes and minutes half-hours under a pressure so direful.

SATIRE X.

LUCILIUS' verses, 'tis most true, I've said,
Are rugged, rough, and painful to be read,*
Who can to him so fondly partial be,
As not to own at least this much with me?
Yet in the self-same paper is extolled
His vein of humour, racy, rich, and bold,
Which tickled all the town. But, this agreed,
Can I to him all other gifts concede?
No! Else must I admire Laberius' Mimes,†
As poems that do honour to our times.
'Tis not enough, a poet's fame to make
That you with bursts of mirth your audience shake;
And yet to this, as all experience shows,
No small amount of skill and talent goes.
Your style must be concise, that what you say
May flow on clear and smooth, nor lose its way,
Stumbling and halting through a chaos drear
Of cumbrous words that load the weary ear.
And you must pass from grave to gay,—now, like
The rhetorician, vehemently strike,

* See *ante*, Satire IV. lines 7 *et seq.*

† The Mimes of Laberius were a better kind of farce, half pantomime, half verse, trenching generally on modesty and not over-delicate, but intermingled with passages of vigorous satire, which showed that their author might have done well had he aimed at a higher style of composition.

Now, like the poet, deal a lighter hit
With easy playfulness, and polished wit,—
Veil the stern vigour of a soul robust,
And flash your fancies, while like death you thrust;
For men are more impervious, as a rule,
To slashing censure, than to ridicule.
Here lay the merit of those writers, who
In the Old Comedy our fathers drew;
Here should we struggle in their steps to tread,
Whom fop Hermogenes has never read,
Nor that fantastic ape, who every note
Repeats, which Calvus and Catullus wrote.
But, then, Lucilius' skill, you say, how great,
Greek words with Latin to incorporate!
O ye, whose wits have gone but late to school,
To think that either hard or wonderful,
Which even Pitholeon of Rhodes can reach!
Still, you contend, this fusion, speech with speech,
Like Chian mingled with Falernian wine,
Makes the style sweeter, and its grace more fine.
But you, my pseudo-poet, you I ask,
Were you intrusted with the uphill task
Of pleading for Petillius, and must meet
Poplicola and Corvinus in their heat
And rush of fiery eloquence, would you,
Forgetful of your sire, your country, too,
Like a Canusian, mar your native force
By phrases borrowed from a foreign source?
When I, though born this side the sea, was weak
Enough to aim at writing verse in Greek,
Quirinus thus, when night to morning leant,
And dreams are true, forbade my vain intent;—
"To think of adding to the mighty throng
Of the great paragons of Grecian song,

Were no less mad an act, than his, who should
Into a forest carry logs of wood."
So whilst bombastic Furius will slay
His Memnon, and give Rhine a head of clay,*
I toy with trifles, never meant to gain
Poetic honours in Apollo's fane,
On Tarpa's verdict;† nor become the rage
Of thronging audiences upon the stage.
√Fundanius, you alone of living men
Speak with the old dramatic vigour, when
You show us Chremes tricked, old wretched man,
By Davus, and a specious courtesan.
In grave iambic measure Pollio sings
For our delight the deeds of mighty kings.
The stately epic Varius leads along,
And where is voice so resonant, so strong?
The muses of the woods and plains have shed
There every grace and charm on Virgil's head.
Satire, where Varro failed, and other men,
I find is best adapted to my pen;
An humble follower of him, who first
Revealed its powers, I own myself, nor durst
From his broad forehead snatch the wreath, which fame
Has planted there, 'midst general acclaim.

* Horace seems to refer here to one Furius Bibaculus, and some work of his, in one of which Memnon, his hero, had been done to death by him in turgid verse, and in another the Rhine had been stripped by his treatment of the beauty and grandeur associated with that noble river. He refers to him again in the First Epistle of the Second Book.

† Mæcius Tarpa held the office of licenser of plays, an office to which, as we learn from Cicero, he was appointed by Pompey on the opening of his theatre A.U.C. 699. He was obviously a man of fine critical judgment, and Horace in the 'Ars Poetica' recommends the younger Piso to give nothing to the world till it has received the sanction of his approval.

But I have said, he's muddy in his flow,*
Oft sweeping on, with much that's fine, things low
And worthless. Well! Do you, who fire at this,
In mighty Homer's self find naught amiss?
Does not Lucilius use his courtly file
To round and polish tragic Accius' style?
Nay, of old Ennius makes he not a jest
For lines whose poverty must be confessed,
Whilst of himself he speaks, as not one whit
Above the men at whom he shoots his wit?
Why, in Lucilius, then, when oft we fall
On verses rugged and unmusical,
Should we not ask ourselves, if 'tis his fault,
Or his harsh theme's, that makes them jar and halt?
As if within six feet it were enough
To close up any skimble-skamble stuff,
Should a man boast of scribbling off, before
He sits to supper, verses some tenscore,
And, after supper-time, as many more?
Like Tuscan Cassius, whose great flux of song,
Swifter than rushing rivers, swept along,
And whose own countless manuscripts, 'tis said,
Served for his funeral pyre, when he was dead.†
Playful and scholarly, I'll own to you,
Lucilius may have been, more polished too,
Than him, who first his uncouth ventures made
In measures which the Greeks had ne'er essayed.

* See what Horace says of Lucilius, Satire IV. p. 124, *ante*.

† Of this Cassius nothing is known. Mr. Conington has with more than even his accustomed skill rendered the force of Horace's joke :—

"Like to Etruscan Cassius' stream of song,
Which flowed, men say, so copious and so strong
That, when he died, his kinsfolk simply laid
His works in order, and his pyre was made."

But were he living now,—had only such
Been Fate's decree,—he would have blotted much,
Cut everything away, which could be called
Crude or superfluous, or tame, or bald;
Oft scratched his head, the labouring poet's trick,
And bitten all his nails down to the quick.
Cast and recast, would you things worthy write
Of being read with ever-new delight.
To catch the crowd be not your labour bent,
But with some few choice readers be content.
Say, would you have—such aim were sure a fool's—
Your verses mouthed in all the common schools?
Not so would I: for "'tis enough for me,
If to applaud me well the knights agree,"
As, when Arbuscula* was hissed, she cried,
And with a look of scorn the mob defied.
What! Shall I wince, though bug Pantilius sting?
Or if, behind my back, Demetrius fling
Cold sneers at me? Or shall my spirit quail,
Though Fannius, that weak-witted creature, rail,
When with his friend Hermogenes he dines,—
Tigellius, I mean,—at my poor lines?
If Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas, then,
Virgil, and Valgius, Fuscus, best of men,
Octavius, too, and both the Visci praise,
These are the men I'd have approve my lays.
You, Pollio, without vanity, I might
Among that circle of admirers write,
And, dear Messala, with your brother you,
You also, Bibulus, and Servius too;
With them, you, candid Furnius, I class,
And many more, whom prudence bids me pass,

* A celebrated actress of whom Cicero, in a letter to Atticus (iv. 15) writes, "You ask me about Arbuscula. She has made a great hit (*valde placuit*)."

Friends, and ripe scholars both. Enough, so these
Poor things of mine such noble spirits please;
Which, if they did not to my hopes succeed
With them, I should be mortified indeed.
But you, Demetrius, and, Tigellius, you,
'Mid kindred fribbles your career pursue;
To puling girls, that listen and adore,
Your love-lorn chants and woful wailings pour!
Go now, my boy, and, swiftly as you may,
Add to my little book this further lay.

THE SATIRES

BOOK II.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

HORACE.

SOME people think, my satire hits
More home, and harder, than befits,
While others say, my lines lack nerve,
Nay, go so far as to observe,
That of a morning 'twere not much
To rattle off a thousand such.
Prescribe, Trebatius *—and I'll try it—
The course I ought to take.

TREBATIUS.

Be quiet.
Write no more verse.

HORACE.

Oh, that's what *you* say?

TREBATIUS.

Precisely. That's just what I do say!

HORACE.

Hang me, if I don't think you're right!
But then I cannot sleep at night.

* C. Trebatius Testa was a lawyer of great eminence, who stood high in the esteem of both Julius Cæsar and Augustus.

TREBATIUS.

Wants any man sound sleep, let him
Three times across the Tiber swim
With limbs well oiled, and soak his skin
With wine, ere he to bed turn in.
Or, if needs must that you should write,
Why then essay a daring flight!
Great Cæsar sing, and his campaign,
Where praise and pudding wait your strain.

HORACE.

Most worthy sir, that's just the thing
I'd like especially to sing,
But at the task my spirits faint;
For 'tis not every one can paint
Battalions, with their bristling wall
Of pikes, or make you see the Gaul,
With shivered spear, in death-throe bleed,
Or Parthian stricken from his steed.

TREBATIUS.

But why not sing—this much you could—
His justice and his fortitude,
Like sage Lucilius, in his lays
To Scipio Africanus' praise?

HORACE.

When time and circumstance suggest,
I shall not fail to do my best;
But never words of mine shall touch
Great Cæsar's ear, but only such
As are to the occasion due,
And spring from my conviction, too.

For, stroke him with an awkward hand,
And he kicks out,—you understand?

TREBATIUS.

Far better this, friend, every way,
Than with sarcastic verse to flay
Pantolabus, that scurrile boor,
Or Nomentanus,—since, be sure,
That, though themselves untouched by you,
People will fear and hate you, too.

HORACE.

What shall I take to, tell me, then?
Milonius falls a capering, when
Wine throws his brain into a stew,
And he for every lamp sees two.
Castor delights in horses—Well!
While he, that with him chipped the shell,
In boxing his enjoyment finds.
So many men, so many minds!
And my delight is to enclose
Words in such measured lines, as those
Lucilius wrote, who in that kind
Left you and me and all behind.
As unto loyal friends and tried,
He to his notebook did confide
His secrets, thither turning still,
Went fortune well with him or ill;
Whence all the old man's life is known,
As if 'twere in a picture shown.
Him follow I, Lucania's son,
Perhaps Apulia's. 'Tis all one;
For the Venusian dalesman now
O'er either border drives the plough,

Sent thither, says tradition eld,
What time the Samnites were expelled,
To keep back foes from Roman ground,
Who through these wilds might else have found
An entrance, or, belike, to stand
Betwixt the Apulian people and
Lucania's headstrong sons, and mar
Their love of breaking into war.
But never shall this pen contrive
Assault on any man alive.
Like a good sword within its sheath,
'Twill prove that I can show my teeth,
But draw it why should I, so long
As thieves don't seek to do me wrong?
Grant, Jove, great sire and king, it may
Rust in its scabbard day by day,
Nor any one fall foul of me,
Who fain at peace with all would be!
But he, that shall my temper try—
'Twere best to touch me not, say I—
Shall rue it, and through all the town
My verse shall damn him with renown.*
Smite Cervius, and his indignation
Vows suits at law for defamation;
Canidia with her poisons strikes
The people down whom she dislikes.
And woe betide you, if your judge
Be Turius, and he bear you grudge!
Learn this with me, 'tis nature's law,
Through what we're strongest in to awe

* Happily translated by Pope:—

"Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of a merry song."

Our adversaries. By this rule,
The wolf attacks with teeth, the bull
With horns. And why, but for the fact,
That instinct prompts them so to act?
You'd leave his long-lived mother's fate
To Scæva, that mere profligate?

TREBATIUS.

Why not? His hand he'll ne'er imbrue
In crime.

HORACE.

Oh, it were strange, did you
See wolves employ their heels in fighting,
Or steers attack their foes by biting!
But hemlock in her honey may
Take the old lady from his way.
In brief, if I shall draw my breath
Into a calm old age, or death
Hangs o'er me with his ebon wing,
Rich, poor, at Rome, or wandering
In lonely exile, whether bright
Or dark my life, I still shall write.

TREBATIUS.

My son, my son, I greatly fear,
That yours will be a brief career,
And some of those great folks you took
For friends will freeze you with a look.

HORACE.

What! When Lucilius wrote like me,
And did so with impunity,
Tearing away the glistering skin,
That masked the rottenness within?

Did Lælius, say, or he, whose name
Was drawn from conquered Carthage, blame
His wit, or take Metellus' part,
Or Lupus', aching with the smart
Of his satiric lash?* Not they.
But he held on his fearless way,
And with indifferent hand would strike
At peer and populace alike,
As one, whose purpose only bends
To virtue and to virtue's friends.
Nay, when from life and public view
Into retirement they withdrew,—
Scipio's great heart, and Lælius his
Wise spirit toned with gentleness,—
Unbending to the mood of whim,
They used to laugh and joke with him,
Whilst waiting till their homely food
Of potherbs and of pulse was stewed.
Such as I am I am; and though
In rank and genius far below
Lucilius, Envy's self must own,
That I familiarly have known
Men of great eminence; and where
She thinks to find me tenderest, there,

* Both the elder and the younger Scipio had a Lælius for their chief friend. The Lælius mentioned in the text was C. Lælius Sapiens, the friend of P. Scipio Africanus Minor, as his father had been of the elder Scipio. Lucilius was on terms of close intimacy with them. Though Metellus (Q. Cæcilius Metellus Macedonicus) was opposed in politics to Scipio, it is obvious from the language of the text that this was not the cause or subject of the attacks upon him by Lucilius. Metellus, at all events, was a generous adversary, for Pliny in his 'Natural History' (vii. 14) reports that when Scipio died Metellus said, "Go, my sons, do honour to the last rites paid him; never will you see the funeral of a greater citizen." "*Ite, filii, celebrate exequias; nunquam civis majoris funus videbitis.*" Who Lupus was is uncertain. He was obviously, like Metellus, a man of importance.

If she shall strike her fangs, she'll feel
I have a cuticle of steel.
Here, then, I take my stand. And so,
Unless, Trebatius, you can show
Strong reason on the other side,
In this resolve I shall abide.

TREBATIUS.

So be it! But lest you, perchance,
Should stumble through your ignorance
Of law into a scrape, I may
One warning hint before you lay:
If any man ill verses pen
Against a fellow-citizen,
Justice and judgment shall ensue.

HORACE.

I grant you, if ill verses,—true.
But if they're good, then all men praise,
And Cæsar's self confers the bays.
If any man shall lash, and soundly,
Some fellow who deserves it roundly,
While none to his own door can bring
Such flaws as give his lines their sting,
The court with laughter cracks its sides,
And off the bard in triumph rides.

SATIRE II.

WHAT the virtue consists in, and why it is great,
To live on a little, whatever your state
('Tis not I who discourse, but Ofellus the hind,
Though no scholar, a sage of exceptional kind),
Come, learn, friends! But not among tables bedight
With gold and with silver, and sparkling with light,
Where the eye with mad splendour is dazed, and the breast
Recoils from the truth, by false shows prepossessed,
Must the lesson be read, but this moment, and here,
Before you have dined, and away from good cheer.
Why so? you inquire. I will tell you. Who'd trust
A judge, who had taken a bribe, to be just?
Go, course down a hare, scamper league upon league
On a horse that's unbroke, till you're spent with fatigue;
Or, if these our Roman gymnastics are too
Severe for such Greek-aping foplings as you,
Take a stiff bout at tennis, where zest in the sport
Makes the labour seem light, and the long hours seem short;
Or if quoits should be more to your taste, smite away
At the thin air with them the best part of a day;
And when the hard work has your squeamishness routed,
When you're parched up with thirst, and your hunger's undoubted,
Then spurn simple food, if you can, or plain wine,
Which no honeyed gums from Hymettus refine!

When your butler's away, and the weather so bad,
That there is not a morsel of fish to be had,
A crust with some salt will soothe not amiss
The ravening stomach. You ask, how is this?
Because for delight, at the best, you must look
To yourself, and not to your wealth, or your cook.
Work till you perspire. Of all sauces 'tis best.
The man that's with over-indulgence oppressed,
White-livered and pursy, can relish no dish,
Be it ortolans, oysters, or finest of fish.
Still I scarcely can hope, if before you there were
A peacock and capon, you would not prefer
With the peacock to tickle your palate, you're so
Completely the dupes of mere semblance and show.
For to buy the rare bird only gold will avail,
And he makes a grand show with his fine painted tail.
As if this had to do with the matter the least!
Can you make of the feathers you prize so a feast?
And when the bird's cooked, what becomes of its splendour?
Is his flesh than the capon's more juicy or tender?
Mere appearance, not substance, then, clearly it is,
Which bamboozles your judgment. So much, then, for this!
You tell me of taste; will it give you a notion,
If this pike in the Tiber was caught, or the ocean?
If it used 'twixt the bridges to glide and to quiver,
Or was tossed to and fro at the mouth of the river?
Let a mullet weigh three pounds, oh, then you're in fits.
What stuff, when it must be cut down into bits!
"'Tis big, and so plump!" Oh, that's what you like,
Why then should you loathe a great brute of a pike?
Can it be, that—reply, if you can, to the charge—
One by nature is small, and the other is large?
The stomach that's been on short commons, I'll swear,
Will hardly recoil from the plainest of fare.

"I like," cries the glutton, whose ravenous gullet
A harpy might envy, "to see a huge mullet,
On a huge dish set out." Come, waft, you south wind,
A taint on the meats of all men of this kind!
Even boar and fresh turbot taste flat, you'll confess,
When the stomach is weary and sick with excess.
An overcloyed palate thinks nothing so nice is,
As sharp elicampane, or turnips in slices:
Nor have all simple things been quite driven away
From the boards of the great. For there, to this day,
Common eggs and black olives can still find a place,
And Gallonius not long since fell into disgrace
For extravagance such as none ought to afford—
A sturgeon presented entire at his board.
"Why, a sturgeon?" you ask; "did the sea, then, produce
Fewer turbot than now it maintains for our use?"
No; but then in its ooze safe the turbot might rest,
And safely the stork brooded on in its nest,
Till that prætor, for suffrages vainly entreating,
Discovered and taught both were excellent eating.
So were any one now to assure us a treat
In cormorants roasted, as tender and sweet,
The young men of Rome are so prone to what's wrong,
They'd eat cormorants all to a man before long.
Ev'n Ofellus will own there's a wide gap between
A table that's frugal and one that is mean.
One vicious extreme it is idle to shun,
If into its opposite straightway you run.
There is Avidienus, to whom like a burr
Sticks the name he was righteously dubbed by of "Cur,"
Eats beech-mast, and olives five years old at least,
And ev'n when he's robed all in white for a feast,
On his marriage or birthday, or some other very
High festival day, when one likes to be merry,

What wine from the chill of his cellar emerges—
'Tis a drop at the best—has the flavour of verjuice;
While from a huge cruet his own sparing hand
On his coleworts drops oil, which no mortal can stand,
So utterly rancid and loathsome in smell, it
Defies his stale vinegar even to quell it.

What style, then, of life will a wise man pursue,
And his model, say, which shall it be of the two?
If, on this side, the wolf, as the adage runs, scare you,
The dog upon that side is waiting to tear you.
The proper thing is to be cleanly and nice,
And yet so as not to be over-precise;
To neither be constantly scolding your slaves,
Like that old prig Albutus, as losels and knaves,
Nor in such things, like Nævius, rather too easy,
To the guests at your board present water that's greasy.

Now learn, in what way and how greatly you'll gain
By using a diet both sparing and plain.
First, your health will be good; for you readily can
Believe, how much mischief is done to a man
By a great mass of dishes,—remembering that
Plain fare of old times, and how lightly it sat.
But the moment you mingle up boiled with roast meat,
And shellfish with thrushes, what tasted so sweet
Will be turned into bile, and ferment, not digest, in
Your stomach exciting a tumult intestine.

Mark, from a bewildering dinner how pale
Every man rises up! Nor is that all they ail,
For the body, weighed down by its last night's excesses,
To its own wretched level the mind too depresses,
And to earth chains that spark of the essence divine;
While he that's content on plain viands to dine,
Sleeps off his fatigues without effort, then gay
As a lark rises up to the tasks of the day.

Yet he on occasion will find himself able
To enjoy without hurt a more liberal table,
Say, on festival days, that come round with the year,
Or when his strength's low, and cries out for good cheer,
Or when, as years gather, his age must be nursed
With more delicate care than he wanted at first.
But for you, when ill-health or old age shall befall,
Where's the luxury left, the relief within call,
Which has not been forestalled in the days of your prime,
When you scoffed in your strength at the inroads of time?
"Keep your boar till it's rank!" said our sires: which arose,
I am confident, not from their having no nose,
But more from the notion, that some of their best
Should be kept in reserve for the chance of a guest;
And though, ere he came, it grew stale on the shelf,
This was better than eating all up by one's self.
Oh, would I had only on earth found a place
In the days of that noble heroic old race!
Do you set any store by good name, which we find
Is more welcome than song to the ears of mankind?
Magnificent turbot, plate richly embossed,
Will bring infinite shame with an infinite cost.
Add, kinsmen and neighbours all furious, your own
Disgust with yourself, when you find yourself groan
For death, which has shut itself off from your hope,
With not even a sou left to buy you a rope.
"Most excellent doctrine!" you answer, "and would
For people like Trausius be all very good;
But I have great wealth, and an income, that brings
In enough to provide for the wants of three kings."
But is this any reason, you should not apply
Your superfluous wealth to ends nobler, more high?
You so rich, why should any good honest man lack?
Our temples, why should they be tumbling to wrack?

Wretch, of all this great heap have you nothing to spare
For our dear native land? Or why should you dare
To think that misfortune will never o'ertake you?
Oh, then what a butt would your enemies make you!
Who will best meet reverses? The man who, you find,
Has by luxuries pampered both body and mind?
Or he who, contented with little, and still
Looking on to the future, and fearful of ill,
Long, long ere a murmur is heard from afar
In peace has laid up the munitions of war?
To make these views carry more credit with you,
When myself a small boy, this Ofellus I knew,
Though wealthy, yet no whit less frugal in all
Than now his large means are cut down into small.
Now only a tenant, he works a small farm
With a heart still as stout, and as stalwart an arm,
And there, while his cattle are browsing, and near him
His children at work, any day you may hear him
Discourse to them thus: "I was not such a fool,
In those days, to eat anything else, as a rule,
Than pulse and a bit of smoked pig's foot. But then,
If a long-absent friend came to see me again,
Or a neighbour dropped in of a day, when the wet
Stopped all work out of doors, they were handsomely met,
Not with fish from the town, but with pullet and kid,
With a good bunch of grapes for dessert, laid amid
A handful of nuts, and some figs of the best.
Then we drank, each as much as he felt had a zest;
And Ceres, to whom our libations were poured,
That our crops might be good, and in safety be stored,
Relaxed with the mirth of our simple carouse
The wrinkles that care had dug into our brows.
"Should Fortune set madly fresh troubles abroach,
How much on what's left to us can she encroach?

In what, lads, have I or have you had worse cheer,
Since the new man, that now holds our acres, came here?
For Nature has given, nor to him, nor to me,
Nor to any one else, of these acres the fee.
He has driven us out. Well! Unscrupulous crime,
Or some quirk of the law, will drive him out in time;
Or, if not, be his hold of them ever so fast,
His heir will most certainly oust him at last.
The farm that now goes by Umbrenus's name,
And by mine went till recently, no one may claim
As exclusively his. 'Tis mine now,—anon
To another the land with its fruits will pass on.
Wherefore keep a stout heart, while you live, boys, and meet
Mischance, if it come, with a courage discreet."

SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS.

YOU write so seldom, that I vow,
You scarcely call for parchment now
Four times a-year—a touch or two
On old things being all you do—
Wroth with yourself, that you incline
To sleep so kindly, and to wine,
You cannot hammer verses out,
That merit to be talked about.
Where will this end? You've run down here,
At this the gayest time of year,*
So, being quiet, write what will
The promise of your past fulfil.
Begin at once! You've no excuse.
Your pens 'tis folly to abuse,
And the poor wall, 'tis not its fault,
If drowsily your verses halt.†
You had the air, in these last days,
Of one who meant to challenge praise,

* *Ipsis Saturnalibus.* A time of general licence and festivity. The Saturnalia were celebrated on the 17th of December. The poet appears to have been at his place in the Sabine country, and busy with the erection or improvement of his house there, when he was visited by Damasippus.

† The poet is supposed to beat the wall because his verses will not flow freely. Persius (i. 106) puts this action in the same category with that biting of the nails to which bards under such circumstances are reputed to have recourse.

By writing much, and of the best,
When snug within your cottage-nest
Among the hills, away from care.
You've Plato and Menander there:
Archilochus is with you, too,
And Eupolis! What was your view,
In bringing here friends so renowned?
How can you hope to keep your ground
'Gainst those who're sure to run you down,
If you're untrue to your renown?
You'll be abused and jeered at both.
Shun, shun that wicked syren Sloth,
Or be content to lose the fame,
Was yours in days of nobler aim.

HORACE.

For thee, O Damasippus, may
The gods and goddesses purvey
A barber, for advice so true!
But how am I so known to you?

DAMASIPPUS.

Since that great crash you've heard about,
Which left me thoroughly cleaned out,*
Having no business on my hands,
My neighbours' all my care commands.
There was a time my hours went by,
In testing, with a critic's eye,

* Damasippus, not unnaturally, considering the passion for vertù which possessed him, and his conceit in his own infallibility, had got into the hands of the money-lenders, with the usual result. This is clearly indicated by the words of the original, "*Omnis res mea Janum ad medium fracta est.*" The principal money-lenders of Rome had their booths in the Forum, near the middle arch of the three which were dedicated to Janus.

If such or such a bronze had been
Foot-bath for Sisyphus the keen;*
What showed the graver's master force,
What was in moulding rather coarse.
A word from me sent in a trice
A bust up to a rattling price.
Fine gardens, charming mansions, who
So well to buy at 'vantage knew?
So in all business haunts they set
This name upon me—"Mercury's Pet."

HORACE.

I know, and marvel much, I'm sure,
Of that disease what wrought your cure?
But then some new complaint—the case
Is common—did the old displace;
As pains fly from the side or head,
And in the chest appear instead,
Or, quickening, some lethargic lout
Boxes his doctor's ears about.
Well, well, be what you like, provided
You're not by *that* example guided.

DAMASIPPUS.

O friend, don't boast. You, too, are mad,
And most men crazed, or just as bad,
If there be any truth in what
Stertinius croaks, from whom I got
Those wondrous precepts, when he cheered,
And ordered me to grow the beard

* Ancient Corinthian bronzes were as much sought after in Rome, and as rarely genuine, as the old Italian bronzes for which the connoisseurs of Paris and London pay fabulous prices in the present day.

Of wisdom, and, less sad of heart,
From the Fabrician bridge depart.
For, coming up, when at that place,—
As ruin stared me in the face,—
Covering my head, I was about
To take the river, he cried out:—

STERTINIUS.

The deed's ignoble. Pause! 'Twere best.
'Tis shame, false shame, impels you, lest
You be thought mad by people, who
Are certainly as mad as you.
What constitutes a man insane,
First ask with me; and, if that bane
Be yours alone, why, go your way,
I've not another word to say;
Hang, poison, drown yourself for me,
And die, like hero, gallantly.
In every man, who runs sans heed,
Where'er his headstrong passions lead,
Yea, every man who stumbles, through
Mere ignorance of what is true,
Chrysippus' porch and all his sect
Downright insanity detect;—
A rule, within its sweep that brings
Both common folks and mighty kings,
All save the wise man. Learn, then, how
All men are crazed as well as thou,
Whom they proclaim insane! As in
A wood, when wayfarers begin
To lose their road, one goes this way,
Another that,—both quite astray,
Only by different tracks,—even so,
Crazy you are; but he, we know,

Who scoffs at you, is quite as frail,
And drags as ludicrous a tail.*
One kind of folly is, to fear,
When there is nothing dreadful near,
Like him, to whom a flat plain seems
Blocked up by fire, and rocks, and streams.
Another, different indeed, but quite
As idiotic, will forthright
Dash on pêle-mêle through flood and fire.
Though mother, sister, wife and sire,
With all his kith and kin, shall shout,
"That ditch is deep—Look out, look out!
That precipice immense!—Beware!"
He'll hear no more than did the player—
Old Fufius had carouse been keeping—
Who, acting Ilione sleeping,
Heard not twelve hundred voices bawl,
"O mother, mother, hear me call!"†
Thus all the herd are mad, somehow
Or other, as I'll show you now.
That Damasippus' brains are weak,
He proves by buying busts antique.

* Alluding to the old, and ever-new, trick of mischievous boys, to fasten some appendage to the backs of half-witted people.

† The allusion here is apparently to a scene in the play of 'Ilione' by Pacuvius, where the ghost of Deiphilus, appearing in his mother's bedchamber, beseeches her to give his body burial in these words (reported in Cicero's 'Tusc. Disp.' i. 44) :—

"*Mater, te adpello, quæ curam somno suspensam levas*
Neque te mei miseret; surge et sepeli natum."

Fufius was the Ilione, Catienus, another actor, the Deiphilus. The audience, finding Fufius immovable, seem, like the gods of our own gallery, to have joined in the appeal; 1200, or, according to another construction, 20,000 Catieni shouting, "*Mater, te adpello!*" Still Fufius, the Kynaston of his day, slept on.

But are his sound, who makes him free
Of cash on credit? Let us see!
"Take this," if I to you shall say,
"Take it—you never need repay!"
Which proves your wits most out of tune,—
To take, or to refuse the boon,
Mercurius puts at your command?
You take your debtor's note of hand
For money had—one thousand pound—
Of Nerius; nay, you take him bound
In all the penalties and pains
Devised by hard Cicuta's brains,
Clap fetters on him great and small,—
Sly Proteus still evades them all.
Drag him to court, his face all grin
At taking you so finely in;
And to all shapes at will turns he,
Now boar, now bird, now rock, now tree.
If he's a fool, who makes a mess
Of his affairs, and he no less
Is wise, who handles them with tact,
Then is Perillius' brain, in fact,
For what you ne'er can reimburse
To take your note, unsound or worse.
  Hear, if ye prize your spirit's health,
All ye who pine for power or wealth,
Ye, who in luxury waste your bloom,
Or crouch in superstition's gloom,
All ye, whose wits are by disease
Infested, be it what you please,
Draw nigh and listen, while I teach
That men are maniacs, all and each.
  Men rich in gold, who thirst for more,
Should most be drenched with hellebore,—

Nay, reason seems to urge, that all
Anticyra * to them should fall.
The sum Staberius had saved
His heirs upon his tomb engraved.
Failing in this, then must these heirs
Have given the mob a hundred pairs
Of gladiators, and a feast
By Arrius ordered,† and at least
Of corn as much as Afric will
Yield at a crop. "Or good or ill,
Such is my wish," Staberius said,
"You shan't ill-use me when I'm dead."
I am convinced, this was the kind
Of thing was working in his mind——

DAMASIPPUS.

What do you think, his motive was
For wishing, that his heirs should cause
To be upon a stone engraved
The total sum which he had saved?

STERTINIUS.

Through life the being poor had been
By him regarded as a sin,—
A heinous sin, from which he shrunk
With utter dread. So, had he sunk
One farthing poorer to his grave,
He'd deemed himself so much more knave;
For wealth can to its master bring
Fame, virtue, beauty, everything

* Anticyra was a town of Phocis on the Gulf of Corinth, famous for its hellebore, a medicine in vogue among the ancients for the cure of madness.

† And therefore on an extravagant scale, Arrius having most liberal notions on such matters.

Divine and human. Gain that prize,
You're noble, valiant, upright, wise,—
Shall we say, wise?—ay, king, or aught
You choose withal. So wealth, as fraught
With virtual worth, he hoped, would claim
Conspicuous honour for his name.
Now Grecian Aristippus, see,
How very different was he,
Who in the Libyan desert told
His slaves to throw away his gold,
Because its weight their pace retarded?
Which of these two shall be regarded
As madder than the other?

DAMASIPPUS.

Why
Attempt to solve one puzzle by
Another?

STERTINIUS.

If a man shall fill
His house with lutes, who has no skill
In fingering the lute, and who's
Indifferent to every Muse;
If one, who makes not shoes, buys lasts
And paring-knives,—another, masts
And sails, who never goes to sea,
And loathes all commerce,—these will be
By all the world most rightly thought
Stark staring madmen. Well, in what
Is his case different from theirs,
Who piles up wealth, but never dares
To spend, regarding it as much
Too sacred even for him to touch?

Again, if one lie stretched from morn
Till night upon a heap of corn,
With a huge cudgel armed, to scare
Marauders off, yet does not dare,
Though famishing, to take one small
Poor grain, although he owns it all,
Choosing with bitter herbs to stay
His stomach in a wretched way;
If, while his vaulted cellars hold
Of Chian and Falernian old
A thousand casks—one thousand! three!
Sour vinegar his drink shall be;
If he shall couch, though nigh fourscore,
On straw, with coverlets in store
Of costliest brocade, the prey
Of moths and worms, some people may
Esteem him mad,—but few are these,
For most men have the same disease.
Thou god-forsaken dotard, do
You starve yourself, and pinch, and screw,—
To have your son, or freedman heir,
Waste all that you are hoarding there?
How little, now, would it curtail
Your sum of wealth, could you prevail
Upon yourself with better oil
To dress your salad, or the soil
Of scurf that coats your unkempt hair
If aught will do, why, why forswear
Yourself—why pillage, rack, and grind?
You, wretched fool, you sound in mind?
Should you to death attempt to stone
The passers-by, or slaves your own
Hard cash had bought, why, all you meet,
The very children in the street,

Would hoot you for a maniac. 'S life,
Poison your mother, choke your wife,
Yet say, your brain's undamaged? "How?"
'Tis not at Argos done, I trow,
Nor with cold steel, as by insane
Orestes was his mother slain.
Think you, 'twas only when he slew
His parent, that so mad he grew,
Nor was by demons crazed, before
He warmed his dagger in her gore?
Not so; for, from the time he went
Quite mad by general consent,
Can you one single action name,
Which one could reasonably blame?
Neither on Pylades he drew
His sword, nor at Electra flew.
He curses both, I grant you, well,
Her as a Fury, hot from hell,
And him by every name unblest,
His towering anger could suggest.
Opimius, poor amidst untold
Amounts of silver and of gold,
Who'd drink from mug of common clay
Veientan* on a holiday,
But would at other times regale
On any wash, however stale,
Once sank into a lethargy
So grave, that in triumphant glee
His heir stood waiting by to seize
Upon his coffers and his keys,
When a quick-witted, honest leech
Awakes him thus to sense and speech.

* A common red wine from the neighbourhood of Veii.

A table's fetched; the bags of coin
Poured out, and some half-dozen join
To count it. Straight up springs his man,
Whereon the doctor thus began:
"If you don't mind, your hungry heir
Will sweep off all, and leave you bare."
"What! while I'm living?" "If you want
To live, look out, or else you can't.
You must——" "What would you have me do?"
"'Tis certain you'll collapse, if you
With food and some strong cordial don't
Your sinking stomach stay. You won't?—
Come, come, take off this rice ptisane!"
"What will it cost?" "A trifle, man."
"Ay, but how much?" "Eight pence." "Woe's me!
What can it matter, if I be
Of life by my disease bereft,
Or by mere plundering and theft?"

DAMASIPPUS.

Whose wits are sound, then, by your rule?

STERTINIUS.

Why, his, of course, who's not a fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

What of the miser, then?

STERTINIUS.

In troth,
I call him fool and madman both.

DAMASIPPUS.

But if a man no miser be,
Is he to count for sane?

STERTINIUS.

Not he.

DAMASIPPUS.

Why, Stoic?

STERTINIUS.

Thus. There's nothing weak—
Craterus * we'll suppose to speak—
About this patient's heart—"So, then,
He's well and may get up again?"
"Not so," Craterus will reply;
And where he's lying he must lie,
For in his side or kidneys he's
Affected by acute disease.
You tell me, So-and-so has been
True to his word, and never mean.
Good! Then it will not be amiss,
He sacrifice a pig, for this,
To the kind gods that keep him thus.
But he is rash, unscrupulous,
Ambitious. Ship him off! For case
Like his Anticyra's the place.
For, sure, the difference is small
'Twixt making ducks and drakes of all
The means you have, and the abuse
Of never turning them to use.
Servus Oppidius, of old
Good family, and rich, we're told,
'Twixt his two sons divided some
Old manors near Canusium—

* A Roman physician of great eminence, the Abernethy of his day. "*De Attica doleo,*" Cicero writes to Atticus, whose daughter Craterus was attending, "*credo autem Cratero*" ('Ad. Att.' xii. 14). "I am grieved about Attica; however, I believe in Craterus."

Two farms they were—and ere he died,
Calling the boys to his bedside,
"Aulus," he said, "since first I saw
You thrust your playthings, dice or taw,
Loosely into your breast, and play,
Or give them, just as like, away,
While with grave looks, Tiberius, you
Counted and hid them out of view,
That you should both astray be led
To wrong extremes has been my dread;
You following Nomentanus, you
Cicuta, that usurious screw.
Wherefore I charge you both, by all
Gods and Penates, great and small,
Take heed;—you, that you lessen not,
You, that you do not add to, what
Your father thinks enough for you,
And nature wisely stints you to.
That you by pride, moreover, may
Be never tickled, thus I lay
My ban on you: Should either be
Ædile or Prætor, then may he
Stand aye accurst! What! Waste your means
On largesses of pulse and beans,*
That you may through the circus pass
With statelier stalk, or stand in brass,
Bare, madman, of your money, bare
Of your paternal acres fair?
Or you, forsooth, the plaudits gain,
That daily on Agrippa rain,—
You, aping, with a foxlike art,
The lion of the noble heart?"

* To the Roman populace, in order to secure their votes for election to the offices just mentioned.

To Ajax, O Atrides, why
Do you the burial-rite deny?
"I'm king." (Oh, that, of course, should be
Answer enough for churls like me!)
"And order what is right, I trust.
Thinks any man, I am unjust,
Why, then, let him speak out his thought!
He has my pardon, ere 'tis sought."
Mightiest of kings, when Troy is ta'en,
May the gods grant you power, again
The fleet in safety back to lead!
May I, then, question you indeed,
And talk this matter out? "Proceed!"
Then, why rots Ajax on the ground,
He, next Achilles self renowned,
Who ofttimes, foremost of the brave,
The Greeks did from destruction save?
That Priam's people, Priam, too,
May joy, unsepultured to view
The man, who did their youth's best bloom
Deprive of an ancestral tomb?
"Stark mad, he slew a thousand sheep,
And, as they fell, with curses deep
Kept shouting, he was bent to slay us,
Myself, Ulysses, Menelaus!"
And to the altar when you led
Your child at Aulis, on her head
Sprinkling the sacred salt and bran,
What then were you, O impious man?—
Were you in your right senses? "How!"
Where was the mighty mischief, now,
If Ajax in his fury wild
Did slay these sheep? Nor wife nor child
Harmed he one jot;—he merely cursed
The Atridæ, take it at the worst.

"Wisely I did. My vessels lie
Month on month windbound; then did I,
To set them free to cross the flood,
Propitiate the gods with blood."
Ay, with your own blood, madman! "Yes!
Mine:—but no madness I confess."
Mad shall the man be counted, who
Confounds, on passion's impulse, true
With false, and, doing what he thinks
Most just, to deeds of vileness sinks.
What can it matter, if he erred,
By folly or by fury stirred?
If when the blameless sheep he slew,
Ajax was crazed in brain, are you
Less crazed, when for an empty name
You "wisely" do a deed of shame?
Your heart, is that, too, void of sin,
That swells with towering pride within?
If any man his heart should set
On making a she-lamb his pet,
Took her out driving with him,* bought her
Fine clothes, as if she were his daughter,
Provided her with maids and money,
Called her his "darling," "poppet," "honey,"
And destined her for wife, poor lamb,
Of some selectly gallant ram,
The Prætor would pronounce him, straight,
Unfit to manage his estate;
And to his next kin, sound of mind,
Both he and it would be consigned.
Well! If a man shall doom his daughter,
Instead of a dumb lamb, to slaughter,
Shall he for sane be reckoned? Never!
In short, it comes to this—Wherever,

* Literally, took her out in his litter or palanquin.

Whenever, sin and folly meet,
There madness is, supreme, complete.
Your villain's clearly frantic! Him,
Whose brains in dreams of glory swim,
Bellona, whom dire horrors glad,
Hath with her thunders blasted mad.
Consider now—'twill not detain us—
Extravagance and Nomentanus;
For lunatic, by reason's rules,
We must pronounce all spendthrift fools.
No sooner did the youngster come
Into his property,—'twas some
Half million—there or thereabout—
Than straight he sends an order out,
That fruiterer, fishmonger, groom,
Fowler, the man that vends perfume,
The Tuscan quarter's impious crew,
The poulterer, parasites no few,
With those who cheese and mutton vend,
Should at his house betimes attend.
They came in shoals; and for the rest
Thus spoke the pimp—"The very best
I have, or any of us, pray,
Consider as your own. To-day,
Or when you will, for it apply."
Now mark the youth's discreet reply.
"You camp out in Lucanian snow,
All night, and in your boots, that so
I may eat wild-boar; wintry seas
You sweep for fish. I, lapped in ease,
Am of this wealth unworthy. 'Zounds,
You, sir, you take nine thousand pounds;
You, sir, as much;—and you, sir,—come,
No squeamishness!—there's thrice that sum!
Your wife at any hour of night
Will come at call for my delight."

Æsopus' son dissolved a pearl
Of price, the earring of his girl,
In vinegar,—to say, he'd quaffed
A cool five thousand at a draught.
Surely to fling it down a drain,
Or rushing stream, had been as sane.
The sons of Quintus Arrius there,
Of brothers that illustrious pair,
In all frivolities and sins,
In love of all that's vicious, twins,
On nightingales would often dine,
Bought at a ransom. How define
Such precious youths? Does black or white,
Madman or sage, denote them right?
Suppose some bearded man should play
At odd and even half the day,
Make cars for teams of mice to draw,—
Build mud-pie houses,—on a straw
Ride cock-a-horse, you'd call him crazy.
If reason prove, that lackadaisy
Pining for love is even than this
More childish, that all one it is,
Whether you take your pastime, rolled
In dust, like brat of three years old,
Or lie in tears, all fever heat,
Imploring at a wanton's feet;
Say, will you act, like Polemo,
On his conversion, long ago?
The signs discard of your disease,—
Your mits, the swathings of your knees,
Your mufflers* too,—as he, 'tis said,
Slipped off the chaplets from his head,

* It is not easy to define what these articles of dress were, which seem to have distinguished "the curled darlings" of Rome. They seem to have been equivalent to ruffles, coloured stockings, and showy cravats.

Which, flushed with revel, still he wore,
When he was stricken to the core
By the undinnered sage's lore.*
Offer a sulky boy a pear.—
He thrusts it from him! "Take it, dear!"
"I won't." Don't press him further; soon
He'll pipe to quite another tune.
How like this case the banished lover's,
Who round the door that bans him hovers,
Asking himself—would he, or no,
Back to the fair enslaver go,
To whom he'd only be delighted
To sneak, though he were uninvited?
"Now, when she calls me back, shall I
Consent? Had I not better die,
And end my pains, at once? Alack!
She shut me out, she calls me back.
Shall I?—No! On her knees although
She beg and pray, I will not go!"
Up comes his slave, who has pretence
To a more handsome share of sense;
"Things, sir, that own nor rule nor reason,
Gravely to treat were out of season.
Love is a chaos all perplexed;—
'Tis war one hour, and peace the next;
And any man who racks his thought,
To give stability to what
Is all haphazard, changeful, blind,
Wild and unstable as the wind,

* Polemo, a youth given to pleasure and loose company, returning with some of his companions from an orgy, entered the school of Xenophanes, and was so much struck by the lecture of the great Platonist, that he acted as mentioned in the text, like him who, in our own poet's words, having "come to scoff, remained to pray." The story is told by Diogenes Laertius, iv. c. 16.

For just as much success may look,
As he who sets himself, by book,
Cold reason, argument, and rule,
To play the part of downright fool."
Well! At the ceiling when you shoot
The pips of apples,—Picene fruit,—
And if they chance to hit, are quite
In ecstasy, are you all right?*
Again! When you at ripe threescore
With baby-lisp some girl adore,
Are you more sane, than he, who played
At houses out of mud-pies made?
Add to this folly bloodshed, and
So rake a fire, with sword in hand!
Marius was mad, as mad could be,
When, after killing Hellas, he
Sprang from a cliff the other day.
"Nay, nay, not mad," I know you'll say,
"But only criminal!"—a trick,
We're all familiar with, to stick,
Fools as we are, a different name
On things essentially the same.
A freedman, whose best years were past,
At daydawn, ere he broke his fast,
With washed hands, used to run about
Among the cross streets,† crying out,
"Save me from death, me, only me!
('Twill no such mighty matter be"—

* Lovers, the commentators tell us, used to shoot the pips of apples with their forefinger and thumb at the ceiling, and, if they struck it, took this success as an omen of the fulfilment of their wishes. The orchards of Picenum were celebrated for the fine quality of their fruit.

† Where the shrines of the Lares Compitales were, like those of the Virgin at the corners of the streets in Roman Catholic towns.

This to himself)—"with perfect ease,
Ye gods can do it, if ye please!"
In eye and ear, in wind and limb,
This man was sound, but, selling him,
His master from that warrant would
His mind most certainly exclude,
Unless he loved a lawsuit. All
This class of people also fall,
So says Chrysippus, to be viewed,
As of the Menenian brotherhood.*
"O Jove, who send'st, as thou dost please,
And tak'st away, calamities!"—
A mother speaks, whose boy has lain
Five months upon a bed of pain,
"Remove this cruel ague, and
At earliest dawn my boy shall stand
In Tiber, naked, on that day
Thou orderest us to fast and pray."†
If chance, or the physician's skill
Restore the child, that mother will
Destroy him, set him on the black
Bleak bank, and bring the fever back.
And what the bane has turned her head
To madness thus?—Religious dread.

These are the arms, I have to thank
Stertinius for,—the eighth in rank
Among the sages,—which he gave me,
From insolent attacks to save me.
Who calls me mad henceforth, shall get
Well bated with that epithet,

* Who Menenius was is not known, whose name had this bad eminence in connection with folly. The phrases "*Meneniæ stultitiæ vel ineptiæ*" are spoken of by Porphyrion as proverbial.

† Most probably Horace here alludes to a Jewish fast-day.

And learn to look about, and find,
He also drags a tail behind.

HORACE.

Your losses to retrieve, I pray,
O Stoic most profound, you may
Sell all your purchases to more
Advantage than you did before!
But what's the special folly (since,
It seems, they're legion) I evince
My madness in? For I maintain
Myself particularly sane.

DAMASIPPUS.

Go to! Did crack-brained Agavè,
When in among the people she
Her son's head carried, which she had
Herself cut off, think she was mad?*

HORACE.

I own myself a fool (in sooth,
'Tis vain to fight against the truth),
A madman even; still, tell me now,
In what my brain's diseased, and how.

DAMASIPPUS.

First, then, you build;—which means, that you,
Who at the most are five feet two,
Will cope with great tall fellows; but
Laugh, all the same, at Turbo's† strut,

* See Ovid (Met. iii. 701 *et seq.*) for the tale, how she and the other Mænads tore her son Pentheus to pieces for intruding on their orgies.

† A celebrated gladiator, for whose swelling soul his body was manifestly too small.

When, armed, he shows a soul of flame,
And gait, much bigger than his frame.
That he's ridiculous, you see,
But are you much less so than he?
Whate'er Mæcenas does, you try;
But is it meet, that you should vie
With one so all unlike, so great,
Beyond what you can emulate?
A bullock trod to death one day
A brood of frogs,—their dam away.
One frogling, who escaped the smother,
Telling the story to his mother,
How a huge beast came up—a crash—
Then kith and kin all squeezed to smash!
"How big was it?" she asked, and blew
Herself out. "Big as this, think you?"
"Oh, twice as big!" "As this, then?" So
Continuing to puff and blow,
"Blow, till you burst, ma'am!" frogling cries,
You'll ne'er be match for him in size."
The fable, old, but ever new,
Comes pretty closely home to you.
Add now your poems (oil to flame);
If any versemonger can claim
To be considered sane, why then,
You are as sane as other men.
Your frightful fits of rage,—of these
I will not speak.

HORACE.

Have done, now,—please!

DAMASIPPUS.

Your style of living, much beyond
Your means——

HORACE.

Sir, sir, you're much too fond
Of picking flaws in other men—
Look home, sir, to yourself!

DAMASIPPUS.

And then
Your wantonness—girls by the score—
Your paramours——

HORACE.

No more! No more!
I'm a poor puny idiot—you
Sublimely mad, so spare me, do!

SATIRE IV.

HORACE.

WHENCE and whither, Catius?

CATIUS.

Nay,
Indeed, indeed, I cannot stay,
For I am trying, might and main,
To print some doctrines on my brain,
That are quite novel, and surpass
The teachings of Pythagoras,
And his, whom Anytus indicted,*
Yea, even Plato's the far-sighted.

HORACE.

At such a time to stop you so,
Is very, very wrong, I know;
But pray, forgive; for even should
Some points your memory elude,
Just for the moment, one and all
You'll very speedily recall.
For be it art or nature, who
Can cope, for memory, with you?

CATIUS.

Nay, I just then was full of dread,
I ne'er should keep them in my head,

* Socrates.

So subtle as they are in kind,
And in expression so refined.

HORACE.

His name, his name? Is he, good sir,
A Roman or a foreigner?

CATIUS.

That is a secret. Mum! But I
Will quote his maxims faithfully.
To eggs remember, while you live,
For shape, a lengthened oval give
The preference; such are more nutritious,
In flavour also more delicious,
Than round ones, for within their shells
A yoke of virile gender dwells.
Soil, watered oft, its flavour loses,
So cauliflower has finer juices,
Sown on a dry and open down,
Than in the suburbs of a town.
If, late and suddenly, a guest
Drop in upon you, it were best,
In order that the hen may not
Come tough and tasteless from the pot,
Alive in watered wine to steep it;
Tender that's sure to make and keep it.
To meadow mushrooms give the prize,
And trust no others, if you're wise.
Salubrious summers he shall spend,
Who doth his dinner daily end
With black ripe mulberries, gathered by
Himself, before the sun is high.
Honey Aufidius mixed with strong
Falernian; he in this was wrong.

Since only soothing mixtures should
Be taken, previously to food,
You'll better sluice the man within
With diluent more mild and thin.
  Limpets and whelks the plague abate
Of bowels that are obstinate,
And leaves of sorrel, shredded fine,
But not without white Coan wine.
  Molluscs are at their choicest, still,
What time the moon her horn doth fill.
But shellfish, nutritive and sound,
Do not in every sea abound.
There is your Lucrine mussel,* he
Excels the clam of Baiæ.
As oysters best at Circe,† so
Crabs at Misenum‡ finest grow,
And mild Tarentum, mild and calm,
For cockles bears away the palm.
  Let no man rashly deem, that his
The art of dinner-giving is,
Till he with subtlest skill can test,
How flavours differ, which are best.

* The Lucrine, once so famous for its shellfish, is now little better than a marsh filled with reeds. Its fisheries were in Cicero's time the source of a large revenue. It was connected with the sea, but protected from its inroads by a huge mole or dyke of very great antiquity. The lake was filled up to its present condition by the ashes and scoriæ from eruptions of Monte Nuovo in the early part of the sixteenth century. It is near Baiæ.

† This, the *Promontorium Circæum* of the ancients, now *Monte Circello*, is a perpendicular mass of limestone, near the southern extremity of the Pomptine Marshes. Near it was the town of Circæi, which was a favourite marine retreat of the Romans, of Cicero and Atticus among others, and in later times of Tiberius and Domitian. It was famous among epicures for its oysters, as we gather from the passage in the text, and also from Juvenal, Satire iv. 140, just as Naples is now.

‡ Cape Misenum, at the entrance of the Gulf of Pozzuoli.

At a huge price to clear a stall
Of fish is not the all-in-all,
Unless you know precisely, which
Goes best with sauce, plain sauce or rich,
Which, fried, will make the sated guest
Start fresh with reawakened zest.
If flabby meat offend your taste,
Your orbèd platters will be graced
By Umbrian boar, on acorns fed;
For your Laurentine porker, bred
On reeds and suchlike watery food,
Is very, very far from good.
The flesh of kid is rarely fine,
That has been chiefly fed on vine.
The fecund hare's forequarters will
By epicures be asked for still.
Till I had the example shown,
The art was utterly unknown
Of telling, when you taste a dish,
The age and kind of bird or fish.
There are, whose genius is confined
To finding out some novel kind
Of pastry-crust; but one should ne'er
On only one thing waste his care;
Which simply is, as though you should
Take pains to see the wine is good,
But never give a thought to test
The oil, in which the fish is dressed.
Expose your Massic, when the sky
Is clear, and the bouquet will fly,
That hurts the nerves so; and the wine
Beneath the soft night air refine;
But, strained through linen, then is all
Its flavour ruined past recall.

Wine of Surrentum * if you would
Mix with Falernian lees, you should
Employ the yolks of pigeon's eggs,
Which best precipitate the dregs.
After a deep carousal, when
You're hypped, to set you up again,
To shrimps commend me, grilled with toast,
And snails fetched from the Afric coast.
For lettuces on wine, take note,
In the fermenting stomach float,
Whose queasy motion to appease
Ham is the thing, and sausages,
Or any trash, high-spiced and hot,
Which can in cookshop foul be got.
Your labour amply 'twill requite,
Of sauces, which are composite,
The nature thoroughly to know.
A plain sort is compounded so:
Sweet oil, with syrup wine combined,
And tunny-pickle, of the kind
Which has to due putrescence come
In pipkins of Byzantium.
Boil up with this, if you incline
To something richer, herbs cut fine,
Sprinkle with Coryc saffron, and,
Till it has settled, let it stand,
Then finish off with oil, the best,
From berry of Venafrum † pressed.

* Sorrento, which continues to produce a light wine of fair quality.

† The modern *Venafro*, on the road from Terni to Naples, was obviously in high repute for the excellence of its olives. Horace (Odes, II. 6-20) can give no higher praise to those of his favourite Tibur than that they were quite equal to those of Venafrum. Tibur still retains its character in this respect, if we may judge from the vigour and beauty of its olive groves. The slopes at Venafro are to this hour covered with the same profitable but not picturesque timber.

Although in beauty they excel,
The apples do not taste so well,
Which come from Tibur, all must own,
As what are at Picenum grown.
Pots with Venuculan grapes agree;
The Alban dried in smoke should be.
I was the first, with the dessert,—
My claim let no one controvert,—
To serve up these;—the first, to boot,
To serve caviare with the fruit,
And black salt, with white pepper dressed,
On little plates for every guest.
'Tis monstrous upon fins to throw
Away two hundred pounds or so,
And huddle heaps of vagrant fish
Within the bounds of one small dish.
It makes one sick, a slave to see
With the same greasy hands which he
Has from the dishes slobbered up
Stolen snacks withal, present your cup,
Or have some ancient beaker set
Before you smeared with dirt and wet.
What is the cost of common brooms,
Dusters, and sawdust for your rooms?
A bagatelle in any case!
To want them infinite disgrace.
Would you with filthy besoms sweep
A rich mosaic floor, or heap
With Tyrian stuffs a couch bedight
With grime, and filth,—forgetting quite
That carelessness, in what, at most,
Demands both little care and cost,
Is worse, and more to be deplored,
Than to have lacking at your board
What only rich men can afford.

HORACE.

O learned Catius, prithee, by
Our friendship, by the Gods on high,
Take me along with you, to hear
Such wisdom, be it far or near!
For though you tell me all—in fact,
Your memory is most exact—
Still there must be some grace of speech
Which no interpreter can reach.
The look, too, of the man, the mien!
Which you—what fortuné!—having seen,
May for that very reason deem
Of no account; but to the stream,
Even at its very fountain-head,
I fain would have my footsteps led,
That, stooping, I may drink my fill,
Where such life-giving saws distil.

SATIRE V.

ULYSSES.

ONE question more, Tiresias, let me put; *
By what device, what arts, shall I recruit
My wasted substance? Wherefore do you smile?

TIRESIAS.

Is't not enough, that you, so versed in wile,
Shall tread in Ithaca your native earth,
And see the gods of your paternal hearth?

ULYSSES.

O great unerring seer, when I get there
I shall be destitute, stripped stark and bare,—
You've prophesied as much,—and find my wine
Drunk up, my flocks all eaten, and my kine;

* This Satire is meant as a continuation of his dialogue in Hades with Tiresias the Theban prophet, recounted by Ulysses to Alcinous in the eleventh book of the Odyssey, in which the perils and hairbreadth escapes which Ulysses is to encounter on his way back to Ithaca and also the impoverished state of his home there are foretold. There is something ludicrously incongruous in a sequel such as that imagined by Horace to so solemn an interview. One does not object to the implied ridicule of Ulysses in having the means of bettering his fortunes which Tiresias suggests gravely offered to his astute and not over-scrupulous mind, but the slur which the prophet casts upon the pure and patient Penelope goes beyond the reasonable limits of a joke.

The vice of will-hunting, which during the Empire grew to a frightful pitch, was no new one in Rome. Cicero denounces it (Paradox v. 39), and Horace attacks it again in the First Epistle of the First Book, line 77 *et seq.* Pliny dates its growth from the decline of the Republic.

And well you know, unless with fortune backed,
That birth and brains are nought—mere dross, in fact.

TIRESIAS.

Since you so candidly your dread avow
Of being poor, let me instruct you, how
You may grow rich. A gift, we'll say, is sent,
Of fieldfares, or some other dainty, meant
For your own private tooth; despatch it straight,
Where some old dotard dwells in lordly state.
Fine apples, all your garden's choicest fruit,
These should some rich man's palate first salute;
The Lares can come after, as they may,*
For he is more to be revered than they.
Though he's a perjurer, fifty times forsworn,
Puddle in blood, and in the gutter born,
With brother's gore still reeking on his hand,
A runaway, that bears a felon's brand,
If he to walk with him on you shall call,
You go, of course, and yield him, too, the wall.

ULYSSES.

I hold his skirts up! I precedence waive
To a low mongrel, a flagitious slave!
Not thus I bore myself at Troy, where I
Was with my betters proudly wont to vie.

TIRESIAS.

Then you'll be poor.

ULYSSES.

So be it! I shall steel
My soul to brook the shame, and not to feel.

* The Roman revered none of his gods more than his Lares, whose images stood in his hall, and who were invoked and sacrifice made to them at his meals. To them the first-fruits were always offered.

Worse have I borne in other days, alas!
But say, great augur, how may I amass
Wealth for my wants, and heaps of minted brass?

TIRESIAS.

I've said, and say again: Old men ensnare,
To name you in their testaments as heir.
One here or there, upon his guard, may look
Or nibble at the bait, but shun the hook;
Still be not daunted, nor the trade forego.
A case is in the courts, of great or no
Importance. Of the parties, find out which
Is without chick or children, but is rich.
A rogue he may be, who has dared to draw
A better man into the toils of law;
Still take his cause up; his opponent slight,
Though he have law upon his side, and right,
And is of clear repute and blameless life,—
If he have sons, and a prolific wife.
"Quintus or Publius," say (a dainty ear
Delights in such distinctions*), "your career
Of simple worth has rooted me your friend.
I'm versed in quirks of law, and can defend
A cause with any man. Sooner than you
Should be one jot defrauded of your due,
To part with mine own eyes I'd rather choose.
Be it my care to see, you neither lose
One farthing, nor are made a mark for jest."
Then tell him to go home, and be at rest.
Take absolute command, and stick to it,
Whether the dogstar, redly blazing, split

* To call men by their prænomen tickled the vanity of new-made men, as being the distinctive mark of a free man.

The voiceless statues, or stout Furius throw
On wintry Alps a coverlet of snow.*
"Do you not see," some stander-by will say,
Nudging his neighbour's elbow by the way,
"What zeal he shows, what patience, for his friends?
How sharp he is, how keen, to serve their ends?"
More gudgeons will anon come swimming round,
And in your fish-ponds presently be found.
Again,—you see a son in feeble health;
An only son, reared in the lap of wealth.
It will be well, lest your attentions to
Old bachelors should draw surmise on you,
To manage things so dexterously there,
That you are named the next to him as heir.
And so, should any chance to Orcus chase
The sickly lad, you step into his place.
This ruse is all but certain to succeed.
Should a man offer you his will to read,
Refuse of course, and push, with some display
Of wounded pride, the document away;
But, while you do so, by a glance divine
What names appear upon the second line,—
If you alone are named in it as heir,
Or with a score of others merely share.†

* The words translated in these three lines are apparently meant as a parody or caricature of some line of M. Furius Bibaculus, a poet of the turgid school, of whose inflated style Horace gives another specimen (Satires, I. x. line 36). The image in the original of Furius (who has been substituted for the Jupiter in the line of Bibaculus which Horace intends to ridicule) belching hoary snowflakes from his distended paunch over the wintry Alps, is not one which can be made endurable in English verse.

† In the form of wills used by the Romans the name of the immediate heirs appeared immediately after that of the testator and the words of bequest, which occupied the first line. The special legatees and heirs-substitute—that is, those who were to succeed in the event of the failure of the heirs first named—were introduced on the last page or tablet of the will.

For oft your scrivener, sly old fox, will show
No little skill to balk the gaping crow,
And in his sleeve Coranus laugh, that he
For all Nasica's schemes a match can be.*

ULYSSES.

Is this prophetic fury, or are these
Dark mocking saws?

TIRESIAS.

O Laertiades,
Whatever I shall speak, no matter what,
Will either come to pass, or it will not.
For I by great Apollo am endowed
With powers prophetic.

ULYSSES.

If it be allowed,
What your allusion points to, pray explain!

TIRESIAS.

What time a youth, of Parthia's sons the bane,
And sprung from great Æneas' stock, shall be
Lord paramount of all, by land and sea,
Nasica's lanky child,—Nasica, who
Thinks by her charms to pay what he is due,
Which he would rather die than pay in gold,—
Shall with Coranus wed, the bright and bold.

* No doubt an allusion to some incident well known at Rome, but of which no record remains. The whole passage is obscure, perhaps purposely so, for even Ulysses cannot comprehend what Tiresias is driving at, and Tiresias, who was, as we see, too experienced a soothsayer to vouch for the fulfilment of his own prophecies, does not make matters much clearer by his tale of how Coranus was more than a match for the father-in-law, who hoped he would have his debt wiped off, and an interest in his son-in-law's fortune secured to him, in return for his daughter's hand.

Then to his sire-in-law the son shall show
His will, and beg of him to read it. "No!
No!" he replies. But after much ado
He takes the deed, in silence reads it through,
And there he finds,—conceive with pang how deep!—
Nought left to him or his, except to weep.
These further counsels let me add. If some
Designing wench, or freedman, 'neath their thumb
Have got a doting fool, with them ally;
Praise them, that they may, when you are not by,
In turn praise you. This helps on greatly. Still,
Work on the man himself with all your skill.
That's best of all. He scribbles songs and lays,
The veriest doggrel; smother him with praise.
He has a liquorish tooth; ere he can state
His wish in words, that wish anticipate,
And frankly tender your Penelope.

ULYSSES.

Great Powers of Heaven! Do you suppose, that she
Will let herself at his command be placed,
She so discreetly wise, so purely chaste,
Not all the wiles of all the suitors could
Divert her from the paths of rectitude?

TIRESIAS.

Of gifts these youths were niggardly, I hear,*
Much less on love intent, than lusty cheer;
Discreet, too, was your dame as well as chaste.
But once let her some dotard's riches taste,

* The gifts which the suitors are mentioned in the Odyssey (xviii. 290 *et seq.*) as offering to Penelope were somewhat of the shabbiest, a circumstance which probably suggested this passage to Horace.

While she with you his bounties can divide,
And she'll at him no more be terrified,
Than mastiff-cur at a well-larded hide.
A tale there is, 'tis meet you should be told;
The thing occurred at Thebes, when I was old.
By her last will a sly old woman there
Enjoined, that on his naked back her heir
Should bear her corpse, well smeared from head to hip
With oil; in hope, no doubt, that she would slip
Out of his fingers, after she was dead,
Who, while she lived, had hung on her like lead.
Be cautious, therefore, how you stalk your game;
Neither too forward be, nor yet too tame.
Your talk if you too freely volunteer,
It grates upon a sour and churlish ear.
Be not too silent either. Stand with head
Inclined, betokening respectful dread,
Like Davus in the play; with oily speech
Creep into favour; if it blows, beseech
He guard his head, a head so dear, from chill;
Push, from a crowd to clear him, with a will;
If he will prate, oblige him with your ear;
If gluttonous of praise, praise let him hear,
Till, throwing up his hands to heaven, he cry
"Hold, hold, enough!" Yet still his foible ply,
And blow him up with phrases full of wind.
So when his death your fetters shall unbind,
And terminate your years of feverish care,
And, wide awake, you hear, "Ulysses heir
Of one-fourth of my property I name!"
"Oh, is he gone, my dear old chum?" exclaim.
"Where shall I find a man so good, so true?"
And, if you can, squeeze out a tear or two.
In common prudence it were well, no trace
Of inward joy should show upon your face.

His funeral left to your discretion, spare
No cost to give it an imposing air.
'Twill pay you well to let your neighbours see
You do that dismal business handsomely.
Then if, perchance, one named joint heir with you
Shall have an ugly cough. Supposing, too,
He's older than yourself, you'll say to him,
"If you, now, for my portion have a whim,
House, grounds, or anything you like that's mine,
For an old song 'tis yours!" But Proserpine
Drags me away by her imperious spell.
Success attend your efforts! Fare ye well!

SATIRE VI.

MY prayers with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not over large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.
All this, and more, the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content.*
O son of Maia, that I may
These bounties keep is all I pray.†
If ne'er by craft or base design
I've swelled what little store is mine,
Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked
By profligacy or neglect;
If never from my lips a word
Shall drop of wishes so absurd
As, "Had I but that little nook,
Next to my land, that spoils its look!"
Or, "Would some lucky chance unfold
A crock to me of hidden gold,
As to the man, whom Hercules
Enriched and settled at his ease,

* For note on Horace's Sabine farm, see *postea*, p. 231.

† Mercury, the god of gain, and the protector of poets, "*Mercurialium custos virorum*" (Odes, II. 17, 29), as well as his son Faunus, to whom Horace in the same Ode ascribes the saving of his life, by averting the shock of the tree which fell upon him. See also Odes, II. 7.

Who, with the treasure he had found,
Bought for himself the very ground
Which he before for hire had tilled!"
If I with gratitude am filled
For what I have—by this I dare
Adjure you to fulfil my prayer,
That you with fatness will endow
My little herd of cattle now,
And all things else their lord may own,
Except what wits he has alone,
And be, as heretofore, my chief
Protector, guardian, and relief!
So, when from town and all its ills
I to my perch among the hills
Retreat, what better theme to choose
Than satire for my homely Muse?
No fell ambition wastes me there,
No, nor the south wind's leaden air,*
Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,
With victims feeding hungry death.
Sire of the morn, or if more dear
The name of Janus to thine ear,†
Through whom whate'er by man is done,
From life's first dawning, is begun,
(So willed the gods for man's estate,)
Do thou my verse initiate!
At Rome you hurry me away
To bail my friend; "Quick, no delay,

* *Plumbeus Auster*, a happy epithet to express the languor and depression which are occasioned by the sirocco, the wind which, blowing from Africa, takes all life out of the air in Rome now as of old.

† Janus, a divinity specially dear to the Latin race, presided over not only the opening of every year and every month, but also of every day. Prayers were offered to him every morning. Hence he was invoked as "*Matutine pater*," or sire of the morning.

Or some one—could worse luck befall you?—
Will in the kindly task forestall you."
So go I must, although the wind
Is north and killingly unkind,
Or snow, in thickly-falling flakes,
The wintry day more wintry makes.
And when, articulate and clear,
I've spoken what may cost me dear,*
Elbowing the crowd that round me close,
I'm sure to crush somebody's toes.
"I say, where are you pushing to?
What would you have, you madman, you?"
So flies he at poor me, 'tis odds,
And curses me by all his gods.
"You think that you, now, I daresay,
May push whatever stops your way,
When you are to Mæcenas bound!"
Sweet, sweet, as honey is the sound,
I won't deny, of that last speech,
But then no sooner do I reach
The gloomy Esquiline, than straight
Buzz, buzz around me runs the prate
Of people pestering me with cares,
All about other men's affairs.
"To-morrow, Roscius bade me state,
He trusts you'll be in court by eight!"
"The scriveners, worthy Quintus, pray,
You'll not forget they meet to-day,
Upon a point both grave and new,
One touching the whole body, too."†

* Horace, like most other people, had probably good reason to know that "he who hateth suretyship is sure," and only he.

† Horace had belonged, if indeed he did not still belong, to the "*ordo*" or guild of "*Scribæ*," and, trusting to his influence in high

"Do get Mæcenas, do, to sign
This application here of mine!"
"Well, well, I'll try." "You can with ease
Arrange it, if you only please."
Close on eight years it now must be,
Since first Mæcenas numbered me
Among his friends, as one to take
Out driving with him, and to make
The confidant of trifles, say,
Like this, "What is the time of day?"
"The Thracian Bantam, would you bet
On him, or on the Syrian Pet?"
"These chilly mornings will do harm,
If one don't mind to wrap up warm;"
Such nothings as without a fear
One drops into the chinkiest ear.*
Yet all this time hath envy's glance
On me looked more and more askance.
From mouth to mouth such comments run:
"Our friend indeed is Fortune's son.
Why, there he was, the other day,
Beside Mæcenas at the play;
And at the Campus, just before,
They had a bout at battledore."
Some chilling news through lane and street
Spreads from the Forum. All I meet

quarters, they were anxious he should attend a meeting in which some matter of importance to the interests of the body was to be discussed.

* Compare with this the familiar lines of Terence (Eun. I. ii. 23 *et seq.*):—

> "*Quæ vera audivi, taceo, et contineo optime;*
> *Sin falsum . . .*
> *Plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo.*"

> "Trust me with facts, and I'm as close as wax;
> But for mere gossip fabulous and false,
> I am all chink, and leak at every pore."

Accost me thus—"Dear friend, you're so
Close to the gods, that you must know:
About the Dacians, have you heard
Any fresh tidings? Not a word!"
"You're always jesting!" "Now may all
The gods confound me, great and small,
If I have heard one word!" "Well, well,
But you at any rate can tell
If Cæsar means the lands, which he
Has promised to his troops, shall be
Selected from Italian ground,
Or in Trinacria be found?"
And when I swear, as well I can,
That I know nothing, for a man
Of silence rare and most discreet
They cry me up to all the street.
Thus do my wasted days slip by,
Not without many a wish and sigh,
Oh, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green? Oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?*
When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras's kinsman bean,†

* Many have imitated this passage—none better than Cowley:—

"O fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches be, that she
Has coined and stamped for good."

† Referring to the popular opinion that Pythagoras and his disciples would not eat this vegetable, because in doing so they might be devouring their own flesh and blood.

And bacon, not too fat, embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When, with the friends I love, I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl,
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! if not, he's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
Not gossip 'bout our neighbours' houses,
Or if 'tis generally thought
That Lepos dances well or not?*
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand,
Whether by wealth or worth, 'tis plain,
That men to happiness attain?
By what we're led to choose our friends,—
Regard for them, or our own ends?
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that?
And then friend Cervius will strike in
With some old grandam's tale, akin
To what we are discussing. Thus,
If some one have cried up to us

* How like is this to Tennyson's—

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous, under a roof of pine."

Lepos was a celebrated mime, and spoke and acted as well as danced.

Arellius' wealth, forgetting how
Much care it costs him, "Look you now,
Once on a time," he will begin,
"A country mouse received within
His rugged cave a city brother,
As one old comrade would another.
'A frugal mouse upon the whole,
But loved his friend, and had a soul,'
And could be free and open-handed,
When hospitality demanded.
In brief, he did not spare his hoard
Of corn and pease, long coyly stored;
Raisins he brought, and scraps, to boot,
Half-gnawed, of bacon, which he put
With his own mouth before his guest,
In hopes, by offering his best
In such variety, he might
Persuade him to an appetite.
But still the cit, with languid eye,
Just picked a bit, then put it by;
Which with dismay the rustic saw,
As, stretched upon some stubbly straw,
He munched at bran and common grits,
Not venturing on the dainty bits.
At length the town mouse; 'What,' says he,
'My good friend, can the pleasure be,
Of grubbing here, on the backbone
Of a great crag with trees o'ergrown?
Who'd not to these wild woods prefer
The city, with its crowds and stir?
Then come with me to town; you'll ne'er
Regret the hour that took you there.
All earthly things draw mortal breath;
Nor great nor little can from death

Escape,* and therefore, friend, be gay,
Enjoy life's good things while you may,
Remembering how brief the space
Allowed to you in any case.'
His words strike home; and, light of heart,
Behold with him our rustic start,
Timing their journey so, they might
Reach town beneath the cloud of night,
Which was at its high noon, when they
To a rich mansion found their way,
Where shining ivory couches vied
With coverlets in purple dyed,
And where in baskets were amassed
The wrecks of a superb repast,
Which some few hours before had closed.
There, having first his friend disposed
Upon a purple tissue, straight
The city mouse begins to wait
With scraps upon his country brother,
Each scrap more dainty than another,
And all a servant's duty proffers,
First tasting everything he offers.
The guest, reclining there in state,
Rejoices in his altered fate,
O'er each fresh tidbit smacks his lips,
And breaks into the merriest quips,
When suddenly a banging door
Shakes host and guest into the floor.
From room to room they rush aghast,
And almost drop down dead at last,

* "Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all."
—*King Lear*, v. 2.

When loud through all the house resounds
The deep bay of Molossian hounds.
'Ho!' cries the country mouse. 'This kind
Of life is not for me, I find.
Give me my woods and cavern. There
At least I'm safe! And though both spare
And poor my food may be, rebel
I never will; so, fare ye well!'"

The Sabine Farm.

In the Odes Horace alludes again and again to his home among the Sabine hills in the general terms appropriate to lyric poetry. Here for the first time he gives an indication of its character and extent. It included, he says, all he had ever dreamed of as making up his ideal of a country retreat—a small portion of farmland, with a garden and copious fountain near the house, and a patch of woodland for shade and shelter, and to lift it, we may suppose, above the prosaic level of an ordinary farm. But the Sabine farm, he also tells us, was all this and something more. *Auctius atque Di melius fecere.* What this something more was which the gods had given him by the hand of Mæcenas, we see from the language of the Fourteenth Epistle of the First Book. It is not of a mere patch of woodland ("*paullum silvæ*"), but of woods of some extent ("*silvarum*"),—the "*silva jugerum paucorum*" of the Sixteenth Ode of the Third Book,—that the bailiff (*villicus*) whom he there addresses has the care; and the "*modus agri non ita magnus,*" the tidy little farm, as we should call it, has come in the shape of one that recently had upon it no fewer than five homesteads ("*habitatum quinque focis*"), with tenants in them of sufficient substance to entitle them to a voice in the management of the affairs of the district in the municipal council at Varia (Vico Varo), some four or five miles off. The "*jugis aquæ fons*" has swelled into the "*puræ rivus aquæ;*" nay, the poet had both, whether we hold or not that the Bandusian fount was one of those near the farm which now dispute the honour of its name. About the stream of pure water there can be

no doubt. "It flows as then it flowed," and there is a fountain there too, such as even less imaginative people than Horace would be more than grateful to be able to call their own.

How the families Horace speaks of had been cleared off the estate one would like to know, for it seems doubtful from Horace's language whether they continued to occupy it under him. It was not likely to have been by the merciless process of eviction, to which Horace alludes in terms of reprobation (Odes, II. 18), when, as he says—

> "*Pellitur paternos*
> *In sinu ferens Deos*
> *Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.*"
>
> "Driven from home,
> Both wife and husband forth must roam,
> Bearing their household gods close pressed
> With squalid babes upon their breast."

For Mæcenas was not a man to deal with old tenants in the ruthless way common at the time to those who had made sudden fortunes by not over-scrupulous means, and who dealt with their new possessions without regard to the feelings or the happiness of those whom they found upon the lands they bought. These were among their country's worst enemies; and Rome had reason in the end to rue the system which depopulated its corn-growing lands, by throwing them into the hands of rich men ambitious of being the owners of vast estates maintained more for show than use.

But though the Sabine farm was larger than Horace had longed for, still it was clearly of very modest proportions. Whatever merits it had as restoring him to himself ("*mihi me reddentis agelli*"), of reinvigorating his body and brain, and procuring for him the solitude he loved, it certainly did not put money in his purse. With his other small means, however, it insured him a competency, and for him that was enough. It kept the wolf from his door, as he tells Mæcenas (Odes, III. 16), "*Importuna Pauperies abest.*" He adds, "*Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.*"

> "Nor wouldst thou, if more I wanted, O my friend, deny me more."

But, unlike most men who get what they have greatly desired, Horace did not want more, and to the end of his days was wisely content to enjoy his coveted possession without a wish to enlarge it.

This Satire was obviously written not long after the liberality of Mæcenas had placed the Sabine farm at his disposal; and he could have given his patron no stronger assurance than by writing it, that

he had been made perfectly happy by what was no doubt an unexpected gift. There is in the poem the exuberance of feeling natural to a man conscious for the first time of being master of a piece of land which he can deal with as he pleases, and revelling in the freedom it secures him from the exhausting excitement of a great city, and from the boredom of that large circle of acquaintances—the people who want to know you, but whom you do not want to know—which eminent men of any kind always find it difficult to escape. The tone of the Ode to Mæcenas (III. 16) is so much akin to that of the present poem, that they may be assumed to have been written about the same time.

The question of the locality of Horace's farm may be said to have been effectively set at rest by the researches of Chapuy, and more recently by those of Signor Pietro Rosa, the great Roman archæologist, and M. Noel de Vergers. In the 'Life of Horace' (vol. i. *ante*, p. lx *et seq.*) the subject has been dealt with in some detail. It is one of the greatest interest to all lovers of the poet, and happily its features have been so well defined by Horace himself that we can be no more in doubt about the exact position of the farm than we can be about the spots in Stratford-on-Avon where Shakespeare was born and died.

Who that knows his Horace well ever looked for the first time northwards from Rome across the Campagna, however filled his mind might be with the beauty of that exquisite landscape, which Pliny (Epistle V. 6) says "is not merely a landscape but a picture," without thinking with Byron, that—

> "Where yon bar
> Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
> The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary bard's delight"?

Nor will any true lover of Horace in these days be satisfied until he has made a pilgrimage behind that veil of mountains to the "*vallis remota*" where the poet (Odes, I. 17) invited Tyndaris to visit him,—until he has seen with his own eyes the familiar hills and glades among which his favourite wandered, and heard the plash and ripple of the streams, and the songs of the birds, which soothed his ears and tranquillised his nerves.

The wish is one which it is not now difficult to gratify. Fourteen hours will be enough to take the pilgrim there from Rome and back. Every step of the journey will give him something to delight in and to remember. It is true that the steam-tramway which nowadays

carries him from Rome to Tivoli may jar a little with the associations he has been accustomed to connect with the Campagna. The scream of the engine sounds strangely in that place of graves, under whose grassy undulations lie many generations of the "*rerum domini*," and the countless villages, tombs, and stately villas which erewhile crowded that now lonely and unpeopled and silent region. But let the sky be bright and the air clear and sharp, and "earth has not anything to show more fair" than the landscape which stretches before and around him as the tramway car bears him pleasantly across the Campagna. In front of him is the panorama of the Alban and Sabine hills, with their exquisitely broken line of summits, fading into the mists and swept by the flying shadows of the clouds. To the left he will see swelling from the plain the picturesque heights of Mentana, Monticelli, and Palombara, and still farther to the left Soracte rising solitary on the horizon. As the car grinds along the Via Tiburtina, the same that Horace has so often traversed on his mule with his saddle-bags flapping at its sides, he will have frequent occasion to contrast its present loneliness and impressive stillness with the life and bustle of the Augustan days. Scarcely a trace remains of the houses and monuments with which it was then studded, of the gardens and woods which gave richness and beauty to what is now a bald and desolate plain. The *Aquæ Albulæ*, famous now as of old, exhaling stifling fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen, and giving to the air a highly Stygian fragrance, as they pass in a strong current from Lake Solfatara across the road into a new bathing establishment, will, it is true, remind him of the Roman delight in baths of all kinds. But the only monuments of antiquity of any consequence which he will pass arose long after Horace's time.

These are—the enormous villa of Hadrian, the ruins of which he will see peeping out among the olive-trees and the cypresses on the right, and the stately monument of the Plautia family, which overhangs the road, flanked by an *osteria* of the homeliest kind. The same rare good fortune which has preserved the similar but more imposing tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way has preserved from the ravages of barbarians, ancient and modern, this resting-place of a man famous in his time. This was the Consul Titus Plautius Silvanus, who served successively under Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and Vespasian, and left behind him a great reputation, which may perhaps survive his tomb, as one of those brave generals and able

administrators to whom the renown and prosperity of the Roman Empire were mainly due. But the traveller will be reminded of what the *Tiburni lucus* was in the days of Augustus, as the train winds its way up the hill to Tivoli through the olive groves, which maintain their ancient character for luxuriance and fertility. Turning towards Rome, the eye travels with delight across that immense undulating expanse of green stretching away into the far horizon, and broken only here and there by a crumbling tomb or the fractured arches of a viaduct. On the verge of the horizon he will descry the dome of St. Peter's, but only when he has nearly reached the level of that part of the hill on which Tivoli stands will the great city be dimly descried, above which this dome, and this alone, of all its many towers and cupolas, is seen to project.

Once in Tivoli, the traveller who wishes to make the excursion to Horace's farm within the day, will not linger long over its groves, its orchards moist with wimpling rivulets ("*uda mobilibus rivis*"), or, most beautiful though it be, the spectacle of the headlong Anio precipitating itself into the dark recesses of greenwood, from which it sends up resounding echoes through the misty air. These will recall to him the "*domus Albaneæ resonantis*" of Horace (Odes, I. 7), as he snatches a hasty breakfast beside the Temple of the Sibyl on a trout fresh from the waters of the famous stream, and washes it down with a flask of wine grown on the opposite hill, "*circa mite solum Tiburis et Mœnia Catili*," and thinks that the flavour of some mellow wine from the same quarter may have prompted Horace to urge his friend Quintilius Varus, in the Ode from which this line is taken (I. 18), to establish a good vineyard on that spot as his first care. Fortified by this light repast, and with "heart as eager as a boy's," he will do well to urge his horses to a good pace along the Via Valeria, that is to take him nearly to his destination. On the way he may comfort himself with the thought that what Horace saw on his journeys to and fro along this road the traveller sees now. Temple and tower may have gone to the ground, but centuries write but few changes on the everlasting hills. Their noble contours remain the same. They may be less richly wooded than they were nineteen centuries ago, and their summits, through which the cold grey masses of rock everywhere protrude, must be denuded by the rains of nineteen centuries of much of the soil by which they were then covered. But the charm that made the road light of old makes it light still. It winds along through a series of valleys

rarely diversified in outline and in colour. Every now and then we get beautiful glimpses up side valleys that look worthy to be explored, and here and there on the other side of the Anio are seen traces, in the ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct, of the magnitude of the works designed by the Romans to supply their city with that first essential for health and comfort, of which we are ourselves only beginning to understand the importance. Their successors, no less wise in this respect, have not neglected the same sources of supply, and a capacious aqueduct of modern structure, that may be seen close to the road, black and ungainly as it is where its pitch-covered conduit comes above the level of the soil, shows no small engineering skill and ingenuity in the way it has been carried across the ravines and through the spurs of the hills which it has to traverse in its course. The scanty population is for the most part busy in the fields, cleaving the clods with the mattock or driving a clumsy plough through them, as their Sabine progenitors did when Horace passed along the road. Others, of both sexes, too, are employed in the works now in progress for a railway from Tivoli to Subiaco, which crosses the road at various points, and presents many bold features of engineering skill. It were idle to bewail, with Wordsworth and Ruskin, the invasion of these beautiful rural solitudes by the iron road and the steam-horse, with its wild scream and its fiery mane. They will bring many a comfort and many a good day's pay to the ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed peasantry, who would otherwise have to go struggling on with hardships that bring upon them the wrinkles and the weariness of early old age. Nor after all can they mar the grandeur of the water-worn mountain crests, nor the beauty of the verdure of every variety of tint which lines their rugged sides, nor the infinite play of light and shade flashed upon them by the sunlight and the clouds, nor hide the gleaming Anio as it rushes onward between its well-wooded banks.

The headlong Anio! How well it merits its name, whirling and foaming swiftly along as it does over its broken and rapidly-falling bed. If there has been rain among the hills, its torrent, naturally clear, but now turbid as the yellow Tiber and from the same cause, will show in many a broken bank and inundated meadow what cause the peasant has to dread its inroads. In these its wilder moods it may even have suggested to Horace the familiar lines (Odes, III. 29)—

" Nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesque raptas et pecas et domos
Volventis undâ, non sine montium
Clamore vicinæque silvæ."

" Now whirling onwards, fierce and fast,
Uprooted trees, and boulders vast,
And flocks, and houses, all in drear
Confusion tossed from shore to shore,
While mountains far, and forests near
Reverberate the rising roar."

By the time Vico Varo is reached, the road, which has been steadily rising all the way from Tivoli, is high above the river, which is still "heard, but scarcely heard to flow." Looking back, it is seen winding through the valley we have traversed, and giving it that crowning look of life and movement which only a river can give to a landscape; while ahead it is lost in the ravine overhung by the dark woods that fringe the picturesque promontory of St. Cosimato, around which it sweeps to be joined a little farther on by the mountain stream, which has a peculiar interest for the Horatian enthusiast, the Digentia, now called the Licenza.

By this time Cantalupo Bardella, the ancient Mandela, is full in view. Its site, astride a high ridge, and exposed to every wind that blows through four large valleys, which all centre upon it, accounts at a glance for the epithet "shrivelled with cold" (*rugosus frigore pagus*) which Horace (Epistles, I. 18) applies to it. If, however, the town stood in his time where it now does, it seems strange that in a region where water is abundant it should have taken its supply from the Digentia, which runs about a mile from it, and on a level some hundred feet lower. But that the town of his day did drink that "*gelidus rivus*," Horace's words, "*Quem Mandela bibit*," leaves no doubt. Here the road to Horace's farm turns sharply to the left, and, following the course of the Digentia, brings us, at a distance of about three miles, to the object of our pilgrimage. Before that spot is reached the eye is arrested by the town of Rocca Giovine standing out upon a steep hill upon the left, which, the more we look at it, identifies itself more and more with the "*Amænus Lucretilis*" of the poet (Odes, I. 17). As we sweep round by the base of this hill we feel at once that we are in the secluded valley, the "*vallis remota*," which was so dear to our favourite. Every feature presents itself to the view which in the Sixteenth Epistle of the First Book he has so aptly drawn

for posterity—one can scarcely tell why, for his description has nothing to do with the main object of that Epistle. Here are the "*continui montes*," with the valley between them, so placed that the morning sun strikes upon the hill to the right, while in the afternoon it sucks up the moisture from that to the left. Here is the delicious crisp air, mellowed by the mountains, which shelter it from the cold northern and eastern winds. Here is the stream that still as much as ever is "*multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.*" There was a *contadino* hard at work trying to enforce the lesson when we visited the spot yesterday, and obviously not without good cause. Here are the "*quercus et ilex*" that fed Horace's flock "*multa fruge*," and delighted their master with their bountiful shade. That shade is not so bountiful now, and there is not that wealth of greenery which in Horace's time recalled the luxuriant verdure of Tarentum. Here, too, a little farther on is the fountain "*etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus*," and which the peasants will tell you acts to this day as the best of medicines for headaches and indigestion—"*Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.*" As we look round, it is of little moment whether the villa stood where, upon the strength of some remnants of mosaics, it is said to have stood. It was not that which made the charm of the place to Horace, but the secluded valley, girdled by the lonely hills, far from the stir and smoke and busy idleness of the great city; it was the simple habits and homely virtues of its peasantry which he found there, and the opportunities for genial intercourse with them and with the choice friends who made their way from Rome upon occasion to enjoy the poet's companionship and hospitality. Looking up the slopes of the valley of Ustica ("*Usticæ cubantis*"), and round upon the amphitheatre of hills, we feel with a force unfelt before what was in Horace's heart when he exclaimed—

> "*O rus, quando ego te adspiciam? Quandoque licebit*
> *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,*
> *Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*"
>
> "Oh, when shall I the country see,
> Its woodlands green? Oh, when be free,
> With books of great old men, and sleep,
> And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
> Into oblivion sweet of life,
> Its agitations and its strife?"

Hills, fountain, brook, river, meadow, here we have them all before

us, as they have lived in our imagination, "oft longed for, never seen," since we first became familiar with the words in which Horace has depicted that, to him dearest, corner of the earth (Epistles, I. 16):—

> "Girdled by hills it lies, through which but one
> Small valley, rich in shade, is seen to run,
> Where on the right the morning sunbeams play,
> Whilst on the left they rest at close of day.
> You'd like the air. Wild cherry there and sloe,
> Purply and dark, in rich profusion grow,
> While oak and ilex bounteously afford
> Food for my herds, and shelter for their lord."

As the eye grows familiar with the scene, it turns to find the "*Amænus Lucretilis*" of the poet. If long familiarity with classical commentators had not prepared one for any absurdity on their part, one could not but feel amazed that they should for so long have found the poet's favourite hill in the modern Monte Gennaro, which is many miles away, and far too imposing a member of the mountain chain of which it is the monarch to have only earned from the poet the epithet "*Amænus.*" It was clearly something much nearer and more familiar; and indeed it obviously had upon it a portion of the poet's farm; for his goats, the "*deviæ uxores olentis viri*" of Ode I. 17, ramble through its woods, browsing upon the underwood and thyme ("*arbutos et thyma*") of its slopes, and guarded from harm by the swift-footed Faunus, who has been lured by its attractions from his native Lycæus. And here is the hill, now called *Corgnaleto*, precisely answering to the poet's description. As we make our way up its slopes the conviction is confirmed. Our path lies among the rills, the moss-grown rocks and woodland, "*rivos et musco circumlita saxa nemusque*," of which the poet speaks in his Epistle to Fuscus Aristius (Epistles, I. 10). And that Epistle was written upon this very hill "*post fanum putre Vacunæ*," and to the spot where it was written he most probably refers in the line "*Ergo ubi me in montes et in* arcem *ex urbe removi.*" The "*arx*" was the ancient "*arx Junonis*," where it appears from an inscription preserved on the church which now crowns the rock that a Temple of Victory once stood which was repaired by Vespasian. This, it seems to be well established, was the very "*Fanum Vacunæ*," or Temple of Juno Victrix, behind the ruins of which Horace jotted down the rough draft of the Epistle to his "city-loving friend."

When the first pleasure of identifying the familiar features of the poet's description has somewhat abated, one naturally thinks of the animated dialogue between his bailiff Davus and himself (Satires, II. 7), and his Epistle to Davus, the fourteenth of the First Book. If Davus tired of the country, it is no less certain that his master found it grow rather dull at times. Poor Davus! it must have been dull indeed to him, for he had no "*libri veterum*," as his master had, to fall back upon for amusement. Neither was there any town nearer than Mandela, good three miles off, no "*uncta popina*"—the counterpart of the grimy, greasy *osterias*, which the Davi of the present day seem to find so attractive—where he could enjoy rough jokes over his wine with the "*meretrix tibicina*" of the tavern. And the work of littering down oxen, and building dams against refractory brooks, is neither pleasant nor easy work to a servant accustomed to the habits of a luxurious city. No doubt the novelty of the scene made the change pleasant enough for a time, but we cannot wonder that after a few weeks of rough living and loneliness he began to hanker after the "*ludos et balnea*" of town, and to wonder what charm his master could find in what seemed to him "*deserta et inhospita tesqua.*"

It is all very well for Horace to ask his bailiff whether he ever saw him leave the place without regret, when he was called away to Rome by "*invisa negotia*" at times when he did not want to go there. But he himself lets out the admission that it was not always with a grudge that he went back to the capital. At Rome he longed for the country, in the country he longed for Rome. Davus knew this very well, and Horace knew that he knew it. Accordingly he makes him say as much in the Seventh Satire of the Second Book, when that sagacious and sharp-tongued varlet claims and is allowed a Saturnalian licence of speech:—

> "*Romæ rus optas, absentem rusticus urbem*
> *Tollis ad astra levis.*"
>
> "At Rome you for the country sigh:
> When in the country to the sky
> You, flighty as the thistle's down,
> Are always crying up the town."

Nay, his master's praise of plain dinners, and professed delight at escaping from the necessity of drinking as many cups of wine as the master of the feast might dictate, on which he had expatiated so earnestly in the immediately preceding Satire (II. 6), Davus tells

him roundly is all humbug. Nobody, in fact, likes better to be asked out to a feast. It is only

> *"Si nusquam es forte vocatus*
> *Ad cœnam, laudas securum otiosa ac, velut usquam*
> *Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis amasque,*
> *Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum."*

> *"If no one asks you out to dine,*
> Oh then the *pot-au-feu*'s divine.
> 'You go out on compulsion only.
> 'Tis so delightful to be lonely;
> And drinking bumpers is a bore
> You shrink from daily more and more.'"

But let a tempting invitation come, and no one can be more eager to accept it.

Depend upon it, Horace knew there was a strong vein of truth in these home-thrusts of his servant, and wrote this Satire to ease his mind by the confession. He was not a man to find happiness by shutting himself up from year's end to year's end in any country place, however delightful. Men who have lived in their youth the intellectual and crowded life of a metropolis are never reconciled to such seclusion. Such men, it is true, enjoy the country with a peculiar zest. They are often of all others the most keenly sensitive to what are called the beauties of nature, and have the quickest eye to detect the countless objects of interest which pass unnoted by the dull eyes of those who have had them before them all their lives. The country is to them not only a new world, but it is made tenfold more sweet by contrast with the feverish and conventional life from which it for the time emancipates them. It invigorates their bodies, it refreshes their imaginations, and for a time they feel as if to return to town and their old pursuits and haunts would be the sorest of trials. But the weeks run by, friends are missed, and the interchange of thought which came with them, and the desire for the busier and more intellectual life of town, for the relaxation and stimulus of the theatre, the concert-room, or the picture-gallery wax stronger day by day, especially as the days shorten, and they are thrown more and more upon the resource of study or desk-work. So it was with Horace. He loved the country with the keen zest with which a town-man loves it, who retains a relish for simple pleasures, and an open eye for the beauty of hill and dale, and wood and river. Without the country to retreat to every now and then, Horace would have been an unhappy man, and even

more short-lived than he was. His farm amused, but it did not engross him. Rome, with its manifold interests and its circle of distinguished friends, was his real home. The Sabine farm was and could be no more than a pleasant loophole of retreat, where he might get into condition again after the hard living of the city, and live in the pure bracing air of the hills, secure from the prostrating breath of the sirocco ("*plumbeus auster*") and the blighting airs of autumn ("*Auctumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ*").

Musing somewhat in this fashion, we made our way down the slopes of his beloved Lucretilis. The goats were there browsing the arbutus and wild thyme, and we were more than once caught by the bramble and the sloe. "Rustica Phidyle," too,—somewhat too much *perusta solibus*, it must be confessed, for beauty,—looked, as she watched her flock and plied her distaff, with a courteous smile of seeming wonder at the one other of the many strangers whom the name of Orazio attracts to this rough homely region, where the change of the seasons is all the change that comes to herself and the other hard-working tillers of ground that is dear to the imagination of the civilized world. Again we stoop to bathe our forehead and refresh our lips in the stream, than which

> "More cool, more clear, not Thracian Hebrus flows,
> Balm for head pains, and for the stomach's throes."

Why at this moment should the thought of the railway to Subiaco, which we had seen in progress, intrude itself into the mind? Alas! alas! If the virtues of the brook should become widely known, who can say that a few years hence the pilgrim to this classic ground may not find all its wild beauty gone, and a huge edifice glaring upon the site of Horace's villa, with the legend inscribed upon its front in gigantic letters—

"STABILIMENTO IDROTERAPICO D'ORAZIO"?

ROME, *April* 29, 1881.

SATIRE VII.

DAVUS.

I'VE heard you scold this hour, and spare not,
And but that I'm a slave, and dare not,
Some things there are, a very few,
Which I should like to say to you.

HORACE.

How now! This tone to me! Can this
Be Davus?

DAVUS.

Davus, sir, it is.
Davus, who has—you need not start—
His master's interest at heart,
And spares his means too; not that I
Would rate my merit there too high;
For I the notion would not give,
That I am quite too good to live.

HORACE.

Well! 'Tis December; and since our
Forefathers granted you the power
To give your tongue a holiday,
About this season, say your say.*

* Alluding to the licence allowed to slaves and servants on the Saturnalia, a festival which occurred in December, the month sacred to Saturn.

DAVUS.

With certain men vice is their food,
A passion steadily pursued,
Others are never wicked long,
But oscillate 'twixt right and wrong.
Three rings to-day would Priscus wear,
To-morrow his left hand goes bare,
Never two hours the same; one night
A fop, the next his rags a sight.
Then, taken with a sudden fit,
His princely mansion he would quit
For some low den, no slave would choose
That had a character to lose;
Now bent at Rome on drabs and drinking,
Now all for Athens and hard thinking;
The gods, that rule all kinds of weather,
When he was born had clashed together.*
Then that distinguished diner out,
Old Volanerius, when the gout—
It served him right—had knotted so
His finger-joints, he could not throw
The dice himself, a man engages
To throw for him on daily wages.†

* Priscus seems to have been much the same kind of person as the Tigellius of Satire I. 3, there described as made up of inconsistencies—"*Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*" Dryden improved upon Horace in his fine sketch in the 'Absalom and Achitophel,' concluding with the lines:—

"Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

† Cowper's lines in "The Task" (*Sofa*) present us with a kindred picture:—

"The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays."

And this old sinner, never nice,
And steeped consistently in vice,
Is much less wretched every way
Than that poor Priscus, who to-day
Strives hard to curb his passions, then
Next morning gives them head again.

HORACE.

Rascal, will you ne'er come to what
These saws of yours are pointed at?

DAVUS.

They point at you, sir.

HORACE.

Scoundrel! Me?

DAVUS.

You're praising up incessantly
The habits, manners, likings, ways
Of people in the good old days.
Yet should some god this moment give
To you the power like them to live,
You're just the man to say, "I won't!"
Because in them you either don't
Believe, or else the courage lack
The truth through thick and thin to back,
And, rather than its heights aspire,
Will go on sticking in the mire.
At Rome you for the country sigh;
When in the country to the sky
You, flighty as the thistle's down,
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh then the *pot-au-feu*'s divine.

"You go out on compulsion only.
'Tis so delightful to be lonely;
And drinking bumpers is a bore
You shrink from daily more and more."
But only let Mæcenas send
Command for you to meet a friend,
Although the message comes so late,
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
"Where's my pomade? Look sharp!" You shout,
"Heavens! Is there nobody about?
Are you all deaf?" And, storming high
At all the household, off you fly.
When Milvius, and that set, anon
Arrive to dine, and find you gone,
With vigorous curses they retreat,
Which I had rather not repeat.
Although it may with truth be said,
That I am by my belly led,
That I've a nose, which scents good cheer
Of all sorts, far away or near,
That I'm a dolt and love my ease,
And given to tippling, if you please,
Should you, who're quite as bad as I,—
It may be worse,—at me let fly,
As though you were a saint, and o'er
Your sins a dainty varnish pour?
How were it, should you, by all rule,
Be shown to be a bigger fool
Than me, a poor slave misbegot,
For some five hundred drachmas bought?
Away with that terrific frown!
Keep both your hand and temper down,
Whilst I repeat, what I by-old
Crispinus' janitor was told.*

* As to Crispinus see Satire I. 1. The doorkeeper or janitor of

Well. For your neighbour's wife you burn,
Whilst any drab serves Davus' turn.
Which of us two is for his tricks
Most worthy of the crucifix?
Boldly I go, where I am sure
To find a wench not too demure.
I pay my pleasure with my purse;
So is my character no worse,
Nor am I tortured, lest the jade
Should like some fellow better made,
Or with a longer purse than mine.
You, doffing each distinctive sign,
The knightly ring, the Roman dress,
Crawl forth a slave, as one might guess,
Shrouding within a mantle's gloom
A head that's reeking with perfume.
And are you not what you dissemble?
You are admitted, all a-tremble,
For mingled lust and terror put
You in a quake from head to foot.
What matter, if you be or not
Well scourged, or slain upon the spot?
Her lord may your offence condone,
On terms you'd hardly like to own.
Perhaps you may his ire evade,
In a foul chest, in which the maid,
Her mistress' pimp, contrives to squeeze
Your wretched carcass, nose and knees.
Is not the power the laws intrust
A frail dame's husband with, most just—

Crispinus may be presumed to have repeated the talk which he had heard passing between his master and his friends as they chatted in the "Atrium" within earshot of that worthy. In what follows Davus could not be rebuking his master, but rather a prevailing vice, which Horace, who had attacked it more than once already, took this convenient opportunity of attacking once again.

Just as to both and each wrong-doer,
But doubly just as to the wooer?
And all the while your paramour
Is no such mighty prize, I'm sure.
She doesn't change her dress, like you,
Or steal out to the rendezvous,
Nor, like my wench, devices frame
To charm you in the amorous game.
And why? Because she fears to trust
To vows, she knows are made in lust.
And yet for such a woman you,
And with your eyes wide open, too,
Will run your head against a wall,
Place fortune, life, good name, and all,
At mercy of the wrath you rouse
In her infuriated spouse!
You've come off safe? One might rely, sir,
Past fears would thenceforth make you wiser.
But no, not you. You'll risk your ears,
To make yourself fresh qualms and fears,
And o'er and o'er fresh ruin brave,
Oh, thrice, ay, thirtyfold a slave!
What beast, once free, would to the chain
He burst crawl basely back again?
"I'm no adulterer," you cry.
No more, by Hercules, am I
A thief, when I the silver plate
Most wisely don't appropriate.
Remove the risk, the bridle drop,
And see, where nature then will stop!
Are you my master—you, the thrall
Of hosts of passions great and small?
You, whom the prætor's rod, though laid
Times without number on your head,

Will never from your wretched state
Of mean alarms emancipate?
Let me add one thing more, which may
As much as any other weigh.
Though each of us slaves, who obeys
Another slave, be, in your phrase,
An underling, can you ignore
The fact, that he's nor less nor more
Than just his fellow-slave? Go to!
How then do I, sir, stand to you?
You, over me who domineer,
Are slave to other men, a mere
Automaton, who at their will
Is set in motion, or stands still.
Who, then, is free? The wise man, who
Can at all times himself subdue,—
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains
Appal,—who manfully restrains
His appetites, nor cares to win
Titles or honours, and, within
Himself self-centred and complete,
Life's chance and change can frankly meet—
Yea, front the heaviest blows of fate
With courage constant and sedate.
To which can you—in very shame—
Of all these qualities lay claim?
Some wench, all smiles and phrases bland,
Of a cool thousand * makes demand,
Pouts, teazes, toys, cajoles, implores;
You won't!—She kicks you out of doors,
And with cold water slops you. Then,
When she entreats you back again—

* *Quinque talenta* were, as nearly as may be, £1060.

They all do that—from the vile yoke
Slip out—cry, "No, the spell is broke,
I'm free, I'm free!" Not you. Your soul
Is in a tyrant lord's control,
Who digs his spurs into your sides,
And makes you go where'er he guides.
Or take another case. When you
Stand gaping like a fool, to view
Some picture of old Pausias, why
Are you less culpable than I,
When I stand gazing with delight
Upon some drawing of a fight
'Twixt Fulvius, Rutuba, or tall
Pacideianus on the wall,
Drawn in red chalk, or charcoal, to
The very life so just, so true,
One thinks one sees the very men
Fight, thrust, and parry there and then.*
But I'm a loitering rascal—you're
A judge of art, a connoisseur!
I am a scoundrel, if I take
A fancy for a steaming cake;
For your great soul, and self-denial,
Rich feasts are not too great a trial!
But at far heavier cost do I
My stomach's yearnings gratify.

* Pausias was a native of Sicyon, the seat of one of the most celebrated schools of art. He painted small pictures chiefly. He was in Horace's day one of the old masters, having flourished about the middle of the fourth century before Christ. Fulvius, Rutuba, and Pacideianus were gladiators, popular favourites, and as such the frequent subject of the improvised sketches drawn in chalk or scratched upon the walls of drinking-shops and other places in the way still to be seen in Rome or, more abundantly, in Pompeii, and known as *graffiti*.

You ask, how so? Because, alack,
They take the price out on my back.
Yet, after all, do you suppose,
You pay no penalty for those
Choice meats, that have such charms for you?
Paid for they must be, dearly too;
For banquet after banquet grows
In time the source of bitter woes,
And the enfeebled feet refuse
To bear the trunk you so ill use.
Is the poor slave a culprit, who
At nightfall barters, for a few
Clusters of grapes, the brush he stole?
And is not he a slave in soul,
Who melts his acres down, and all
To gratify his stomach's call?
Leave you an hour alone, and you
Are at your wits' end what to do.
Yourself the slip you try to give,
A listless lounging fugitive,
Still striving, care at bay to keep,
Now with the wine-cup, now with sleep.
Vain hope! For fly howe'er you will,
That gloomy comrade dogs you still.

HORACE.

A stone! Oh, for a stone!

DAVUS.

And what
Occasion have you, sir, for that?

HORACE.

Oh, for a quiver!

DAVUS.

Here's a taking!
The man is mad, or else verse-making! *

HORACE.

Be off, or at my farmstead, knave,
You with the other eight shall slave!

* So long as Davus confines his invective to vices to which Horace was not inclined, Horace listens with patience. But when he proceeds to denounce his master's love of the good things of the table, his restlessness, his proneness to ennui, he becomes intolerable. Davus, unconscious how thoroughly home his words have struck, is quite at a loss to account for his master's rage, a delicate stroke of humour. To lose his place as his master's town servant, and to be set to work at the farm, was a punishment in dread of which he was likely to exercise his Saturnalian privileges more sparingly the next December.

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE.

NASIDIENUS' dinner, eh,
How did you like it? Yesterday,
When I looked in on you, to ask
You'd come with me, and drain a flask,
They told me you'd been drinking there
Since early noonday.

FUNDANIUS.

Like it? Ne'er
In all my life have I been more
Delighted.

HORACE.

Pray, if not a bore,
Tell me, what viand did the rage
Of your keen stomach first assuage?

FUNDANIUS.

'Twas a Lucanian wild boar, slain,
Our host was careful to explain,
When faintly blew the southern breeze;
With turnips, lettuce, radishes,
Around it as a garnish set,
And, jaded appetites to whet,
Sharp skerret, and anchovy brine,
And with them lees of Coan wine.

As soon as these were cleared away,
A serving-boy, in spruce array,
Wiped with a cloth of purple grain
The table, which was maple plain.
The dropt and broken meats, whate'er
Was useless, or, left lying there,
Might to the diners give offence,
Another pageboy gathered thence.
Like some Athenian virgin grand,
With Ceres' symbols in her hand,
Comes swart Hydaspes, bearing high
Plain Cæcuban, and followed by
Alcon, with Chian, which was dead,
Bouquet as well as body fled.
On this our host, "Mæcenas, sir,
If you, to what they've brought prefer
Falern, or Alban, pray command!
Believe me, we have both at hand."

HORACE.

Perplexing plenty! But I yearn,
My dear Fundanius, to learn,
Who were the other fellows present,
That made the feast so very pleasant?

FUNDANIUS.

I was at top, and, next to me,
Viscus Thurinus; Varius, he—
Yes, it was he—came next below;
Then with Servilius Balatro
Vibidius—one at either end—
Each came there as Mæcenas' friend:
Next Nomentanus, who was put
At top, our host, and at the foot

Porcius, who bolted, playful soul!
By way of joke, his bread cakes whole.
And, for a further relish, where
He scented something in the fare
Uncommon, Nomentanus, by
His finger marked it to the eye.
For we, I quote his very words,
Were "eating fish, molluscs, and birds,
In which lurked flavours, quite, you'll own,
Unlike what you have ever known."
A fact beyond all question placed,
When he had helped me to a taste
Of sparrow's gall and turbot's liver,
At the bare thought of which I shiver.
This over, "Honey-apples, you
Will find, take on a ruddy hue,
If," he proceeded to explain,
"Plucked when the moon is on the wane."
How this should come about, and why,
He'll tell you better far than I.
"All unavenged we'll perish so,"
Vibidius cries to Balatro,
"Unless of wine we drink whole seas.
Let us have larger cups than these!"
Then grew the visage of our host
Pale, for hard drinkers are what most
He dreads, as they are apt to be
Of shafts sarcastic over-free,
Or as, perhaps, full cups to pledge
Takes off the palate's subtle edge.
Soon were the wine-jars emptied dry
In their capacious goblets by
Vibidius and Balatro,
To follow whom we were not slow—

We others—not the lowest bench,
Who did not on the flagons trench.
A lamprey, floating vast and free,
By shrimps surrounded, in a sea
Of sauce, is on a platter brought.
"'Twas full of spawn, when it was caught:
Had that been shed, the flavour would
Have turned out nothing like so good;"
All this out host explained to us.
"The sauce there is compounded thus:
Venafrian oil, no finer grows,
Garum of Spanish mackerel roes,
Boiled with a wine of five years' old,
A wine of Spain, you should be told,
(For mixing, Chian yields to none,
But only when the boiling's done,)
White pepper, vinegar, the flower
Of Methymnœan grapes gone sour."
Ere he had finished this harangue,
The canopy fell with a bang,
Scattering wide havoc in its fall
On platter, lamprey, shrimps, and all,
With clouds of dust—the northern breeze
Whirls up no denser clouds than these,
On the Campanian plains. At first
We sprang up, fearing for the worst;
But, finding danger there was none,
Resumed our places one by one.
Rufus flung back his head, and cried,
As if an infant son had died.
Who knows, where it would all have ended,
Had Nomentanus not befriended
Our lachrymose Amphytrion, by
Exclaiming, "Cruel Fortune, why,

Of all the gods man's direst foe,
Why dost thou joy to overthrow
His best-laid schemes with heartless scorn?"
Varius, with mirth convulsive torn,
His laughter in his napkin—no
Light matter—hid; while Balatro,
That universal jester, cried,
"Such fate doth all our life betide;
So, be your worth however great,
Your fame is ne'er commensurate.
Why, then, in order I may be
Received and feasted handsomely,
Should you with fears be tortured, lest
The bread be burnt, the viands dressed
With sauces villainously blended,
And die, to have your guests attended
By boys, got up with perfect care
Both in their garments and their hair?
Then other things go wrong as well,
Like that which even now befell;
Down comes a canopy—a rash
Boy trips, and your best dish goes smash.
But then the genius of a host,
As of a general, is most
Brought out, when adverse fates assail it,
A course of luck serves but to veil it."
To this Nasidienus, "May
The gods grant all for which you pray!
Of good men you are quite the best,
And all that's courteous as a guest,"
And for his sandals calls.* Then through
The guests a buzzing murmur flew,

* As the sandals were taken off before lying down to dinner, this demand for them, the usual signal for the party breaking up, created

And heads on every couch were bent
Together, wondering what he meant.
The whole was better sport, I ween,
Than any farce I've ever seen.

HORACE.

Prithee, go on; what followed after,
To further stimulate your laughter?

FUNDANIUS.

"Are all the wine-jars broke, ye louts?"
Vibidius to the pages shouts,
"My goblet's empty, and in vain
I cry to have it filled again!"
Of other quips there was no dearth,
And Balatro keeps up the mirth,
Hailing Nasidienus thus,
"Ha! Welcome! You come back to us,
With altered looks, like one that will
Repair his evil luck by skill."
In after him some pages passed,
Who bore, upon a platter vast,
A crane, cut limb-meal, with a shower,
Soused over it, of salt and flour,
The liver of a snow-white goose,
Fatted on rich figs for our use,
And leverets' shoulders, which, it seems,
Are sweeter than their hind extremes.
Then roasted blackbirds, doves without
Their rumps, were brought—choice things, no doubt,

surprise among the guests of Nasidienus. Why the poor fellow left the table for a time is afterwards explained. It is hard to say which is most contemptible, Nasidienus, or the guests who came to eat his dinner, and to laugh at him. The problem is one the moralist of our own times is often called upon to contemplate.

Had but the master of the feast,
E'en for the briefest respite, ceased
To prose on what their charm is founded,
How they were got, and how compounded.
On him and them a vengeance dread
We took—how think you? Simply fled,
Leaving untouched the whole repast,
As if a pestilential blast
Had swept it from Canidia's throat,
With venom laden, pray you note,
More deadly than was ever shed
From snake or asp in Afric bred.

EPISTLES

BOOK I.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

THEME of my earliest lays, and of the last
The theme to be, howe'er my lot be cast,
I've had my day, got my discharge, then why
Urge me again my trick of fence to try?
Nor age, nor tastes, Mæcenas, are the same,
As when of old my heart was in the game.
Laying his arms in Hercules' temple down,
Veianus keeps in hiding far from town,
Lest on the arena's verge he should anew
Be forced the crowd for his discharge to sue.
Go where I will, unceasingly I hear
A voice that whispers in my well-rinsed ear,
"Cast the old horse in time, before he fall
Dead lame, and halt, the gibe and jeer of all."
So verses now and all such toys I quit,
Work night and day to find the true and fit,
The lore of sages cull where'er I may,
And hive it up for use some future day.*

* This Epistle is now generally acknowledged to have been written when Horace had turned forty-five, and, having published the Third Book of the Odes, no longer felt inclined to make further flights into the region of lyrical poetry. In many other passages of the Epistles he makes a strong disclaimer of any intention to compete longer in that

I hear you ask, Who is your guide elect?
What the philosophy you most affect?
To the mere dictates of no master sworn,
Where wind and weather waft me, there I'm borne;
Now all activity, and fired with zeal
For public honour and for public weal,
I plunge in business, as though marked by fate
To put down jobbing and to keep things straight;
Then back again insensibly I stray
To Aristippus' less exacting sway,

field at the risk of imperilling the reputation he had made. It would be well for the fame of most poets were they to be haunted by the same fear, and only to overcome it, as Horace did, under a strong inspiration, which produced poems as full of fire and as exquisite in finish as any of those on which his fame had been built. But when this Epistle was written, the poet seems to have thought the fountain of inspiration had run dry within him—that his true course for the future was to apply himself to the exposition and exercise of a wholesome practical philosophy, and to leave the lighter forms of verse to younger and fresher spirits. Youth, its passions, faculties, tastes, had slipped away, and philosophy—now so much more easy to practise for that very reason—called him to square his life to its wholesome principles. In short, he felt much like Madame de Sévigné when she wrote: "La jeunesse est si adorable qu'il faut l'adorer, si l'âme et l'esprit étaient aussi parfaits que le corps; mais quand on n'est plus jeune, c'est alors qu'il faut se perfectionner, et tâcher de regagner, par les bonnes qualités, ce qu'on perd du côté des agréables. Il y a longtemps que j'ai fait ces réflexions, et, par cette raison, je veux tous les jours travailler à mon esprit, à mon âme, à mon cœur, à mes sentiments" (Aux Rochers, 1671).

The metaphors in the opening lines are borrowed from the arena. When a gladiator got his discharge, he was presented with a wooden truncheon (*rude donatus*). Veianus, a celebrated gladiator, who had sued the people for his discharge, and obtained it, escaped into the country, for fear of being called again into the arena to fight with younger and newer favourites, who might strip him of his laurels. Before leaving Rome, he hung up his fighting-gear in the temple of Hercules, the patron god of his class. So Horace wishes to be quit of the importunities of Mæcenas and his other friends that he should write more odes, and to be free to prosecute in the country the tastes which "the years that bring the philosophic mind" have engendered. Of course, we must not take as quite serious Horace's classification of verse as among the mere toys and trifles of life. It suits him for the

And strive by outward circumstance to be
No more controlled, but make it bend to me.*
  Long as the night to him whose love plays jade,
Long as the day to those who work unpaid,
Slow as to minors seems the sluggish year
Cramped by a mother's tutelage austere;
So long, so sluggish, seems to me each hour,
That comes between me and the hope and power
To grow proficient in the wisdom, which
Is precious equally to poor and rich,—
Which, if neglected, young and old will find,
Leaves a long train of pain and loss behind.†
  Proficient? Well, that's hopeless; still perhaps
I may, to guide and cheer me, glean some scraps.
No Lynceus‡ you, yet will you not despise,
Because of that, a salve for aching eyes.

moment to say so; but he placed poetry among the highest arts, and went on writing it to the last. As he says in the First Epistle of the Second Book—

> "Even I, who vow I never write a line,
> The Parthians in mendacity outshine,
> Awake before the sun is up, and call
> For pen and parchment, writing-case and all."

The Fourth Book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written after this Epistle.

* Horace expresses himself as now holding, with the Stoics, that the active exercise of the faculties in the practical affairs of life should be man's true aim,—now relapsing into the indulgent creed of Aristippus of Cyrene, to take things easy, and never to let yourself be fretted by either men or things.

† So Montaigne: "Composer vos mœurs est votre office, non pas composer des livres."—*Montaigne*, iii. 13. Horace was determined not to suffer what Voltaire has well said all must suffer who do not adapt their life to their years—

> "Qui n'a l'esprit de son âge,
> De son âge a tout le malheur."

‡ All ages have had a Lynceus, gifted with preternatural vision. Valerius Maximus says of Lynceus, that from Lilybæum he was able to count the number of vessels in a fleet leaving the harbour of Carthage.

Glycon * in thews may beat you out and out,
Shall you not, therefore, keep at bay the gout?
Fair wisdom's goal may not be reached, but you
May on the road advance a stage or two.
Say, is your bosom ravaged by the fire
Of sateless avarice or of foul desire?
Maxims there are and spells, the pain can ease,
And purge away nine-tenths of your disease.†
Art mad for fame? Through yonder volume spell
Again and yet again, and you'll be well.
However coarse in grain a man may be,
Drone, brawler, makebate, drunkard, debauchee,
A patient ear to culture let him lend,
He's sure to turn out gentler in the end.
To fly from vice is virtue, says the sage,
Not to be foolish, wisdom's earliest stage;
The ills that mortals dread of ills the most,—
To be hard up, or in preferment crossed,—
To 'scape these, mark, what will not men go through,
What toil and stress of brain and body too?
Chased by the fear of poverty behind,
Away you post, to trade with farthest Ind,
O'er rocks and seas, through tropic heats, and turn
From the wise friend with stolid unconcern,

* It is a nice question with the critics whether Glycon was a celebrated athlete of the day, or the famous statue now known as the Farnese Hercules, which was the work of Glycon, a sculptor of Athens, whose name is carved on the rock on which Hercules rests his club. The statue was greatly admired, a copy of it was impressed on the money of Athens, and it was no doubt familiar in copies to the contemporaries of Horace in Rome. It was brought there by Caracalla, and placed in the baths that bore his name, among the ruins of which it was found in 1540.

† "Il est des baumes doux, des lustrations pures,
Qui peuvent de notre âme assoupir les blessures,
Et de magiques chants qui tarissent les pleurs."
—A. CHÉNIER, *La Liberté.*

Who best could show, what folly 'tis to fret
For the vain gauds on which your heart is set.
Where is the bruiser of your country town
Would shirk the honour of the Olympian crown,
If of the glorious palm he were assured,
Without the struggle first to be endured?*
More worth has gold than silver; so, I hold
That virtue has more worth by far than gold.
"Be this your great, your ruling maxim still,
A fortune first, then virtue if you will."
The doctrine this that rings through every street,
Where bankers, brokers, speculators meet;
Even boys, with slate and satchel, sing of gain,
And grey-haired men chant back the base refrain.
All this is bad enough, but 'tis not all.
Suppose your means should some six thousand fall
Short of the sum which law has fixed to be
The fortune needful for a knight's degree,†
Brains, credit, character, wit, grace are vain,
A vulgar fellow you must still remain.
Mark boys at play. Another note they sing:
"Act fair," their phrase is, "and you shall be king."
Be this your wall of brass—no secret sin,
To pale the cheek and rack the heart within!
Now tell me, which shall most command our praise,
The Roscian rescript, or these urchins' lays,

* The allusion here is to the boxers who made a business of going about the streets of the towns and into the villages, and boxing for the public amusement. It was a sport, as Suetonius mentions (Life of Augustus, c. 45), which Augustus was fond of looking at.

† 400,000 *sesterces* (£3125 of our money) was the sum fixed as the minimum property of an *equus*, upon much the same principle which in our own days requires, as a rule, that a man shall have a handsome realised fortune before he shall be made a baronet or a peer. Augustus subsequently raised the qualification to 12,000,000 *sesterces*.

Which Curii and Camilli used to sing,
That hail the honest man the only king?
Who are the best advisers? Those that say,
"Get money, money—fairly if you may,
If not, be sure you get it any way!"
And all to purchase better seats to hear,
When Pupius' twaddling plays fatigue the ear;*
Or those who prompt and nerve you to defy
Proud fortune's frowns with calm undaunted eye?
Now should my townsmen ask me, Why do you,
That share our walks, not share our notions too?
Why do you spurn the things we like the best,
And hold so cheap the things that we detest?
I answer as did wily Reynard, when
The old sick lion asked him to his den:
"These footprints scare me here along the track,
All pointing inwards, not one pointing back!"†
Hydra, besides, has not more heads than you.
Whom shall I follow, then? What course pursue?
Some kinds of men there are, for whom to farm
The public taxes has peculiar charm;
Some who their lures with cakes and apples bait
For thrifty widows with a good estate;
Some catch old men, to suck their purses dry;
By usury some their riches multiply.
But pass the fact, that all experience finds
Men's aims and hobbies various as their minds,

* Of this Pupius and his works nothing is known. Their lachrymose character had made them popular for a time, like our own hysterical tragedies of the last century, or the more recent dramas of the Kotzebue school; but they had so soon lost their hold on the public, that Quintilian makes no mention of them.

† Horace means, by reference to the old Æsopian fable, that he never knew any one cured of the passion for heaping up riches. The miser Alphius of the Second Epode illustrates this belief of the poet in another way.

How many, be their hobbies what they may,
But tire of riding them in half a day!
"No bay in all the world so sweet, so fair,
As may with Baiæ," Dives cries, "compare!"
And bay and lake anon are made to feel
Their mushroom owner's misdirected zeal.*
A new whim strikes him—"With your tools," he'll say,
"Off to Teanum pack by break of day!"
The nuptial couch, we see it in his hall—
"A single life," he says, "is best of all."
But let him be a bachelor, and then
"None, none," he vows, "are blest but married men!"
Who will provide me with a noose to bind
And hold a Proteus of this shifty kind?
Are poor men better? No! They're just as swift
Their garret, barber, cookshop, bath to shift;
They'll hire a boat for pleasure, and in that
Be quite as sick as Crœsus in his yacht.†
If, when we meet, my hair is cut one-half
More short one side than t'other, then you laugh;
You laugh, if 'neath a tunic fresh you spy
A frayed-out shirt, or if my gown's awry.
How, if my mind to ends conflicting runs,
Seeks what it shunned, and what it sought for shuns,
Sways to and fro, as if on ocean tossed,
Till life's straight course is in mere chaos lost,

* Compare this with what Horace says in Ode XVIII. Book II. Teanum, now Teano, was a town in Campania, about thirty miles inland from Baiæ. Horace's millionaire acts like the modern *nouveau riche* who, tiring of a mansion at Brighton before it was finished, should send off the workmen to complete a palatial residence for him at Chiselhurst or Sevenoaks. The building of magnificent mansions became a rage in the days of Augustus.

† Every holiday at Brighton or Hastings shows that what Horace says of the poor excursionists of his times is no less true of those of our own.

Builds walls on walls, then pulls them to the ground,
Round changes into square, and square to round,
Mad you will deem me; still you laugh not then—
I'm not more mad, you think, than other men;—
Mine's not a case demands a doctor's cares,
Nor yet trustees to look to my affairs;
This, though on you my fortunes all depend,
You whom I lean on, look to as a friend,
You, who would feel uncomfortable, were
My nails not trimmed and polished to a hair!
In fine, the sage unswayed by power or pelf
Is only less than sovereign Jove himself:
Wealth, honour, freedom, beauty, all are his—
A very king, in short, of kings he is;
In wind and limb sound, vigorous, and bold,
Except when troubled by a wretched cold.*

* So Shakespeare:—

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."

—*Much Ado*, Act v. sc. 1.

EPISTLE II.

TO LOLLIUS.

WHILST, Lollius,* you at Rome declaim and plead,
I at Prænestet here the bard re-read
Of Troy's long war, whose rich and storied page,
Better than Crantor or Chrysippus‡ sage,
Shows what is base, what noble,—to man's lot
What is of true advantage, and what not.
Bear with me, if you may—I will be brief—
Whilst I declare my grounds for this belief.
The tale of Greece, dashed through long years of strife,—
All because Paris loved another's wife,—
'Gainst a barbarian foe, the broils portrays
Of kings and peoples bitten by a craze.

* This Epistle is addressed to the eldest son of M. Lollius, to whom the fine ode (Book IV. 9) is addressed. The 18th Epistle of this Book is addressed either to him or to a younger brother. In Homer, Horace finds, as many an educated Englishman finds in Shakespeare, deeper wisdom, and more to stimulate thought and govern life, than was to be found anywhere else,—things that teach us more of man "than all the sages can." He had studied him from boyhood (See Ep. II. 2, 41).

> "I was brought up in Rome and there was taught,
> What ills to Greece Achilles' anger wrought."

† Prænestе, the modern Palestrina, about 27 miles south-east of Rome, at the foot of the Apennines. It was one of the cool summer retreats to which Horace was fond of escaping.

‡ Crantor and Chrysippus were both most voluminous writers. Crantor is ranked by Cicero (*Tusc. Disp.*, III. 6, 12) among the foremost of the Platonists. Chrysippus was of the Stoic school.

"Up, root and branch, with that which bred the fray!"
Antenor counsels.* What does Paris say?
"What! shall we then upon compulsion deign
Happy to live, and unmolested reign?"
Turn to the other side; what meets us there?
Atrides and Pelides fume and swear,
While Nestor strives a quarrel to assuage,
Where one is mad with love, and both with rage.†
And so we see these poor unhappy Greeks
Must bear the scathe of their mad monarch's freaks.
Fraud, faction, crime, lust, rage, are rampant all
Outside and inside Troy's beleaguered wall.
Again, what worth with wisdom linked can do
He for our use in his Ulysses drew,
Who, having conquered Troy, with piercing ken
The cities scanned and ways of many men,
And while across wide ocean doomed to roam,
Himself and comrades struggling back to home,
Bore countless hardships, rising still elate
Above the billows of a hostile fate.‡
The Sirens' songs you know, and Circe's bowl:
If, like his crew, he, lost to self-control,
Had drunk that potion, he like them had been
The soulless minion of a harlot queen,
Swayed by the instincts of mere brute desire,
A dog, a sow that revels in the mire.§
What are the most of us? Mere ciphers we,
Born but to feed and drink and cease to be;

* See Iliad, VII. 362 *et seq.*

† In allusion to the passage in the Iliad, I. 113 *et seq.*, in which Agamemnon is persuaded to restore Briseis to Achilles.

‡ A very inadequate rendering of the words "*adversis rerum immersabilis undis.*"

§ For the story of the Song of the Sirens, and the means by which Ulysses resisted its spell, see Odyssey, Book XII. 165 *et seq.* See the tenth Book (230 *et seq.*) for the transformation of his companions into swine, on drinking from Circe's bowl.

Penelope's suitors, losel knaves, our main
Delight good living, like Alcinous' train,*
Who thought no shame to lie abed till noon,
And dance their cares off to a minstrel's tune.
Rogues rise o' nights men's lives and gold to take;
Will you, to 'scape perdition, not awake?
If when you're well you will not, you'll be fain,
When dropsy comes, to run, but then in vain.
So, long ere dawn unless your lamp be lit,
And you o'er some well-chosen volume sit,
Nerving your soul with knowledge and the love
Of thoughts that lift a man himself above,†
Envy's sharp pangs or love's distracting throes
Will many a night forbid your eyes to close.
Let but a speck of dust distress your eye,
You rest not till you're rid of it; then why,
If 'tis your mind that's out of sorts, will you
Put off the cure with "Any time will do"?
Make a good start, and you are sure to win.
So, then, have courage to be wise! Begin!
He that would mend his life, yet still delays
To set to work, is like the boor who stays
Till the broad stream that bars his way is gone,
But on still flows the stream, and ever will flow on.
Of course there's always some excuse to plead.
"I must get money!" or, "A wife I need

* See Odyssey, Book IX. Alcinous was king of Phæaeia, the inhabitants of which were proverbial for their love of good eating. Horace refers to this in the 15th Epistle of this Book, line 24:—

"Pinguis ut inde domum possim Phæaxque reverti,"

when he talks of coming back from a trip to the seaside—

"As plump and well fed,
As though in Phæacia I had been bred."

† So our own poet Daniel says—

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

To bear me children!" or, "These woodlands now
Cry out to be reclaimed and feel the plough!"
If you've enough, how vain to wish for more!
Nor house, nor lands, nor brass, nor golden store
Can of its fire the fevered frame relieve,
Or make the care-fraught spirit cease to grieve.
Sound, mind and body both, should be his health
To true account who hopes to turn his wealth.
Fortune nor home not more the man can cheer,
Who lives a prey to covetise or fear,
Than may a picture's richest hues delight
Eyes that with dropping rheum are thick of sight,
Or warm soft lotions soothe a gout-racked foot,*
Or aching ears be charmed by twangling lute.
On minds unquiet joy has lost its power;
In a foul vessel everything turns sour.
Be moderate in your pleasures; bought with pain,
Pleasure no pleasure is, but merely bane.
A miser's always poor. A bound assign
To what you want, then keep within the line.
The envious man grows hollow-eyed and thin,
As on his neighbour wealth comes rolling in:
Yes, envy racks its slaves with sharper stings
Than the worst tortures of Sicilian kings.†
Whoe'er curbs not his anger, but headlong
Flies to avenge by force each fancied wrong,
Will rue what passion drives him to commit:
Anger is but a short-lived frenzy-fit.

* The cold-water cure had recently become famous in Rome, in consequence of its successful application by Antonius Musa in curing Augustus of the gout. Horace seems to imply that hot fomentations aggravate rather than diminish the pains of gout.

† The allusion here may be to the burning bull of Phalaris. But the kings of Sicily had a general reputation for cruelty. Some of their modern successors re-established that evil renown.

Your passion then with rein and bit subdue;
If you don't master it, 'twill master you.
'Tis while its mouth is soft, the trainer's skill
Makes the colt pliant to the rider's will;
The whelp that bayed the stuffed skin in the hall*
Will hunt the woods, true to his master's call.
Then to your yet pure heart these maxims lay,
And keep, young friend, all but the good at bay.
After long years the scent will still imbue
The jar of that which seasoned it when new.
Such are the rules by which my course I guide,
And welcome those who'll travel by my side;
But lag who will, or push ahead who may,
With even steady pace I mean to hold my way.

* From this it would seem that the Romans trained their hounds by teaching them to attack stuffed wild animals, as Schiller's hero of "The Fight with the Dragon" educated his to direct their attack to the only vulnerable part of that famous monster.

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS,* I try to learn, but try in vain,
Where Claudius now is pushing his campaign.
Do Thrace, and Hebrus locked in icy sleep,
Or those famed Straits 'twixt neighbouring towers that sweep,†
Or Asia's teeming plains and vine-clad slopes,
Arrest your progress or inflame your hopes?
Then, too, the staff, that band of lettered men
I long to know what works engage their pen.
Who with Augustus' doings fills his page,
And stamps his triumphs for a distant age?
What's Titius doing? Like a household word
Throughout all Rome his name will soon be heard,
Who, scorning homely mere and vulgar rill,
Of Pindar's fount has fearless quaffed his fill!
How is he? Not forgot me? With true fire
Fits he Thebes' measures to the Latian lyre?
Or swells the tragic fury in his veins,
And rolls its thunders in mouth-filling strains?

* Julius Florus, to whom this Epistle and also the Second Epistle of the Second Book are addressed, had accompanied Tiberius when sent by Augustus (A.U.C. 734) to dethrone Artaxias, King of Armenia. He was obviously an intimate and valued friend of the poet's.

† The Hellespont, with the towers of Hero and Leander, at Sestos and Abydos.

Celsus,* what's he about? He needs, I ween,
To be well warned, as he before has been,
Bards should draw inspiration from themselves,
And not from Palatine Apollo's shelves,†
Lest when some day the birds their feathers claim,
Stripped of his spoils, the jackdaw come to shame.
And you, where are you soaring? Say, what ground
With wild-thyme fragrant are you hovering round?‡
Yours is a genius of no puny breed,
Cultured withal, nor left to run to seed.
Whether you deftly urge some client's suit,
Or solve nice points of law with skill astute,
Or mould a charming lay, for each and all
The victor's ivy wreath on you will fall.§
Ah, friend, could you abjure them, or forget,
Those cares that keep the mind upon the fret,
Then would you higher, nobler gifts display,
And walk where heavenly wisdom points the way!
Be this our aim, whate'er our station here,
Who to ourselves would live, and to our country dear!
Yet one thing more! Say, when you write, if you
Think of Munatius as you used to do,
Or if that breach, which caused us so much pain,
Patched badly up, has broken out again?

* Most probably Celsus Albinovanus, to whom the Eighth Epistle of this Book is addressed.

† To the temple of Apollo, which Augustus built upon Mount Palatine, he attached a library. See Ode I. 31, written to celebrate their dedication. Celsus was apparently given to dressing up other men's ideas and claiming them as his own. The story of the Jackdaw and the Borrowed Plumes is told by Phædrus, I. 3.

‡ Horace uses the same allusion with exquisite grace, as applied to his own manner of working, in the Ode, Book IV. 2, *27 et seq.*

§ The impression of the character of Florus conveyed in these sentences is delightful. It is that of a man who, to the accomplishments of the scholar and the gentleman, adds those of the industrious and influential man of action—a combination most valuable, and, unhappily, too rare.

Be it hot blood, or ignorance of life,
That sets your untamed spirits on to strife,
Be where you may, you both are much too good
To break outright the bonds of brotherhood.*
'Gainst your return,—and may you soon appear!—
There is a votive heifer grazing here.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS, kind critic of my Satires, how
Shall I report of thee as busied now,
Down there in Pedum† at that box of thine?
Inditing verses, destined to outshine
Cassius of Parma's in his finest moods?‡
Or sauntering silent through the healthful woods,
In lonely reveries devising what
May best engage a wise and good man's thought?
Thou never wert, nor art thou, friend, to-day,
A mere dull mass of breathing soulless clay.

* Here we see the spirit that must have made Horace so dear to his friends,—especially to his young friends. He knew well how

"To be wroth with those we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain,"

and how that misery is often due to the want of but a little forbearance,—oh, so little!

† Pedum was a town of Latium, not far from Prænestе, and supposed to be on the site of the modern town of Zagarola. As to Tibullus, see Ode XXXIII. Book I. and note *ante*, p. 52.

‡ Cassius of Parma was one of the murderers of Julius Cæsar. Besides assisting in that tragedy, he had written many others, and apparently fine ones. After fighting on the side of Antony at the battle of Actium, he returned to Athens, and was there put to death by order of Augustus.

The gods have given thee beauty,* wealth, and skill
To use and to enjoy thy gifts at will.
What more or better for her darling could
Fond nurse desire, than that, like thee, he should
Be sage, with grace whate'er he thinks express,
And that to him in all his aims success,
Renown, and health should bountifully fall,
A board well served, and bins well stocked withal?
'Twixt hopes and tremors, fears and frenzies passed,
Regard each day as though it were thy last.
So shall chance seasons of delight arise,
And overtake thee with a sweet surprise.
Come, visit me! Thou'lt find me plump and fair,
In high condition, sleek and debonair,†—
Yea, if on me disposed thy wit to try,
A very hog of Epicurus' sty.

* An old biographer confirms this account of the personal appearance of Tibullus, calling him "*insignis formâ cultuque corporis observabilis.*" His poetry accords with this description of the man.

† This corresponds with the Horace described in his biography by Suetonius: "*Habitu corporis brevis fuit atque obesus*"—He was in habit of body short, and inclining to corpulence.

EPISTLE V.

TO MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

IF you on couches can recline
Of common timber when you dine,
And have no fear of homely fare
Served up on plainest earthenware,
At set of sun I'll hope to see
You here, good Manlius, with me.*
The wine that you shall drink was grown
'Twixt dank Minturnæ and the cone
Of steep Petrinus, and can date
Beyond even Taurus' consulate.†

* Of Manlius Torquatus nothing is known beyond what this Epistle tells us. He is no doubt the same valued friend to whom the Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book is addressed. The Epistle is delightful for the glimpses it gives us of Horace's unpretending house, and of his cordial relations with his friends. Torquatus, the busy lawyer, is asked to a late dinner of plain fare and homely wine, which is to have its best relish from the genial companionship of the trusty circle of friends who will share them with him. They may sit late, for the next day being a holiday,—whether Julius or Augustus Cæsar's birthday, the commentators have not agreed—we should say the former, as it fell in July, while that of Augustus was in September, a month when Horace's regard for his health would have kept him out of Rome, if he could by any means be absent,—there was no necessity for getting up early to see clients or transact business.

† Petrinus was a tract of land overhanging Sinuessa—Minturnæ stood upon the marshy land flooded by the Lirio (Garigliano); and although the famous Falernian and Massic vineyards were not far off, it is very obvious that the wine promised by Horace to his friends had no pretensions to rank with either of these famous growths.

If you have better, send it here,
Or else be thankful for my cheer.
A handsome mansion of your own
For many and many a day you've known,
And furnished, too, in choicest style;
Dismiss, then, idle hopes awhile,
The fight for wealth, the restless chase,
And every thought of Moschus' case.
One morning's good long quiet drowse
To-morrow's holiday allows;
'Tis Cæsar's birthday, and you may
Beguile the summer night with gay
Discourse and genial mirth, nor fear
You buy your holiday too dear.
Of what advantage wealth to me,
If I to use it am not free?
The man who's eaten up with care,
Who scrapes and pinches for his heir,
Is next-door to a madman. I
For my part shall in future ply
The wine-cup well, and scatter flowers
Profusely in my festal hours;
Nor shall I care, though it be said
That I have fairly lost my head.
To what will mortal not aspire
Whose brain good wine has filled with fire?
The secrets of the heart it opes,
To certainties turns trembling hopes,
And makes the craven and the cold
Pugnacious, resolute, and bold;
It lightens care, it softens pain,
Puts wit and wisdom in the brain.
Whom have not brimmers brimmed with sense,
And kindled into eloquence,—

Whom set not from his bondage free,
Though fettered fast in poverty?
Then come, and I'll take care you find
That everything is to your mind;—
The coverlets of faultless sheen,
The napkins scrupulously clean;
Your cup and salver such that they
Unto yourself yourself display;
No churl that out of doors will spread *
What 'mongst familiar friends is said,
Nor one that does not take his share
On equal terms with any there.
Butra I'll ask, Sulpicius too,
To come, and hob and nob with you;
Sabinus also shall be there,
Unless he be engaged elsewhere,
Or flirting with some girl whom he
Prefers to any company.
There's room for others, if you choose,
Or any that you can't refuse;
Though guests packed close, I pray you note,
Are apt to savour of the goat.†

* Horace and his friends were justly jealous of babblers of this description. Happily for them, there were no so-called "society journals" in Rome, to make them measure every word they spoke, for fear lest it should be propagated in a few days all over the town—one of the new terrors which the modern taste for the trivialities of gossip has introduced into social life.

† "It is delightful," says Wordsworth, "to read what, in the happy exercise of his own genius, Horace chooses to communicate of himself and his friends; but I confess I am not so much a lover of knowledge, independent of its quality, as to make it likely I should much rejoice, were I to hear that records of the Sabine poet and his contemporaries, composed upon the Boswellian plan, had been unearthed among the ruins of Herculaneum" (Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns, 1816). There are few lovers of Horace, however, who would share Wordsworth's indifference. An evening with Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, and Horace,

Write back how many you would like!
A truce for once with business strike,
And by the back-door dodge that tall
Gaunt client waiting in the hall!*

—o—

EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

THE best, indeed the only means I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so
Is this, Numicius: never to admire
With too great fervour or too great desire.†
Yon sun, the stars, the season's steadfast law,
Some can regard without a sense of awe.
How do earth's, ocean's boons affect your mind,
The wealth of Araby and distant Ind?

chronicled by a Roman Boswell, would almost be as welcome as a new-found

"Simple tender-hearted scroll of pure Simonides."

* Such convenient back-doors as these are found in many of the houses in Pompeii. We may be sure they were not wanting in Rome.

† *Nil admirari*, the μηδὲν θαυμάζειν of Pythagoras. This is one of the many cases where, to translate Horace literally, would be to mis-translate him. "Nil admirari," to admire nothing, is a precept no poet would ever inculcate, for it is "the quick sensibility to pain and pleasure," his power of seeing more than other men to delight in and to revere, which gives this life its distinctive charm. He is a dullard, indeed, or a hypocritical fop, who turns an apathetic side to all the aspects of nature or the excitements of human life. What Horace means to inculcate is the duty of keeping love and admiration well in hand, so as never to be either unduly elated or depressed. In another way he preaches the maxim of the opening of the Ode to Dellius, Book II. 3. Even the grave wisdom of the philosopher, by being carried too far, or into all occasions, may degenerate into pedantic or intolerant unwisdom.

Or how, again, the plaudits loud, the shows,
The gifts that Rome on those she loves bestows?
Such things as these, how should we view them? How?
Hold them as baubles, or before them bow?
Who dread their opposites, or who desire
The things themselves, both equally admire.
In either case there's flutter and unrest,
An unexpected something shakes the breast;
Joy, grief, desire that covets, fear that awes,
The effect's the same, whatever be the cause.
You hoped for something better—worse, perhaps;
It comes, you're numbed, and sink into collapse.
Note this, too: push even virtue to excess,
And right grows wrong, and wisdom foolishness.
Go now, pore over, with admiring eyes,
Old marbles, bronzes, gems, Tyre's gorgeous dyes,
The masterpieces of all art! Rejoice
To see Rome's thousands hang upon your voice!
Go to the Forum early, come home late,
Or Mutus else may from his wife's estate
Derive an income larger than your own,*
And (oh, the scandal, when 'tis so well known,
How base the stock of which friend Mutus grew!)
You up to him should look, not he to you.
What now is hidden, time will bring to light,
And hide in darkness things that now are bright.
Although Agrippa's colonnade,† although
The Appian Way your well-graced form may know

* Whether Mutus was a mere name or not, is unknown. He stands here for the type of the low-born vulgar fellow, who owes any position he may have in society to having married a rich wife. The man continues to exist. Let us hope he is not envied.

† This was either the portico attached to the Pantheon, built in A.U.C. 729, or another built by Agrippa in the same year, called the Porticus Argonautarum, near the Campus Martius, to commemorate the naval victories of Augustus. It was a favourite lounge. The Appian Way,

Year after year, yet comes your time, my friend,
Where Numa, Ancus old, have gone before to wend.
If spasms of pain assail your side or back,
Send for the doctor; set him on to track
The mischief's cause and cure upon the spot.
You fain would live aright, as who would not?
If only virtue, then, the clue can give,
Forswear loose pleasures, and with virtue live.
"Virtue's a phrase, and morals verbal tricks,"
You say, "just as a grove is merely sticks." *
Well, if you think so, quick! unfurl your sails,
Be first in port, be first to ship the bales
Of Cibyra or Bithynia,† cheaply bought
By the home merchandise your ships have brought.
A thousand talents! 'Tis a good round sum.
Doubled, 'tis better! Make it double! Come,
Trebled, 'tis better still! Yet stop not there;
Still something lacks, so make the pile four-square!
Gold, sovereign gold, brings friends, birth, beauty, power,‡
Credit, a wife—a wife, too, with a dower.

mentioned in the next line, besides being a favourite drive, was always sure to have an unusual number of the carriages upon it of rich men making their way to or returning from their country houses.

* The grove here alluded to is a consecrated grove, which an Agnostic of that day would have ridiculed any one for regarding as sacred, or as anything more than so much growing timber.

† Cibyra Major, to distinguish it from a smaller town on the coast of Pamphilia, was situated on a branch of the Indus, on the north-west borders of Lycia. Bithynia extended along nearly the whole sea-coast of Asia Minor on the Euxine.

‡ Horace here repeats what he has said in the Satire (III.), Book II. line 94—

"omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent."

"Wealth can to its master bring
Fame, virtue, beauty, everything
Divine and human."

Your moneyed man is wholly without flaw,
His manners perfect, and his sayings law.
Of Cappadocia's king * the state beware—
Wealthy in slaves, with not a coin to spare.
Lucullus, when requested, so they say,
To lend some fivescore mantles for a play,
"So many!" said, "Impossible, my friend!
But I'll inquire, and what I have I'll send."
Anon he writes: "Five thousand, large and small,
"Are here at home. Take part of them, or all!" †
Bare is the house wherein there's not a deal,
Which masters never miss, and varlets steal.
So then, if wealth alone can make us blest,
And keep us so, be ever on its quest.
If place and mob-applause have better claims,
Let's hire a slave, to tell the people's names,
To nudge our sides, and make us stretch our hand
To greasy cits, that by their counters stand.
"He in the Fabian tribe is quite a power,
That other in the Velian rules the hour.
Please him, the fasces will be yours; offend,
And you shall ne'er the curule chair ascend.
Their ages note, greet each with cordial grin,
And 'father' here, and 'brother' there throw in." ‡

* Cicero (ad Attic. VI. 3) describes Ariobarzanes, who was king of Cappadocia when Cicero was governor of Cilicia, as "the most impoverished of kings" (*rex perpauper*),—"without treasury," he says in another place, "without revenue. Nothing more utterly ravaged than that kingdom, nothing more poverty-stricken than its monarch."

† This was L. Licinius Lucullus, who had accumulated enormous wealth in Asia during his campaigns there against Mithridates and Tigranes. The splendour of his palaces and gardens, and the sumptuousness of his table, became a by-word. Plutarch repeats the story of him here told by Horace, but with probably more exactness places the number of cloaks (*chlamydes*) which Lucullus sent to his friend at only double what he asked for.

‡ There was a class of slaves called *nomenclatores*, whose duty it was

If who dines well lives well, by morning tide
Let us be off, our stomach for our guide!
Let's fish, let's hunt, but, mark you, in the way
Gargilius did, who stalked at break of day
With nets, and hunting-gear, and slaves, along
The Forum, elbowing the gathering throng,
That stared, when back, as evening fell, he brought
On one of many mules, a boar—he'd bought.
Then to the bath! There gorged and belching lie,
With the crude surfeit swollen, as in a sty,
Reckless alike of decency and shame,
Romans no more, or Romans but in name,
Peers for Ulysses' graceless crew, that more
Loved lawless pleasures than their native shore.
But if, again, as old Mimnermus writes,
Life has no sweetness, wanting the delights
Of love and merriment, let life be spent
In one long round of love and merriment.
Farewell! If precepts sounder and more true
You know, speak out! If not, use these! I do.

to remind their masters of the names and position of those whom they met or had occasion to visit. In a canvass for office such men were peculiarly useful; and wherever canvassing goes on, men of this type will crop up to the surface. An obsequious aspirant for the honour of being returned for a "free and independent" English borough has made little advance upon the candidate for civic dignity in the Augustan era. The

"Greasy cits, who by their counters stand,"

is one of those amplifications which are necessary to bring out Horace's meaning. He speaks of stretching out the hand, "*trans pondera*," the only reasonable interpretation of which seems to be "across the weights" which stood in front of the shop. To interpret it, which some critics do, as meaning across the blocks of stone or other bulky objects which frequently obstructed the streets of Rome, is to tax one's imagination too far.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

FIVE days or so, I said, I should be gone;*
Yet August's past, and still I linger on.
Tis true I've broke my promise. But if you
Would have me well, as I am sure you do,
Grant me the same indulgence, which, were I
Laid up with illness, you would not deny,
Although I claim it only for the fear
Of being ill, this deadly time of year,
When autumn's clammy heat and early fruits
Deck undertakers out, and inky mutes;
When young mammas, and fathers to a man,
With terrors for their sons and heirs are wan;
When stifling anteroom, or court, distils
Fevers wholesale, and breaks the seals of wills.†
Should winter swathe the Alban fields in snow,
Down to the sea your poet means to go,

* Horace says "*quinque diebus,*" but this was only a conventional expression for any brief period, as we should say "a week or so." Horace uses it in this sense in the Satire III. Book I. line 16, "*Quinque diebus nil erat in loculis*"—

> "Give him ten thousand pounds, this frugal soul,
> And in a week he would have spent the whole."

† The evil character of Rome in the autumnal months still adheres to it. Those who can leave it follow Horace's example. "Breaks the seals of wills" is a happy periphrase for causing numerous deaths, when, of course, the wills of those who had anything to leave had their seals broken.

To nurse his ailments, and, in cosy nooks
Close huddled up, to loiter o'er his books.
But once let zephyrs blow, sweet friend, and then,
If then you'll have him, he will quit his den,
With the first swallow hailing you again.
When you bestowed on me what made me rich,
Not in the spirit was it done, in which
Your bluff Calabrian on a guest will thrust
His pears: "Come, eat, man, eat—you can, you must!"
"Indeed, indeed, my friend, I've had enough."
"Then take some home!" "You're too obliging."
"Stuff!
If you have pockets full of them, I guess,
Your little lads will like you none the less."
"I really can't—thanks all the same!"* "You won't?
Why then the pigs shall have them, if you don't."
'Tis fools and prodigals, whose gifts consist
Of what they spurn, or what is never missed:
Such tilth will never yield, and never could,
A harvest save of coarse ingratitude.
A wise good man is evermore alert,
When he encounters it, to own desert;
Nor is he one on whom you'd try to pass
For sterling currency mere lackered brass.
For me, 'twill be my aim myself to raise
Even to the flattering level of your praise;
But if you'd have me always by your side,
Then give me back the chest deep-breathed and wide,
The low brow clustered with its locks of black,
The flow of talk, the ready laugh, give back,

* Mr Macleane, in his edition of Horace, cites, as an illustration of a parallel idiom, Master Slender's reply to Ann Page, when she comes to bid him in to dinner (*Merry Wives*, Act i. sc. 1), "I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did" ("*Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus*").

The woes blabbed o'er our wine, when Cinara chose *
To tease me, cruel flirt—ah, happy woes!
Through a small hole a field-mouse, lank and thin,
Had squeezed his way into a barley bin,
And, having fed to fatness on the grain,
Tried to get out, but tried and squeezed in vain.
"Friend," cried a weasel, loitering thereabout,
"Lean you went in, and lean you must get out."
Now, at my head if folks this story throw,
Whate'er I have I'm ready to forego;
I am not one, with forced meats in my throat,
Fine saws on poor men's dreamless sleep to quote.
Unless in soul as very air I'm free,
Not all the wealth of Araby for me.
You've ofttimes praised the reverent, yet true
Devotion, which my heart has shown for you.
King, father, I have called you, nor been slack
In words of gratitude behind your back;
But even your bounties, if you care to try,
You'll find I can renounce without a sigh.
Not badly young Telemachus replied,
Ulysses' son, that man so sorely tried:
"No mettled steeds in Ithaca we want;
The ground is broken there, the herbage scant.
Let me, Atrides, then, thy gifts decline,
In thy hands they are better far than mine!"
Yes, little things fit little folks. In Rome
The Great I never feel myself at home.
Let me have Tibur, and its dreamful ease,
Or soft Tarentum's nerve-relaxing breeze.

* Compare this with Ode, Book IV. 1, lines 3, 4—

"I am not such as in the reign
Of the good Cinara I was."

See also what has been said of her, 'Life of Horace,' vol. i. *ante*, p. xciii, and of this Epistle, p. clxvi, *ibid.*

Philip, the famous counsel, on a day—
A burly man, and wilful in his way—
From court returning, somewhere about two,
And grumbling, for his years were far from few,
That the Carinæ * were so distant, though
But from the Forum half a mile or so,
Descried a fellow in a barber's booth,
All by himself, his chin fresh shaved and smooth,
Trimming his nails, and with the easy air
Of one uncumbered by a wish or care.
"Demetrius!"—'twas his page, a boy of tact,
In comprehension swift, and swift in act,—
"Go, ascertain his rank, name, fortune; track
His father, patron!" In a trice he's back.
"An auction-crier, Vulteius Mena, sir,
Means poor enough, no spot on character,
Good or to work or idle, get or spend,
Has his own house, delights to see a friend,
Fond of the play, and sure, when work is done,
Of those who crowd the Campus to make one."
"I'd like to hear all from himself. Away,
Bid him come dine with me—at once—to-day!"
Mena some trick in the request divines,
Turns it all ways, then civilly declines.
"What! Says me nay?" "'Tis even so, sir. Why?
Can't say. Dislikes you, or, more likely, shy."

* The street where Philip (L. Marcius Philippus) lived, or, as we hould say, "Ship Street." The name was due probably to the cir-umstance of models of ships being set up in it. It was in this street icero lived with his uncle Aculeo, when he came with his brother uintus to Rome to study. "It was," says Forsyth, 'Life of Cicero,' ote p. 6, "one of the principal streets, or perhaps 'regions' of Rome. lay between the Cœlian and Esquiline Mounts, and was then a shionable quarter. Pompey had a house there. Virgil, Æneid, VIII. 1, speaks of '*lautæ Carinæ*.'" The furthest part of the Carinæ ust have been within three-quarters of a mile from the Forum, but e great lawyer was old and tired with his morning's work.

Next morning Philip searches Mena out,
And finds him vending to a rabble rout
Old crazy lumber, frippery of the worst,
And with all courtesy salutes him first.
Mena pleads occupation, ties of trade,
His service else he would by dawn have paid
At Philip's house,—was grieved to think, that how
He should have failed to notice him till now.
"On one condition I accept your plea.
You come this afternoon, and dine with me."
"Yours to command." "Be there, then, sharp at four!
Now go, work hard, and make your little more!"
At dinner Mena rattled on, expressed
Whate'er came uppermost, then home to rest.
The hook was baited craftily, and when
The fish came nibbling ever and again,
At morn a client, and, when asked to dine,
Not now at all in humour to decline,
Philip himself one holiday drove him down,
To see his villa some few miles from town.
Mena keeps praising up, the whole way there,
The Sabine country and the Sabine air;
So Philip sees his fish is fairly caught,
And smiles with inward triumph at the thought.
Resolved at any price to have his whim,—
For that is best of all repose to him,—
Seven hundred pounds he gives him there and then,
Proffers on easy terms as much again,
And so persuades him, that, with tastes like his,
He ought to buy a farm;—so bought it is.
Not to detain you longer than enough,
The dapper cit becomes a farmer bluff,
Talks drains and subsoils, ever on the strain
Grows lean, and ages with the lust of gain.

But when his sheep are stolen, when murrains smite
His goats, and his best crops are killed with blight,
When at the plough his oxen drop down dead,
Stung with his losses, up one night from bed
He springs, and on a cart-horse makes his way,
All wrath, to Philip's house, by break of day.
"How's this?" cries Philip, seeing him unshorn
And shabby. "Why, Vulteius, you look worn.
You work, methinks, too long upon the stretch."
"Oh, that's not it, my patron. Call me wretch!
That is the only fitting name for me.
Oh, by thy Genius, by the gods that be
Thy hearth's protectors, I beseech, implore,
Give me, oh, give me back my life of yore!"
If for the worse you find you've changed your place,
Pause not to think, but straight your steps retrace.
In every state the maxim still is true,
On your own last take care to fit your shoe!*

* This Epistle will always rank among the most valued of Horace's poems. It shows the man in his most attractive aspect, — simple, frank, affectionate, tactical, manly, and independent. There have been many writers full of fine phrases in praise of homely life and of personal freedom, whose practice in regard to both will hardly bear the test of searching scrutiny. But no one can read this Epistle without feeling, that dear as Mæcenas was to Horace, and deeply grateful to him as he was for his generosity, and for the friendly spirit without which generosity itself would have been odious to the poet, not even for him would Horace forego one tittle of that freedom of thought and action which he deemed to be essential, not less for his self-respect than for his personal happiness. It is this which gives especial emphasis to all that the poet is never weary of reiterating as to the moderation and self-restraint in appetite and in ambition, either of wealth or station, which he regards as the only solid element of happiness in life. Happiness! He, like all thoughtful men, had early found out that earthly life could never give the happiness the heart dreams of,—or, if it gives it, does so but for a moment. But such happiness as mortal life can give, he knew, from his own experience, is never to be reached without at least those

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

TO Celsus, Nero's secretary,* take
Every good wish, O Muse! that heart can make.
About myself if he shall ask, reply:
"In scheming projects, manifold and high,
My days wear on; and yet, alas! my life,
Fruitless to others, is with self at strife.
Not that my vines are down by hailstorms beat,
My olives blighted by the scorching heat;
Not that my herds in far-off pastures fat,
Are smit with murrain,—no, it is not that!

attainable virtues which he is never weary of commending, and to which in his own life he endeavoured to attain.

How beautifully has Cardinal Newman spoken of the impressions which this and others of Horace's homely words of wisdom carry home to those who have had a large experience of life! "Let us consider," he says, "how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply; which he gets by heart, and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival."—*Grammar of Assent.*

* This is the Celsus Albinovanus mentioned previously in Epistle III. and note.

But that, less sick in body than in mind,
To every remedy I'm deaf and blind;
Snub my kind doctors, with my friends am wroth,
That try to rouse me from this fatal sloth;
Seek what has helped to aggravate my mood,
And shun the things I know will do me good;
Restless as air, from Rome to Tibur fly,
Then, O for Rome, dear Rome! at Tibur sigh."
This having told, then ask him how he is;
If things go pleasantly with him and his;
With his young chief* if he in favour stand,
And if the staff have taken him by the hand.
Should all be well, say first, you're glad to hear,
Then softly drop this hint into his ear:
"Of your success, friend Celsus, have a care;
As you bear that, so we with you shall bear!" †

* Tiberius Nero was at this time in his twenty-third year.

† This Epistle has been considered by some Horatian critics to be written in an unkind spirit towards his young friend Celsus Albinovanus. How little do such men understand either of Horace or of the world! The advice with which it closes contained probably just that kind of warning which was most needed by a young man prone to plume himself too much on an accidental success in his career. But with what skill is the hint conveyed? Before Celsus is reminded where his besetting failing might lie, Horace has spoken very freely of his own shortcomings. He depicts himself as in a restless querulous mood, so as not to wound the self-love of his young friend, who might lay the flattering unction to his soul, that Horace's fears about him were, owing to this cause, somewhat overcharged, while he could never doubt for a moment that Horace would not have written as he did, had he not felt a genuine interest in his welfare.

EPISTLE IX.

TO TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS * only understands, 'twould seem,
How high I stand in, Claudius, your esteem;
For when he begs and prays me, day by day,
Before you his good qualities to lay,
As not unfit to share the heart and hearth
Of Nero, who selects his staff for worth;
When he supposes you to me extend
The rights and place of a familiar friend,—
Much better than myself he sees and knows,
How far with you my commendation goes.
Plea upon plea, believe me, I have used,
In hope he'd hold me from the task excused,

* Ode vi. Book II. was addressed to this Titius Septimius. See note to this Ode; see, also, the Third Epistle of this Book. Addison mentions this Epistle in the 'Spectator' (No. 493), as a judicious specimen of what an introduction should be. It obviously had the desired effect. Septimius was admitted into the suite of Tiberius Nero, and was serving under him in the East, when Horace wrote the Third Epistle, in which he asks Julius Florus, "What's Titius doing?" and pays a high compliment to his powers as a poet.

Among the many good stories founded on apt quotations from Horace, not the least happy is that of Sir Robert Peel's quotation of the first line of this Epistle—"*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,*" when appealed to by two friends who were disputing whether the penultimate syllable of "*nimirum*" was long or short. "It was always a puzzle," said Sir Robert, "even in the days of Augustus, for Horace says there was only one man who knew all about it." He then quoted the line, and in so doing settled the controversy.

Yet feared the while, it might be thought I feigned
Too low what influence I perchance have gained;
Dissembling it as nothing with my friends,
To keep it for my own peculiar ends.
So to escape such dread reproach, I put
My blushes by, and boldly urge my suit.
If, then, you hold it as a grace, though small,
To doff one's bashfulness at friendship's call,
Enrol him in your suite, assured you'll find
A man of heart in him, as well as mind.

—o—

EPISTLE X.

TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

TO Fuscus, our most city-loving friend,
We, lovers of the country, greeting send,—
We, whom in this most diverse views divide,
Though wellnigh twins in everything beside.
True mental brothers we—what one denies,
The other questions; and in self-same wise
Are we in fancies one, in tastes, in loves,
As any pair of year-long mated doves.
You keep the nest; I love the country brooks,
The moss-grown rocks, and shady woodland nooks.
And why? Because I live and am a king,
The moment I can far behind me fling
What you extol with rapture to the skies;
And, like the slave that from the temple flies,
Because on sweet-cakes he is daily fed,
So I, a simple soul, lack simple bread,
With honeyed dainties palled and surfeited.

If it be proper, as it ever was,
To live in consonance with nature's laws;
Or if we'd seek a spot whereon to raise
A home to shelter our declining days,
What place so fitting as the country? Where
Comes nipping winter with a kindlier air?
Where find we breezes balmier to cool
The fiery dog-days, when the sun's at full?
Or where is envious care less apt to creep,
And scare the blessings of heart-easing sleep?
Is floor mosaic, gemmed with malachite,
One half so fragrant or one half so bright
As the sweet herbage? Or the stream town-sped,
That frets to burst its cerements of lead,
More pure than that which shoots and gleams along,
Murmuring its low and lulling undersong?
Nay, nay, your veriest townsman loves to shade
With sylvan green his stately colonnade;
And his is deemed the finest house which yields
The finest prospect of the open fields.
Turn Nature, neck-and-shoulders, out of door,
She'll find her way to where she was before;
And imperceptibly in time subdue
Wealth's sickly fancies, and her tastes untrue.
The man that's wholly skill-less to descry
The common purple from the Tyrian dye,
Will take no surer harm, nor one that more
Strikes to his marrow in its inmost core,
Than he who knows not with instinctive sense
To sever truth from falsehood and pretence.
Whoe'er hath wildly wantoned in success,
Him will adversity the more depress.
What's dearly prized we grudgingly forego.
Shun mighty aims; the lowliest roof may know

A life that more of heartfelt comfort brings
Than kings have tasted, or the friends of kings.
  Once on a time a stag, at antlers' point,
Expelled a horse he'd worsted, from the joint
Enjoyment of the pasture both had cropped:
Still, when he ventured near it, rudely stopped,
The steed called in man's aid, and took the bit:
Thus backed, he charged the stag, and conquered it.
But woe the while! nor rider, bit, nor rein
Could he shake off, and be himself again.
So he who, fearing poverty, hath sold
His freedom, better than uncounted gold,
Will bear a master and a master's laws,
And be a slave unto the end, because
He will not learn, what fits him most to know,
How far, discreetly used, small means will go.
Whene'er our mind's at war with our estate,
Like an ill shoe, it trips us, if too great;
Too small, it pinches. Thou art wisely bent
To live, Aristius, with thy lot content;
Nor wilt thou fail to chide in me the itch,
Should it infect me, to be greatly rich:
For hoarded wealth is either slave or lord,
And should itself be pulled, not pull the cord.
  These near Vacuna's crumbling fane I've penned,
Blest, save in this, in lacking thee, my friend.*

* The Fuscus Aristius of this Epistle is the same to whom the Twenty-second Ode of the First Book is addressed. As Dr Johnson preferred "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall" to every other place in England, so Aristius seems to have found the attractions of Rome superior to those of all Horace's favourite country haunts. Among these was the district from which the Epistle was written. For fuller mention of the crumbling temple of Vacuna (*fanum putre Vacunæ*) see note p. 239, *ante*. It is easy to fancy Aristius speaking of the hills and streams that delighted Horace, in much the same way as Charles Lamb writes

to Wordsworth (30th Jan. 1801): "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round Covent Garden, . . . life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life."

When he wrote this, Lamb had never seen a mountain. Soon after, he visited Wordsworth at Rydal Mount; but he still remained of the same mind. On the 24th of September 1802, he writes to his friend Manning: "After all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all, than amidst Skiddaw. Still I turn back to those great places, where I wandered about participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature."

EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

NOW that you've seen them all, Bullatius,*—seen
Fair Chios, Lesbos, famed of isles the queen,
Samos the beautiful, Sardes the great,
Where Crœsus, Lydia's monarch, kept his state,
Smyrna, and Colophon,—I ask, are they
Less fine or finer, friend, than people say?
Or look they poor and commonplace beside
The Field of Mars, or Tiber's rolling tide?†

* Although nothing is known of Bullatius beyond what may be gathered from this Epistle, commentators have, after their manner, loaded their author's text with folios of speculation about him. He was obviously a rich man, fond of travel, and perhaps seeking in it the excitement and sense of pleasure which rich people, with no work in life to do, find it every day harder and harder to arrive at. Horace plainly hints to him, that the happiness he is hunting for is not to be found even in the finest scenery or the most delicious climate. It is the old moral, which Burns has put in its pithiest form :—

> "If happiness have not her seat
> And centre in the breast,
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest."

† We gather from this passage what the places were which the wealthy Romans of Horace's time included in their grand tour,—the Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, of their days. "Chios' rocky isle," with its fine climate and its capital town, rich in noble buildings and works of art; Lesbos, "*insula nobilis et amœna*," as Tacitus calls it (Ann. VI. 3), and vying in charms of nature and art with Chios; Samos, famous for its fine buildings; Sardis, through which the river Pactolus flowed, and which, in the days of the Lydian kings, had been renowned for its wealth and magnificence; Smyrna and Colophon, two

Of all the towns of Attalus can you
Name any one you've ta'en a fancy to?
Sick-tired of rugged roads and stormy seas,
Do you find Lebedus a place to please?
"You know what Lebedus * is like?" "More dead
Than Gabii or Fidenæ, I have read."
"Yet there I'd like to live, were such my lot,
My friends forgetting, by my friends forgot,
Where I may watch in safety from the shore
The wrath of foaming seas, and hear them roar." †
But surely, friend, the man who gains an inn,
Besplashed with mud, and soaking to the skin,
When on his way from Capua to Rome,
Will not desire to make that inn his home;
Nor he, who catches cold, the praises sing
Of baths and hot stoves, as the only thing
To make the sum of human bliss complete.
Why, then, should you, because you've had to beat
About at sea before a stiffish breeze,
Sell off your yacht across the Egean seas?

of the five ruined cities of Ionia. Horace had in his youth most probably seen them all, and, as Charles Lamb preferred Fleet Street and the Strand to Skiddaw and all the glories of the Lake country, so he obviously thought the Campus Martius and the banks of the Tiber better than them all.

* Lebedus was also in Ionia. It had been laid waste by Lysimachus, when he became master of the western part of Asia Minor, after the battle of Ipsus (B.C. 301), and had probably become a poor tumble-down place when Horace saw it, as he no doubt did during his campaign with Brutus. Gabii was an ancient and decayed town of Latium, about twelve miles from Rome. Fidenæ, about five miles from Rome, shared its character for dulness and desolation.

† The only reasonable solution of the passage we have placed in inverted commas is, that Bullatius had expressed himself to this effect in some letter to Horace, and that upon this hint Horace speaks, telling him that solitude, fine scenery, and stormy seas, are all very well, but they are scarcely a sufficient reason for giving up all the pleasures and companionship of a home in the metropolis.

To him that's truly well, what are at best
Your Rhodes, your Mitylene, and the rest?
To him they are just such a kind of boon
As a well-quilted overcoat in June,
Short drawers in winter, Tiber when it sleets,
Or a brisk fire in August's sultry heats.
While health and fate, then, let me stay at home,
At home I mean to stay, and, snug in Rome,
Praise Chios, Samos, Rhodes, as passing fair,
So you insist not on my going there.
Do you, lone wanderer in a distant land,
Take the glad hours from heaven with grateful hand,—
Take and enjoy them as they come, nor stay
To taste enjoyment till some far-off day.
So, wheresoe'er you've been, you may declare
You lived a life was quite worth living there.
For if tranquillity of soul be due
To plain good sense, not to a grand sea-view,
However far o'er ocean we may range,
Tis but the climate, not the mind, we change.
Yes! ever-busy idlers that we are,
We seek and seek for bliss with ship and car.
The thing we seek is here. Be but your mind
Well poised, that bliss at Ulubræ * you'll find.

* Of Ulubræ no more is known than that it was an insignificant town of Latium. It was situated in the Pomptine Marshes, and the kind of place it was may be inferred from the fact that its inhabitants were called Ulubrian Frogs. The great lawyer Trebatius, one of the speakers in the First Satire of the Second Book was born there. Horace, no doubt, selected Ulubræ to drive his moral home, that live where you may, even in the dullest village among the dullest people, it is your own fault if you are not happy.

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

DEAR Iccius,* if you rightly use
The vast Sicilian revenues,
Which for Agrippa you collect,
'Twere very madness to expect
That greater plenty e'er should be
By kindly Jove bestowed on thee.
No more complaining, friend! for poor
That man is not who can insure
Whate'er for life is needful found.
Let your digestion be but sound,
Your side unwrung by spasm or stitch,
Your foot unconscious of a twitch,
And could you be more truly blest,
Though of the wealth of kings possessed?
If 'midst such choice of dainties rare,
You live on herbs and hermit's fare,
You would live on so, young or old,
Though fortune flooded you with gold;
Because 'tis not in power of pelf
To make you other than yourself,

* It was to this Iccius that Horace addressed the Twenty-ninth Ode of the First Book; see note on this Ode, *ante*, p. 50. Horace tells him he ought to be thankful for having so good a post as he obviously had under Agrippa, where he probably received a percentage on all the revenue collected. The old hankering after wealth, although he was a man of frugal tastes, must have cropped out in some letter to which this is an answer.

Or else because you rightly deem
Virtue above all things supreme.
Why marvel we, if, whilst his soul,
Of body heedless, swept the pole,
Democritus allowed his beeves
Make havoc of his plants and sheaves,*
When you, 'midst such contagious itch
Of being and becoming rich,
Pursue your studies' noble bent,
On themes sublime alone intent;
What causes the wild ocean sway,
The seasons what from June to May;
If free the constellations roll,
Or moved by some supreme control;
What makes the moon obscure her light,
What pours her splendour on the night;
Whence concord rises from the jar
Of atoms that discordant are,†

* Democritus inherited a considerable patrimony, but so intent was he on philosophical pursuits, that he neglected it and allowed it to fall into decay. Cicero, 'De Finibus,' v. 29, says of him,—"*Ut quam minime a cogitationibus abduceretur, patrimonium neglexit, agros deseruit incultos.*" In any case his name had become proverbial for letting his affairs go to ruin while his thoughts were at work to find out what was best worth living for.

† Propertius (Book IV. 5) postpones his studies of this class till the fires of passion are burnt out, and his raven locks are streaked with white. Reading his enumeration of the topics which engaged the thoughts of grave men in his time, we are reminded how little some of the problems which perplexed them have advanced to a solution. Mr Cranstoun thus translates the passage, with his usual accuracy and force ('Elegies of Sextus Propertius,' translated by James Cranstoun: Edinburgh and London, 1875; p. 125):—

"And when dull age shall banish love-caresses,
And streak with snow-white locks my raven tresses,
Oh be it mine dark Nature's ways to scan,
And learn what power controls this mundane plan;
Whence comes the monthly moon, where pales from sight,
Whence fills her rounding horn with waxing light;

Which crazed,—both were so, if you please,—
Stertinius or Empedocles? *
But whether to your simple dish
You stick of onions, pulse, or fish,
Pompeius Grosphus † welcome make,
And grant him freely, for my sake,
Whate'er he asks you, sure of this,
'Twill not be anything amiss.
Friends are most cheaply purchased, when
We can oblige such worthy men.
And now, then, to apprise you, how
Stand Roman politics just now!

What Eurus courts; whence winds o'errun the main;
Whence swell the clouds with never-failing rain;
If comes a day shall lay earth's bulwarks low;
Why drizzly raindrops feed the purple bow;
. . . . . .
Why ocean cannot leave its settled sphere;
Why four set seasons part the rolling year;
If judges sit and wretches writhe below;
If snake-haired fiends exist in realms of woe;
. . . . . .
Or if the pains of hell be fable all,
And no dread lives behind the funeral pall."

The two last lines—not Mr Cranstoun's—seem to come nearer than his to what Propertius meant by the words—

"An ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,
Et timor haud ultra quam rogus esse potest."

* Both great natural philosophers. Of Empedocles, Lucretius speaks as a man of such exquisite faculties of observation and genius for discovery—

"Ut vix humana videatur stirpe creatus."
He scarcely seems begot of mortal kind.

Stertinius was a great authority among the Stoics. In his views of physical science he was a follower of Aristotle, and he seems to have regarded Empedocles with the contempt with which discoverers or theorists in natural science—may we not add philology?—seem as a rule to regard their rivals in the same field. As it was one of the Stoic theories that all men are more or less mad, Horace takes the opportunity of giving both philosophers the benefit of the dogma.

† This Pompeius Grosphus, a Roman knight and man of wealth, was a native of Sicily. Ode XVI. Book II. is addressed to him.

Agrippa's prowess has laid low
The Spaniard; the Armenian foe
To Claudius Nero's arms has bowed;
Phraätes on his knees avowed
That Cæsar's rights and Cæsar's sway
He will acknowledge and obey;
And from her full horn Plenty pours
Her fruits on our Italian shores.*

—o—

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINIUS ASELLA.

THESE volumes, Vinius, (such my strict commands),
You are to give into Augustus' hands,
Sealed as they are,—I told you this before
You started, and I press the charge once more,—
If he be well and gay, but not at all,
Unless for you and them he first shall call,
Since overzeal for me, or overhaste,
May for my little work beget distaste.
If haply you should find my packet gall,
Fling it away;—far better lose it all,
Than, having reached where you're to go in town,
To tumble it, like panniers, rudely down.

* This paragraph fixes the date of the Epistle. The Cantabrians were finally defeated and put down by Agrippa, A.U.C. 734. About the same time Tiberius brought his campaign in Armenia to a successful close. It was in the same year also that the standards of Crassus were restored by the Parthian king Phraates; but it seems more than doubtful whether that monarch made any such act of submission to Augustus as Horace mentions, although this might at the time have been currently believed in Rome.

The tale might get abroad, and wags proclaim
A special fitness in your family name.*
O'er mountain, bog, and river bravely wend.
When, these all passed, you reach your journey's end,
Arrange it so, that in you do not bear
My lightsome load of literary ware
Tucked up beneath your arm, as rustics may
A lamb, or tipsy Pyrrhia† in the play
Her stolen wool-ball, or your village lout
Slippers and cap when he goes dining out.‡
Neither let everybody know how hard
You've toiled and sweated, carrying for a bard
Some things of his, that may, as you surmise,
Fix for an hour great Cæsar's ears and eyes.
Let no one stop you. Push right on, and take
Heed lest you trip, and my injunctions break. §

* A pun on the name "*Asella*"=donkey.

† Said by Cruquius to be a character in a comedy by Titinius, a writer who lived before Terence.

‡ The slippers were to put on when he reached the house of his host, and had to lay aside his (probably dirty) walking shoes. The cap (*pileus*) was a skull-cap of felt, which Hodge would bring with him to wear on his way home at night.

§ Vinius Asella was probably one of Horace's country neighbours in the Sabine country, whom he trusted to carry his volume to Rome. From the mention of "mountain, bog, and river," Asella probably took the short cut across the Sabine hills, and not the Via Valeria to Tibur, and thence to Rome.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS BAILIFF.

GRIEVE of my woodlands and my small domain,
That to itself restores my weary brain,*—
That small domain which, though you hold it cheap,
Sufficed of old five families to keep,
And into Varia† sent, in days gone by,
Five worthy heads of houses, let us try
Which of us twain our weeding best can do,—
I take my mind in hand, my fallows you,—
And which in likelier condition is,
Horace, or these few acres he calls his?
Though I must linger on in town, to tend
And comfort Lamia, my heart-broken friend,‡
In his great sorrow hopelessly forlorn
For a dear brother hence untimely torn,

* The "*villicus*," bailiff or grieve, was one of the principal slaves, whose duty it was to superintend the farm and farming operations. Horace speaks of his farm as restoring him to himself ("*mihi me reddentis agelli*"), which has probably a wider meaning than is given in the translation in the text, as giving him not only the refreshment of pure air and quiet, but as setting him free for the time from the obtrusive distractions and fatigues of a town-life—business, bores, late hours, the "enjoyments which make life intolerable," and the constant interruptions to which a celebrated and amiable man like Horace was sure to be exposed.

† Varia, the modern Vico Varo, four miles from Horace's Sabine farm.

‡ This is the same friend to whom the Twenty-sixth Ode of Book I. and the Seventeenth of Book III. are addressed.

My mind transports me thither, and I strain
To burst the barriers that my steps restrain.
Oh, blest are they who dwell in town, you sigh!
Blest they who in the country dwell, say I.
The man who's envious of another's state
His own is far upon the way to hate;
And we, poor fools,—in this we're all the same,—
The spot we live in most absurdly blame,
When we should blame ourselves, that never may
Get from themselves and their own whims away.
Drudge of my house in Rome, your silent prayer
Was all for farmy fields and country fare.
I made you bailiff of this farm of mine,
And now for town, for baths and shows, you pine.
I am, you know, consistent, and depart
For Rome at all times with a heavy heart,
When business, hateful business, drags me there.
Your tastes with mine, I see, will never square;
For 'twixt us two the difference is this,
What you most fancy, I take most amiss.
What to your eyes are rough and dreary wastes,
Are exquisite to those who share my tastes,
While they detest what you think fine. A wench,
The greasy luxury of a tavern bench,—
'Tis these, I see, that make you long for town:
And you on that dear nook of mine look down,
Because the spice of Eastern climes, you know,
As soon or sooner there than wine will grow;
Because, too, there's no tippling-house hard by
To drop into whenever you feel dry,
Nor piping jade, your heavy heels to set
Jigging and jumping to her flageolet.
Yet there are lots to do: to work the glade,
That has not known for years the touch of spade;

To litter down the steers at close of day,
And swell their wearied sides with leaves and hay;
Then, when the rain comes down in torrents, you
Find the brook gives your fat sides work to do,
And must be taught, by bank and bulwark checked,
To treat my sunward meadows with respect.
To sum up all! Now learn from me the cause
That you and me apart so widely draws.
He whom fine clothes became and glistering hair,
Whom Cinara welcomed,—that rapacious fair,—
Though he came empty-handed, with delight;
He who of yore caroused from noon till night
Now quits the table soon, and loves to dream
And drowse upon the grass beside a stream,
Nor blushes that of sport he took his fill;—
He'd blush, indeed, to be tomfooling still.
In that calm spot no evil eye askance
Upon my simple comforts brings mischance,
Nor does cold hate, with slanderous fang obscure,
Its venom drop for my discomfiture.
True, as I turn a sod or shift a stone,
My neighbours laugh,—no mighty harm, you'll own.
You're dying to be with my slaves in town,
Munching with them a scanty ration down;
Whilst they, shrewd rascals, envy you the use
Of what my gardens, woods, and herds produce.
The lumbering ox for housings longs; the steed
Thinks that to plough were happiness indeed:
Let each contentedly the calling ply
Which he is truly master of, say I.

EPISTLE XV.

TO NUMONIUS VALA.

IS winter at Velia mild or severe?
Is the sky at Salernum cloudy or clear? *
And what sort of folk are the people down there?
And, Vala, the roads—say, are they pretty fair?
"Pray, why all these questions?" I hear you reply.
Bear with me a moment, and you shall know why.
Baiæ, Musa † protests, will not do for my case,
And has caused me no little ill-will in the place,
Since under his treatment, come ice or come snow,
I am douched with cold water from head down to toe:
In truth, the whole town groans, that people no more
Resort to its sweet myrtle-groves as of yore,

* Velia was a town of Lucania, near the mouth of the river Heles (Alento). The ruins of the town still exist at Castellamare della Bruca. Salernum in Campania was situated at the head of the Gulf of Salerno, on the heights above the modern town of Salerno. It is about twenty miles from Velia.

† Musa Antonius. This Epistle was obviously written soon after Antonius Musa had sprung into notoriety by his successful application of the cold-water cure to Augustus, whose freedman he was. The opposite treatment of hot fomentations and sweating, applied by the celebrated physician Æmilius, had entirely failed to reduce the severity of the attack of gout which seemed to be likely to prove fatal. The case was so desperate, that what was regarded as a desperate remedy seemed to be admissible. Musa reversed the whole previous treatment, put Augustus upon a vegetable diet, and applied cold water freely, both inwardly and in *douches*. The results were most successful, and although the health of Augustus was always delicate, he lived thirty-six years after his cure. Cold-water baths became the rage, and Baiæ, with its sulphur-springs, which had been to the Romans what Bath and Tunbridge used to be to Londoners, fell for a time into disrepute.

And sneer at its sulphur-springs, spite of their fame
For driving out pain from the shakiest frame;
And when those who in head or in stomach are weak
Relief at the Clusian waters* dare seek,
Or to Gabii† and all that cold region repair,
Not a Baian for such has a blessing to spare.
Needs must, then, to change my old quarters, and spur
My mare past the inns so familiar to her.
"Woa, ho! I'm not going to Baiæ's bay,
Nor to Cumæ!" her choleric rider will say,
Appealing to her through the left rein, because
Saddle-horses, you know, have their ears in their jaws.‡
But to come to my questions. Good Vala, say which
Of these places in corn is especially rich?
Is their drink what the rain to their cisterns brings,
Or water that bubbles up fresh from the springs?
For the wine of that region, I doubt, 'tis poor stuff.
At my farm any wine is for me good enough;
But when I am down by the sea, I require
A sound mellow vintage, with body and fire,
To drive away care, creep through every vein,
With sunny hopes quickening pulses and brain,
To give flow to my words, and such glow to my tongue,
That the girls of Lucania take me for young.
Of hares and wild boars which on land has the most?
Which the best stock of urchins and fish on its coast,
To send me back home, as plump and well fed
As though in Phæacia I had been bred?

* Clusium, the modern Chiusi, was one of the chief towns of Etruria, about 100 miles north of Rome.

† As to Gabii, see note on Epistle 11, B. I. p. 302, *ante*.

‡ The traveller from Rome to Cumæ, passing along the Appian Way till he came to Capua, found there two diverging roads, one of which, the Via Campana, on the right, led to Cumæ, while the Via Aquilia went straight on to Salernum. This explains the appeal to the left rein. The horse had been accustomed to go by the Cumæ road, on the way to Baiæ, some five miles further on.

All this, my dear Vala, you're bound to indite,
And I to believe every word that you write.
When Mænius had gallantly gobbled down all
The fortune his parents had left at his call,
Forced to live on his wits, and to dine where he could,
He hung on anywhere, making jokes for his food.
If nobody asked him, oh then 'twas the deuce!
He pelted all round, friend and foe, with abuse.
The butchers beheld him with terror and awe;
All he got found its way to his bottomless maw.
When little or nothing from those could be wrung,
Who liked or who dreaded his scurrilous tongue,
He would dine on huge platefuls of tripe, or cheap lamb,
Nor could any three bears down such quantities cram,
Protesting, as Bestius, that excellent man, did,
That *gourmets* should all on the belly be branded.
And yet, if he chanced on some daintier prey,
When 'twas picked to the very last bone, he would say,
"By the gods! now, it does not surprise me to hear
Of people who spend all their means on good cheer!
Than an ortolan plump what can be more divine,
Or the unctuous paps of a nine-farrowed swine?"*
That's my own very self. When no better I see,
Oh, the simple, the homely, the humble for me!
I'm a Stoic, with nothing to tempt me. But say
Something rich or more toothsome shall come in my way,
"They only are wise and live well," I protest,
"Who in fine country places† their money invest!"

* The connection between Mænius and the other parts of this Epistle is not very apparent. But this graphic sketch of a character by no means uncommon in modern life, is too valuable not to reconcile the reader to its being brought in *à propos des bottes.*

† Horace means rather suburban villas, "*villæ urbanæ*," which were often built upon a sumptuous scale.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINTIUS.

AS, dearest Quintius, you may wish to know
The things this country place of mine will grow,
If it enrich me with oil, apples, wine,
Or if its fields are best for corn or kine,
Its site and character I will essay
To picture for you in my chatty way.*
Girdled by hills it lies, through which but one
Small valley, rich in shade, is seen to run,
Where on the right the morning sunbeams play,
Whilst on the left they rest at close of day.
You'd like the air. Wild cherry there, and sloe
Purply and dark, in rich profusion grow,
While oak and ilex bounteously afford
Food for my herds, and shelter for their lord.
"How's this?" you'd say, could you behold the scene;
"Tarentum's here, with all its wealth of green."
We have a fountain, too, that well may claim
To give the stream, whose source it is, a name;

* The Quintius to whom this Epistle is addressed was probably an imaginary personage. The Epistle has all the appearance of having been composed by Horace, simply to preach against the hazards of self-deception. At all events, whether Quintius was a real person, and likely to feel an interest about Horace's country home or not, the impulse was a fortunate one for posterity which led the poet to pen a description of it so vivid, that it has been the chief means of identifying the locality.

More cool, more clear, not Thracian Hebrus flows,*
Balm for head-pains, and for the stomach's woes.
This dear, yea truly exquisite, retreat
Keeps me in health through even September's heat.
Now for yourself. Your life no follies mar,
If you be truly what men say you are.
We Romans all declare, indeed we do,
If there's a happy man alive, 'tis you.
Yet here I dread lest you should be more prone
To trust another's judgment than your own,
And lest you may not, as you ought, conclude,
That none are happy but the wise and good.
So might a man, if people told him he
Was sound and healthy as a man could be,
When dinner-time arrives, although he feel
Feverish and out of sorts, the fact conceal,
And eat till the cold shiver makes him stop,
And from his greasy hands the viands drop.
'Tis a false shame, and marks a fool, I swear,
To hide a sore that needs the doctor's care.
Say, some one soothed your ears, with accents bland
Extolling thus your fights by sea and land:
"May Jove, Rome's great protector and your own,
So order things that it may ne'er be known,
Which for the other's weal most deeply cares,
Her citizens for yours, or you for theirs!'
Such eulogy as this you would admit
As for no other than Augustus fit;
But when you let folks call you wise and good
Without demur, are you quite sure you should?
"Why not? Such praise is pleasant," you reply
"You like it well yourself, then why not I?"

* See what has been said as to this fountain, in our note on the Sabine Farm (p. 231 *et seq.*, *ante*).

Yes! but the men, who give it you one day,
The next can take it, if they like, away,
Just as they oust from office in disgrace
The men whom late they lifted into place.
"Lay down the fasces! They are ours!" they cry.
I lay them down, and go with many a sigh.
But if these self-same folks shall call me "thief,"
Swear that I'm "profligate beyond belief,"
Strangled my very father, shall I quail
Before their lies, or let my cheeks grow pale?
No! None but fools or liars can be charmed
By groundless praise, by slanders be alarmed.
Who is the good man? "He who holds in awe
Statute and precedent, and right and law,
Whose lore judicial settles mighty suits,
Whose witness or whose bail no man disputes." *
Yet all his neighbours know, and all his kin,
This fair outside veils a black heart within.
Suppose the case, my slave to me should say,†
"I never robbed you, sir, nor ran away."
"You'll not be whipped then, so you have your meed."
"I've done no murder." "Then you shall not feed
The crows upon the cross." "Oh, sir! 'tis true,
I'm honesty itself; so saving too!"
At this my simple Sabine sense recoils:
"Ay, as the wolf that dreads the hunter's toils;
Ay, as the kestrel dreads the snare, perchance,
Or gurnards eye well-plenished hooks askance.
Sin for mere virtue's sake all good men hate.
'Tis fear of punishment that keeps you straight.

* The answer is supposed to be given, as the mass of people would give it, who judge only by what they see on the surface.

† Horace now proceeds to deal with the class of men who abstain from wrong, not because it is wrong, but for fear of being found out and punished.

Give you the hope that nobody will know,
And there's no length to which you would not go.
Of myriad sacks of beans steal one, the shame
And sin, if not the loss, are just the same
As though all went. The good man,* viewed with awe
By every judgment-hall and court of law,
When he propitiates the gods by steer
Or pig, first cries aloud for all to hear:
"O father Janus! † O Apollo!" Then
Into a whisper drops his voice again,
And mutters, "O Laverna, fair and bright,‡
Grant no suspicion e'er on me may light;
Make me to seem devout and just, and shroud
My frauds and follies in a friendly cloud!"
The avaricious wretch who stoops and picks
A farthing up that in the gutter sticks,
How he is either better or more free
Than any purchased slave, I cannot see.
Who covets, dreads; and he who lives in fear
A free man in my eyes will ne'er appear.
A coward runaway from virtue's post
Is he, whose soul is all by gain engrossed.
Kill not your captive; he will sell. Nay, you
Have twenty uses you may put him to.

* Horace here returns in his accustomed irregular and elliptical way to the "good men" of popular belief. The passage is much in the same spirit as King Lear's—

"See how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"—King Lear, Act iv. sc. 6.

† Janus, commonly called "father Janus" (Janus pater), was worshipped before the other gods, because, according to Ovid (Fasti, I. 171), he got a hearing for his worshippers from them.

‡ Laverna was associated with Mercury as a divinity who, like him, had the whole tribe of robbers and thieves under her protection,—a sort of patron saint of larceny and cheating.

Let him go plough, or tend your herds, or sweep
As your purveyor o'er the wintry deep,
Bring cargoes home of breadstuffs and of grain,
To cheapen markets, while you make your gain.
The truly good and wise will dare to say,
Like Bacchus to King Pentheus in the play:*
"Ruler of Thebes, what undeservèd woe
Will you compel me now to undergo?"
"I'll strip you of your goods!" "You mean, my plate,
My couches, cattle, money, and estate?
Take them, and welcome!" "In a dungeon cell
I'll keep you bound with gyve and manacle!"
"A god will set me free, whene'er I please!"
Meaning, methinks, Death as the god who frees,—
Death, that shuts up the sum of all man's miseries.

* What follows is nearly translated from the *Bacchæ* of Euripides. The dialogue takes place between Pentheus, King of Thebes, and the god Dionysus, who has allowed himself to be taken in the disguise of a young stranger, and when brought before the king passes himself off as the servant of Dionysus. When Dionysus says "a god will set me free," it is himself he means. Horace's good man uses the phrase in a different sense, and as a Stoic would have used it, who, come the worst to the worst, would without scruple "shake off the yoke of his world-wearied flesh."

EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

THOUGH your fine instinct, Scæva,* keeps you straight
In all your walk and converse with the great,
The views of your small friend may serve your turn,
Though in such matters he has much to learn.
A blind guide he; yet from his lips may fall
Some useful hints to guide your course withal.

If what you like be sweet unbroken rest,
And sleep till after dawn; if you detest
Worry, and dust, and smother, and the din
Of cars and carts, and of a noisy inn,
To Ferentinum† you should straight repair,—
You'll find things calm enough and quiet there.
Nor would I blame your choice; for joy is not
Of wealthy men exclusively the lot,
Nor life a failure, that in corners lone
Moves from the cradle to the grave unknown.‡

* Of this Scæva nothing is known. It is impossible, therefore, to say whether he needed or profited by the worldly wisdom of this Epistle, founded on long observation of the pains and disappointments, the mortifications and the rebuffs, which wait upon those who haunt the antechambers of the great from motives of cupidity or ambition.

† Ferentinum, the modern Ferentino, was a small town on the Via Latina, some forty-six miles from Rome. It has now a population of over 10,000, and being on the line of railway between Rome and Naples, is probably a livelier place than in the days of Augustus.

‡ So Ovid writes (Tristia, III. 4, 25), "*Crede mihi, bene qui latuit, bene vixit.*"

He has lived well, believe me, who has grown
From youth to age unnoted and unknown.

But if you wish to help your friends, and care
To live yourself on somewhat dainty fare,
Seek dainty quarters,—quarters where you'll find
Viands profuse, and of the choicest kind.
"Could Aristippus dine off homely things,
He would not haunt the company of kings."
"These homely things he'd spurn, who rails at me,
If he for kings were fitting company." *
Now of these rival sages, tell me whose
Practice and principles best meet your views;
Or, being younger, listen whilst I show
Why I with Aristippus rather go.
For with some such retort as this, 'tis said,
He knocked the snarling Cynic on the head:
"Buffoon I may be, but with me it pays;
You play the part to catch the rabble's praise,
And, fairly weighed, methinks my doings are
Sounder than yours, more noble, too, by far.
I play the courtier: in return the king
Finds me in horses, food, and everything;
Whilst you, for all your big words, feel no qualms
In stooping to the dirt to beg an alms."
Aspiring high, yet with an equal mind
To take the fortune of the hour inclined,
Wealthy or poor, in high or humble place,
All sat on Aristippus with a grace.†

* Diogenes Laertius mentions that Diogenes the Cynic, one day when he was washing some vegetables for his dinner, accosted Aristippus, who was passing by, in the words quoted by Horace, by way of a sneer at him for having dined with Dionysius of Syracuse. Horace, like all men who, themselves of humble origin, find themselves, when courted by the great, accused of the lowest motives for accepting hospitalities in high quarters, was probably not sorry to have the opportunity of vindicating his own action in this respect by recalling the story of Aristippus to the notice of his detractors.

† To know the true value of things, in themselves and relatively to one another, is the great aim of all wise men. Aristippus had gone far

But lift the man into a higher sphere,
Who in a blanket wrapped his lore austere,
And 'twill surprise me greatly, if he bear
His change of life with a becoming air.
Though well on him a robe of purple sit,
The one won't keep the house for want of it,
But, dressed no matter how, the streets will pace,
And draw admiring eyes in either case.
The other dreads a fine-spun cloak as much
As mad dog's bite, or adder's deadly touch:
"Restore his blanket, or he'll die of cold;"
Well, give it back, and let the fool grow old!
To steer the vessel of the State, to show
To grateful citizens a captive foe,
Is to approach the throne of Jove, and see
Gleams of that heaven where the Immortals be.
Even so by chiefs and statesmen to be prized
Is a distinction not to be despised.

in this study, and hence it was that life sat easily upon him, so that, like Horatio—

"Fortune's buffets and rewards
He took with equal thanks."

Dionysius of Syracuse, we are told by Diogenes Laertius, held him in high regard, because he accommodated himself to times, persons, and circumstances, taking pleasure when it came, without giving himself any pains in hunting for it. When asked what good he had got from philosophy, "The power," he answered, "of mingling freely with all the world." One day Dionysius, offended by some blunt straightforward answer which Aristippus had given, assigned to him the lowest place at table. "No doubt," said Aristippus, "you meant to do honour to the place." The Seventh Epistle of this Book shows that Horace had in him much of the spirit of Aristippus. In a letter to M. Thièriot in 1756, Voltaire writes in a vein akin to that of Horace: "Je suis redevenu Sybarite, et je me suis fait un séjour délicieux; mais je vivrais aussi aisément comme Diogène que comme Aristippe. Je préfére un ami à des rois; mais, en préférent une jolie maison à une chaumière, je serais très-bien dans la chaumière. Ce n'est que pour les autres que je vis en opulence; ainsi je défie la fortune, et je jouis d'un état très-doux et très-libre que je ne dois qu'à moi."

Who'd not see Corinth? But, as you're aware,
Not every man can manage to get there.*
Who fears he'll fail sits still. But has not he,
Who dares and wins, done well and valiantly?
Here is the test that puts men to the touch.
This from a task recoils, that is too much
For little bodies, or for little souls;
That grapples it, subdues it, and controls.
Virtue is either but an empty name,
Or he that nobly dares the palm of worth may claim.
The man, who drops no hint of being poor,
Gets from his patron more, of this be sure,
Than he who begs. So, different is his case,
Who takes the proffered gift with modest grace,
From his, who snatches with unseemly haste:
'Tis all a matter of good tact and taste.
"Mother and sister both are on my hands,
One poor, the other portionless. My lands
Won't sell, yet I can't live on them, not I!"
Just so we hear the canting beggar cry,
"A penny for a loaf, or else I die!"
Anon chimes in another of the crew,
"Oh, give me half what's going, oh, sir, do!"
But had Sir Crow in silence ate, he would
Have had much less of brawl, and more of food.†

* "This," says Erasmus, "was an old and fine adage in reference to things that were difficult and dangerous to approach, and with which it was not given to every man to grapple successfully." The application of it in the text seems to be, that to make way to the admiration and confidence of men of high position, demands fine powers and more than ordinary courage. Scæva, to whom the Epistle is addressed, had shown these qualities, and he might therefore disregard what those might say who in their hearts envied his position, but had none of the qualities by which it had been won.

† This passage evidently alludes to some well-known fable of a crow, that having possessed itself of something good, by cawing too loudly over it, brought a flight of other crows around him to dispute his pos-

The man who, taken as companion down
To fair Surrentum, or Brundisium town,
Of roads ill made and badly kept complains,
Goes grumbling on about the cold and rains,
Of trunk broke open tells sad tales, and how
He's left with nothing for his journey now,
Is like your courtesan, with eyes all swollen,
Now for a bracelet, now an anklet stolen,—
Device so stale, that when some real grief
Or loss o'ertakes her, she gets no belief.
Who, that has once been hoaxed, will from the street
Pick up and set a cripple on his feet?
Though tears stream down his cheeks, though he invoke
Osiris. "'Tis no sham! My leg is broke!
Oh, cruel, not to lift me!" "Catch a flat!"
The whole street cries: "We're not so green as that!" *

session of it. The applicability of such an incident to what has gone before, is, however, not very obvious.

* The device of a sham epileptic fit is the more common resource of the mumping beggar. It is getting too well understood in England to be successful; but in Italy people are still duped by it. The writer was reminded of this passage quite recently (April 1881) as he drove down from Fiesole to Florence. As the carriage approached, a man dropped suddenly upon some broken stones which had just been spread on the macadamised road, and lay in an affected stupor, and with foam oozing from his mouth. "Never mind him!" said our driver. "Have seen him do it often. A mere trick to move your pity. Know him well. A thoroughly bad fellow. *Cattiva gente!*" We remembered Horace's "Quære peregrinum!" and left the scamp to get out of his stony bed as best he might.

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

IF I, dear Lollius, have rightly read
Your high and generous spirit, you would dread
It should be thought, beneath the guise of friend
You could to play the parasite descend;
Two parts that are as much unlike, or more,
As the staid matron and the high-rouged whore.*
Yet there's a vice the opposite of this,
That's quite as bad, or even more amiss;
A rude gruff boorishness, whose arts to win
Are dirty teeth, and an unshaven chin,
On which some people plume themselves, forsooth,
As honest bluntness, and plain downright truth.
Here, as elsewhere, true wisdom's course is proved
To be from both extremes alike removed.
The obsequious sycophant, who keeps the guests
Of the third couch a-titter with his jests,†

* This, one of Horace's finest Epistles, is addressed to the same young man as the Second Epistle of this Book. It has been strangely misread by Mr Macleane, in his admirable edition of Horace, as a lesson to an ingenuous youth "to school his tongue and manners to a refined servility." On the contrary, its aim seems to be to encourage him to persevere in the higher virtues; but if he is to mix in the world, and to make his way with those on whom his success there will depend, to teach him the necessity of making that sacrifice of his own likings and humours,—cultivating the tact, in short, which constitutes the essence of good manners. How his self-respect and ultimate happiness are to be maintained, how truly independent these are of worldly honours or social distinction, Horace very clearly and beautifully indicates by the concluding paragraphs of the Epistle.

† "*Imi derisor lecti.*" This kind of ribald jester has been described

Hangs on the rich man's looks, repeats his *mots*,
And catches up each word that round he throws,
Like schoolboy rattling off his task by heart,
Or mime, that plays up to the leading part.
Your plain blunt man finds quarrel in a straw,
And roars you down as though his word were law.
"Good gracious! not agree with me?" he'll cry;
"Why, how should you know half so well as I?"
Or, "What I think, not speak it plump and plain?
I'd cut my tongue out sooner than refrain!"
What is it, now, sets up his angry crest?
If Dolichos or Castor fence the best,
Or does the Appian or Minucian Way
Take you down easiest to Brundisium's bay?
The fool who plunges headlong into vice,
Squandering his all on women and on dice;
The fop, for scents and clothes who runs in debt;
The churl, whose mind is ever on the fret,
Gnawed by a sateless thirst for wealth, and more
By the mere shame and dread of being poor,—
Such men their patron hates, and dreads alway,
Though tenfold deeper steeped in vice than they;
Or, if he hate not, will the Mentor play,
And, parent like, will put them on the track
To gain the virtues that himself doth lack.
"My ample means," he says—and he says right—
"Will stand such folly; not so yours,—they're slight.
A spare robe suits a scanty purse; so try
No longer, if you're wise, with me to vie."
Eutrapelus, to any one he meant
To draw to ruin, costly garments sent;*

at some length by Horace in the Fourth Satire of the First Book (*ante*, p. 128).

* It is generally agreed among the critics, that by the Eutrapelus here mentioned is meant P. Volumnius, who is mentioned by Cicero in the

For now he argued, with his fine attire,
Conceit will make him burn with fresh desire,
Sleep till broad day, for some lewd trull forget
Duty and honour, and go deep in debt,
Till forced at last to hire his sword for gain,
Or into market drive a gardener's wain.
Make it your maxim, ne'er with curious eye
Into the secrets of your friend to pry;
And, trusted with them, never from your tongue
Let them by anger or by wine be wrung.
Puff not your own pursuits, nor his affront,
Nor court the Muses when he wants to hunt.
'Twas this that made the bitter strife begin
'Twixt Zethus and Amphion, brothers twin,*
Till, to appease the sterner brother's ire,
The chords were hushed upon Amphion's lyre.
He to his brother's rough demands gave way,—
Do you your great friend's mild request obey;
And when afield with cry of hounds he hies,
And nets Ætolian packed on mules, arise,

thirteenth Philippic as one of the intimate friends and boon companions (*collusoribus et sodalibus*) of Marc Antony. He was famous for his wit, which took the shape, with which, in modern society, we are not wholly unfamiliar, of "refined impertinence," as Aristotle defines that *Eutrapelia* from which the name given to Volumnius was derived.

* These were the sons of Jupiter by Antiope. Zethus was given to country pursuits, and held poetry in contempt. Propertius (III. 15, 31) contrasts the brothers thus, "*Durum Zethum et lacrimis Amphiona mollem*"—

Hard rugged Zethus, and Amphion prone
To sentiment and tears.

Lollius, himself a dabbler in verse, seems to have been somehow in direct contact with some man of rank, whose nature was of the Zethus order, addicted to field and athletic sports, and with no taste for literature. Such was the brother of Posthumus Agrippa, the brother of Caius Agrippa, whom Lollius accompanied to the East. Tacitus, in one of his compact untranslatable sentences, describes him and the class of whom he is a type—"*Rudem sane bonarum artium, et robore corporis stolide ferocem.*"

And give the Muses' churlish humours up,
That you on game brought down by each may sup.
'Tis a true Roman sport. It nerves the frame,
Gives life a zest, and gets you a good name.
For you especially such sport is meet,—
You, strong as wild-boar, and as greyhound fleet.
Besides, all manly weapons who can wield
With more distinguished grace? In Mars's Field
What ringing cheers your prowess oft have sealed?
When a mere stripling, too, you served in Spain,
Through all the hardships of a fierce campaign,
Under that general, who from Parthia's shrines
Brought back our standards to the Roman lines,
And now makes alien lands, if such there be,
To Rome's resistless armies bend the knee.
Again, should you still think of saying nay,
To cut the shadow of excuse away,
Think of the mock fights, reflex not unmeet
Of that great fray, down at your father's seat.
With boats for galleys, slaves for fighting men,
The fight at Actium is fought o'er again.
The lake serves for the Adriatic Sea;
You lead; your brother heads the enemy,
And on you fight, till wingèd Victory lays
Upon your brow or his the wreath of bays.
To show some zeal for your friend's tastes insures
His very warmest sympathy for yours.
But with my words of warning to proceed,
If haply you a word of warning need!
Ere of a man you tell a thing, think well
To whom you tell it, also what you tell.
The man that pesters you with questions shun—
Tattlers are dangerous, and he is one.
Wide-gaping ears no secrets can retain,
And words once spoken you woo back in vain.

On no fair girl or boy that forms a part
Of any great man's household set your heart,
Lest under obligation by so small
A gift he lay you, or, refusing, gall.
Be very careful whom you recommend
To the attention of a powerful friend,
Lest haply some discredit should be thrown
On you for sins and failings not your own.
We introduce, ourselves misled before,
Some quite unworthy person; all the more
Should we, when his demerits are revealed,
O'er him who played us false not cast our shield,
So that, should slander launch her venomed darts
At one you know down to his heart of hearts,
You may with more effect uphold his name,
Who trusts to you to vindicate his fame.
For, be assured, the calumny that drew
Her shafts at him has some in store for you:
With the next house in flames, best look ahead—
A fire neglected's pretty sure to spread.
Till time has made us wise, 'tis sweet to wait
Upon the smiles and favour of the great;
But he that once has ventured that career
Shrinks from its perils with instinctive fear.
You, while your bark drives gaily on her track,
Beware of squalls may take you all aback.
The grave the gay, the sad the joyous hate,
Sluggards the active, galliards the sedate.
Topers, that sit till midnight o'er their wine,
If you to cope them glass for glass decline,
Hate you, however you may plead your dread
Of a hot skin at night, and racking head.
Uncloud your brow: the modest oft appear
Deep to design, the silent prone to sneer.

'Midst all, from books and wise men strive to know
What best will make life's current gently flow,
So be not shaken still by vain unrest,
In search for what must still elude your quest;
Or racked by fears or idle hopes for what
Is sure to prove of little worth when got.
Inquire if virtue be to culture due,
Or nature's gift? How cares are made more few?
What clears the troubled soul from self-annoy,
And gives tranquillity without alloy,—
Honours or wealth, or by side-paths to stray,
Unseen of men, adown life's noiseless way?
As for myself, whene'er I sit and dream
By the cool waters of Digentia's stream—
Which all Mandela drinks—that hamlet old,
Pinched into wrinkles by the winter's cold,*
What, think you, is my prayer?—"Let me possess
The goods that now I have, or even less!
Live for myself the days I have to live,
So please the gods a few more days to give.
Books let me have, and stores to last a year,—
So 'scape a life all flutter, hope, and fear!"
At this I stop. It is enough to pray
To Jove for what he gives and takes away.
Let him give life and wealth: a well-poised mind,
That 'tis my business for myself to find.

* It is now well established that the Mandela here spoken of was on or near the site of the modern Bardela, at the foot of Monte Cantalupo, in the valley of the Licenza, the Digentia of the poet, a mountain stream which passes near Horace's farm, and after running about six miles, empties itself into the Anio. Mandela was, from its position, exposed to cold winds from the north-east, and therefore chilly in contrast with Horace's villa higher up the valley, the site of which he praises (Epistle XVI. *ante*) for the geniality of its climate (*temperiem laudes*).

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

IF, O Mæcenas, versed in lore antique,*
We may Cratinus trust, that thirsty Greek,†
Never did yet a water-drinker's song
The general favour win, or keep it long.
For since the day that Bacchus of the pards
With fauns and satyrs classed us crackbrained bards,
It has been rumoured, that the Dulcet Nine
Have mostly in the morning smelt of wine.
So high does Homer wine's delights extol,
Folks will maintain he loved a brimming bowl;
And father Ennius ne'er caught up his lyre
To sing of fights, till wine had lent him fire: ‡

* Horace (Ode III. 8, 5) speaks of Mæcenas as ("*doctus utriusque linguæ*") "versed in the lore of both Latin and Greek," the only two literary languages recognised by the Romans.

† Cratinus, one of the famous writers of the old Greek comedy, spoke from a profound conviction, based on personal experience. He wrote good comedies, and he was a hard drinker. He lived to over ninety-five, and only died then, if Aristophanes's joke is to be taken seriously, of grief, at seeing a jar of wine smashed (Pax, 703).

> "*Mercury.* Cratinus dead! Of what?
> *Trygæus.* Of grief—sheer broken heart,
> To see a jar of old wine smashed and spilt."

Among the few remaining fragments of Cratinus, the passage referred to by Horace is not to be found; but it is mentioned in an old Greek epigram, in language nearly identical with that of Horace.

‡ The charge that Homer goes into raptures in praise of wine, rests upon the very slightest foundation. His heroes loved it, but that is no

"Ye that drink not, to court or change repair,
But from sweet song I charge you to forbear!"
I spoke; and bards have ever since, men say,
Toped wine all night, and reeked of it all day.*
What! if a man shall mimic Cato's air,
By naked feet, grim looks, and cloak threadbare,
Does he by this embody to our view
Cato's great character and virtues too?
Poor Cordus, bent on passing for a wit,
To give Timagenes back hit for hit,
With so much energy and passion spoke,
That in the effort a blood-vessel broke.†
What mere delusion is it which reflects
A man of note by copying his defects?
Yet some would, if perchance my colour fail,
Drink cumin-wine to make themselves look pale.‡
O servile crew! How oft your antics mean
Have moved my laughter, oh, how oft my spleen!
I was the first new regions to explore,
And boldly tread where none had trod before.

evidence that he thought of it otherwise than as Iago speaks of it, "a good familiar creature, if it be well used." Ennius says of himself, that he never wrote poetry but when he had the gout,—"*Nunquam poëtor nisi podager*"—that is, when he was suffering from, not when he was inspired by, wine.

* There is no such dictum in the extant poems of Horace as that to which he here refers.

† This must refer to some story well known in Rome at the time. Cordus was a Mauritanian by birth; Timagenes, a native of Alexandria, had been brought as a slave to Rome, where he was bought by Faustus, the son of Sulla, who gave him his freedom. He was a famed rhetorician, patronised by Augustus, but lost his favour by too free speaking, and was forbidden his house. Asinius Pollio subsequently took him up, made much of him, and gave him a house at Tusculum, where he died.

‡ Pliny (XX. 15) describes this plant as giving a pallid hue to the complexion. So in "the days when George the Third was king," versemongers turned down their shirt-collars, and adopted the airs of a languid debauchee, after the manner of Lord Byron.

Who trusts himself, and leaves the beaten track,
Will soon have hosts of followers at his back.
'Twas in my measures Italy first heard
The tones Iambic of the Parian bard.
These and his spirit were my model,—not
The words that drove Lycambes all distraught;*
Yet should you deck me not with scantier bays,
Because my style was modelled on his lays.
With her strong numbers Sappho blends a tone
Caught from Archilochus, to swell her own:
So too Alcæus, though unlike, we know,
Both in his themes and in his rhythmic flow,
He neither seek a sire-in-law, on whose
Vexed head to pour the rancours of his muse,
Nor yet in fierce calumnious distichs chide,
To weave a halter for a faithless bride.
Him, too, till then by Latium's bards unsung,
I made familiar on our Roman tongue;†
And 'tis my pride, that gentle hands and eyes
The strains that else had been unheard of prize.
Ask you, what makes ungracious readers laud
My works at home, and rail at them abroad?
'Tis that I will not stoop to buy men's votes
By costly dinners, or by cast-off coats;
'Tis that when men of rank their poems read,
I keep away, nor will their merits plead;

* As to Lycambes, see note on the Sixth Epode, p. 88, *ante*.

† Compare with this Ode IX. Book IV., first verse, where Horace speaks of the verses which he—

> "To the chords of the lyre with a cunning allied
> Unknown to the bards of his country before;"

and also with Ode XXX. Book III., where he boasts of being

> "The first with poet fire,
> Æolic song to modulate
> To the Italian lyre."

'Tis that I hold of no account the cliques
Of fussy pedants, and their sage critiques.
Hence all these tears! * Were I to say, "Indeed,
For very shame I could not dare to read
Before a crowded theatre the small
And flimsy trifles from my pen that fall;"
"Oh, sir," they'd cry, "we understand the sneer;
Your works are kept for Jove's imperial ear! †
You've such high notions of yourself; from you
Alone distils the pure poetic dew!"
Retort were dangerous; and my courage quails
At what might happen from my critic's nails.
So, "The ground does not suit me!" I exclaim,
And crave for a cessation of the game.‡
For sport like this has oft engendered rude
Intemperate wrangling, and an angry mood,—
That angry mood engendered rooted hate,
War to the knife, and an untimely fate.

* *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*, a proverbial phrase, which occurs in the *Andria* of Terence, I. 1, 99, and also in Cicero's Oration, *Pro Cælio*, c. 25.

† Compare with this some of the passages of Satire VI. Book II.

‡ The metaphor here is taken from the practice of the arena, where the gladiators were allowed to demand an interval of five days between their contests.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

I READ the meaning of that wistful look
Towards Janus and Vertumnus, O my book! *
Upon the Sosii's shelves you long to stand,
Rubbed smooth with pumice by their skilful hand.
You chafe at lock and modest seal; you groan,
That you should only to a few be shown,
And sigh by all the public to be read,
You in far other notions trained and bred.
Well, go your way, whereso you please and when,
But, once sent forth, you come not back again.
"Fool that I was! why did I change my lot?"
You'll cry, when wounded in some tender spot,
And, out of fashion and of favour grown,
You're crumpled up, and into corners thrown.
Unless my ill-divining spirit be
Warped by chagrin at your perversity,
Thus with sure presage I forecast your doom;
You will be liked by Rome, while in your bloom,
But soon as e'er the thumbing and the soil
Of vulgar hands shall your first freshness spoil,

* The shop of the Sosii, the great booksellers of Rome, was in the vicinity of the temples of Janus and Vertumnus. The street was therefore to Horace what Paternoster Row is to the modern author.

You will be left to nibbling worms a prey,
Or sent as wrappers to lands far away.*
Then one, whose warnings on your ears fell dead,
With a grim smile will note how you have sped,
Like him who, driven past patience by his mule,
Pushed o'er a precipice the restive fool,—
"Oho! so you're determined to destroy
Yourself? Well, do it, and I wish you joy!"
Yet one thing more awaits your failing age;
That in suburban schools your well-thumbed page
Will be employed by pedagogues to teach
Young boys with painful pangs the parts of speech.†
But if, perchance, some sunny afternoon
To hear your voice shall eager ears attune,
Say, that though born a freedman's son, possessed
Of slender means, beyond the parent nest
I soared on ampler wing; thus what in birth
I lack, let that be added to my worth.
Say, that in war, and also here at home,
I stood well with the foremost men of Rome;

* Literally, you will be shipped off to Utica in Africa, or to Ilerda (Lerida) in Spain, tied up as wrapping for parcels (*vinctus*).

† A fate realised no doubt to the letter—and which, witness Byron's well-known lines, has pursued our author into the schools of modern Europe. On this subject Sir Arthur Helps has a charming passage in his 'Friends in Council.' "I am determined," he says, "not to be a classic. Think what a dreadful thing it must be to be a classic! Imagine what the delicate, refined, weak-eyed Virgil must feel at his well-turned lines being chosen as an early exercise in Latin for every blockhead! Imagine how Horace smiles sadly, and lifts up his eyebrows somewhat cynically, at his Odes and Satires, many of which can only be understood by an experienced man of the world, being submitted as solid task-work to every juvenile dunce! Pity poor, genial, elegant Ovid, when his lissome lines are droned over with innumerable false quantities, by some perplexed dolt of a beginner! And lastly, think of grand old Homer, as he went musing or raging "by the sad sea-waves," having a vision of his sublime wrath, or his unrivalled simplicity of thought and diction, being hashed and hammered and tortured into nonsense by innumerable tyros."

That small in stature, prematurely grey,
Sunshine was life to me and gladness; say
Besides, though hasty in my temper, I
Was just as quick to put my anger by.
Then, should my age be asked you, add that four
And forty years I'd flourished, and no more,
In the December of that year, which fame
Will join with Lepidus' and Lollius' name.

EPISTLES

BOOK II.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

SINCE you alone, O Cæsar, bear the weight
Of Rome's affairs so manifold and great,
The country and its weal by arms defend,
Adorn by morals, and by laws amend,
I should be guilty of a public wrong,
If by my prattle I detained you long.
The doers of great deeds in times of old,
For which they now are with the gods enrolled,
Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, Pollux, when
Taming wild regions and still wilder men,
Staying the deadly ravage of the sword,
Allotting lands, and building towns, deplored
That goodly works and noble service done
From those they served such scant requital won.
Even he who crushed the Hydra, and subdued
By his predestined toils the monster-brood,
Was doomed by sore experience to own,
That envy is subdued by death alone.
The man who shines pre-eminently bright,
And by his lustre pales each lesser light,
Is little loved while living; let him die,
And that same man's adored by low and high.

To you, while yet on this our earth you stay,
The tribute we of well-won honours pay,
Rear altars to your praise, and set your name
Above all past, above all future fame.*
But this your people, though so just and wise,
You more than heroes of old Greece to prize,
Yea, more than Rome's of the great days gone by,
To other things a different rule apply,

* When the Romans had made the first step towards making gods of men by deifying Julius Cæsar after his death, those who aspired to taking his place on earth were not slow to claim divine honour for themselves. Sextus Pompeius, after his maritime victories over Octavius, proclaimed himself the son of Neptune (see Epode IX., *ante*, p. 17). Antony, soaring a flight higher, aspired to the name and honours of Bacchus. When Octavius, A.U.C 718, shattered the fleet of Sextus Pompeius, and again after his crowning victory at the battle of Actium, the enthusiasm of the Italian states led them to place his statue by the side of their protecting deities. In the Roman dependencies in the East matters went further, and he was forthwith worshipped as a god. Temples were built to him, and a regular worship established. At a later period the same feeling vented itself in some of the provinces of the west in the erection of altars to his honour;—but, in compliance with his known wishes, these were generally combined with altars to the Dea Roma. Augustus is said to have disclaimed such honours, as altogether unmeet while he was still alive, and, according to Suetonius, he would allow neither temple nor altar to be erected to him in Rome (*In urbe quidem pertinacissime abstinuit hoc honore*, Suet. Aug., 52). Such things might have provoked a criticism there from which they were safe in the provinces, while they were acceptable to Augustus as implying a not unpleasing acknowledgment of his popularity. A solemn embassy of the inhabitants of Tarragona came to him on one occasion to announce to him that he was the author of a miracle. A fig-tree had sprouted on his altar there. "Ah," was his reply, "it is very clear you do not burn much incense upon it!" (3 *Dion.*, li. 20.) But while Augustus forbade the establishment of a public religious worship in his honour at Rome, this did not prevent the Romans from placing his statue among their household gods, and paying divine honours to it. Horace's words seem to attest the existence of this species of adoration; and he would not have spoken of it in writing to Augustus himself, had he not been well assured that mention of the practice was not distasteful to him. It was the reverence of men grateful for the security which the successes and the able administration of Augustus had brought to their homes. To understand it we have but to read Horace's Ode V. Book IV.

And hold all verse in scorn, but what is both
Of antiquated date and foreign growth;
So wedded to the past, that even the code
Which to the Ten Wise Men its sanction owed,*—
The treaties with the Gabii made, and more
Unbending Sabines, by our kings of yore,†—
The Pontiffs' Books,—the tomes of hoary eld,
Wherein our whole soothsaying lore is held, ‡
To them are poems of the first account,
Caught from the Muses' lips on Alba's Mount.
But if because, as it must be confessed,
Of Grecian works the oldest are the best,
The axiom holds with Roman writers too,
Best give up talking without more ado;
At once plead white is black, and black is white,
Say that we've reached perfection's topmost height,
In painting, music, too, the Greeks excel,
And even in wrestling bear away the bell.
If poetry, like wine, improve by age,
What term of years stamps value on the page?

* The allusion here is to the Twelve Tables, in which the fundamental principles of the Roman law were embodied. Cicero speaks of their literary style with more respect than Horace, admiring not only the incisive force of the substance but the grace of the language—"*Admiror nec rerum solum, sed verborum etiam elegantiam*" (*de Rep.*, iv. 8).

† Horace is supposed to refer to the treaty by which Sextus Tarquinius obtained possession of Gabii for his father Tarquinius Superbus, and to that between Romulus and Tatius, which united the Romans and Sabines as one people.

‡ These had grown to an enormous bulk by the time Augustus assumed the office of Pontifex Maximus. They were, as the text implies, prophetic in their character, and in a semi-metrical form. Niebuhr, on the strength of the very few fragments which are still extant, says they were extremely poetical, and declines to adopt Horace as a judge in the matter. Poetical or not, Augustus made short work with them; for, according to Suetonius, he burned them all, with the exception of those known as the Sibylline Books, which were in Greek.

He, o'er whose grave a hundred years have passed,
I want to know where he is to be classed?
Amongst the ancient, and the immaculate,
Or with the worthless, as of modern date?
Name some fixed term, all cavil to arrest.
"If of a hundred years he stand the test,
We rank him with the sound old classic men."
But say, he's short a month or year, how then?
Shall he take rank with these, or stand to be
Scorned by ourselves and all posterity?
"A month or year no difference should make;
His place he still with sound old bards must take."
Myself of the concession I avail,
And take off years, as from a horse's tail
We pluck out hairs, till all the tail is gone.
Then, as he finds them vanish one by one,
Confusion overtakes my friend, who lays
Such stress on registers, and would appraise
Desert by years, nor let fame's chaplet bloom
Unless for those who moulder in the tomb.
Shrewd, vigorous Ennius, who, the critics say,
Was quite another Homer in his day,
By anything he left us scarce redeems
The pledge of his Pythagorean dreams.*

* In the beginning of his great historical epic poem called "*Annales*," Ennius, who held the opinions of Pythagoras as to the transmigration of souls, declares that the spirit of Homer, which had previously entered into various forms, that of a peacock included, had passed into his body. Horace, somewhat unjustly, seems to think that there was more of the peacock than of Homer in the father of the Latin epic. Against the grudging testimony borne by Horace to the merits of Ennius may be set the fact, that his works retained their popularity down to the time of Martial. Lucretius and Virgil did not disdain to borrow from him, and Quintilian (Inst. Or., X. 1-88) calls upon his readers to "venerate him, as they do the sacred groves, the grand old tree-stems in which have the charm rather of sacred associations than of beauty." Horace himself admits and admires his admirable good sense, and the manly dignity of his moral tone, however

Who now reads Nævius? Yet we so revere
Such verse as to our ancestors was dear,
We quote him like a poet of to-day.*
When folks discuss which bears the palm away,
Pacuvius, of those bards of olden time,
Ranks as more learned, Accius more sublime.†
Afranius wears his toga, we are told,
Quite in Menander's manner;‡ Plautus old,
Like Epicharmus, no dull moment shows,
But hurries on his action to a close;
For weight of thought Cæcilius towers apart,
As Terence shines pre-eminent for art.§
These are the men Rome quotes, and holds most dear,
'Tis these she crams her theatres to hear:
These from the days of Livius to our own
She rates as poets,—these, and these alone.
The popular judgment now and then is sound,
Yet much at fault is on occasion found;

much he may have been jarred by the ruggedness of his verses, or piqued into opposition by hearing him called a second Homer.

* It is surely no slight proof of merit, that passages of a man's writings pass into the common speech of the day, though his works are unread.

† Pacuvius, the nephew of Ennius, was born about B.C. 220. Cicero places him at the head of Roman tragic writers. Accius, born B.C. 170. He was also a great favourite with Cicero, who puts him in the first rank of poets, calling him "*summus poeta*," *Pro Sextio*, c. 56, and again "*gravis et ingeniosus poeta*," *Pro Planc.*, c. 24.

‡ Afranius, a writer of comic plays, was some years younger than Cæcilius and Terence. "*Comediæ togatæ*" were those of which the incidents and persons were Roman, while the "*palliatæ*" were Greek in their scenes and characters. Horace means that Afranius might take rank with Menander.

§ Nothing by Epicharmus survives, so that there are no means for testing the truth of Horace's comparison. Cæcilius was a comic writer, older than Terence. His contemporary Cicero ranks him with some hesitation as the first of comic writers, but speaks disparagingly of his diction. To this objection Terence is not open, and Horace probably means to mark by the word "art" his excellence both in this respect, and also in his management of his characters and scenes.

If it admire, extol old sons of song
As fine beyond comparison, 'tis wrong;
If it allow, that here and there we meet
In them with things are wholly obsolete,
With passages obscure, and harsh, and rough,
And not a little common careless stuff,
Then I conceive it judges as it should,
And Jove himself approves the judgment good.
No furious zealot I on points of taste,
Nor would I wish to see from earth effaced
Old Livius' poems, which with ruthless cane
Orbilius whipped into my boyish brain;*
But when I hear them for their polish praised,
Called charming, all but perfect, I'm amazed.
If here and there he hits a happy phrase,
Or some fine lines illuminate his lays,
They carry off his thousand faults so well,
That quite against all rule his poems sell.
It makes me wroth to hear a work run down
Simply because it burst upon the town
Within the last few months, and not because
Its thoughts are poor, its diction full of flaws,
While not indulgence merely, but rewards
And high renown, are claimed for ancient bards.
A piece of Atta's, should I hint the thought,
That it goes off less briskly than it ought,

* T. Livius Andronicus is mentioned by Quintilian as the oldest Roman poet. He flourished about the middle of the third century before Christ. One of his works was a translation of the Odyssey, and to learn this by heart was no doubt the task which Orbilius enforced by the birch upon the boy Horace. Being a harsh and lumbering piece of work, it must have been hateful to the boy; and it says something for Horace's good sense, that what his boyhood "detested," and with twofold cause, his manhood did not, like Byron with regard to Horace's own works, "still abhor."

Our grave and reverend seniors would exclaim,
That I was lost to every sense of shame,
For trying to pick holes in what the staid
Æsopus and the learned Roscius played;*
Because, belike, they hold that nought is good,
But what has pleased their own peculiar mood,
Or else because they deem it shame and sin
To men so much their juniors to give in,
Owning that what they learned as beardless boys
Should in ripe years be dropped as antiquated toys.
As for the prig who calls us to admire
In Numa's Salian Hymn true bardic fire,
Affects in it deep meanings to descry,
Though what it means he knows no more than I,†
Not reverence for dead genius prompts his praise,
But spite to living poets and their lays.
Had Greece been given in such contempt to hold
All that was modern, what would now be old?
Where would the classics be, those well-thumbed tomes
Which are the light and sweetness of our homes?

* The style of the actor Æsopus was obviously somewhat weighty and solemn, as contrasted with that of Roscius, who had more fire and movement in his declamation,—something like the difference between Quin and Garrick, as we gather it from their contemporaries. The epithet "learned" or "accomplished" (*doctus*), as applied to Roscius, marks a difference also in the culture and refinement of the men.

† This hymn is spoken of by Quintilian (I. 6) as being scarcely understood even by the priests of the order. The Salii consisted of two bodies or *collegia* of twelve priests each, one of which was devoted to the service of Mars Gradivus established by Numa on the Palatine Hill, and to the guardianship of the *ancilia* or shields of Mars. These they carried in procession on his festival at the beginning of March in every year, "singing hymns," says Livy (I. 20), "and dancing as they go in a measure full of state and ancientry." The English reader who wishes to see the subject of the rise and progress of the early poetry of Rome fully treated, cannot do better than consult the early chapters of 'The Roman Poets of the Republic, by W. Y. Sellar: Oxford, 1881.'

When, resting from long years of warfare, Greece
Began to cultivate the arts of peace,
And, in the sunshine of unclouded hours,
Dropped from her nerveless grasp her noblest powers,
On athletes now, and now on steeds she poured
The fervour of her passion; now adored
Statues in marble, bronze, and ivory wrought,
Or pored on pictures in ecstatic thought;
Was now all mad for music, sparkling bright,
Now in the grave tragedians took delight;
Just like the child, who with its nurse at play
Discards to-morrow what it sought to-day.
Likings, dislikings, whims of mere caprice,
These were the fruits of luxury and peace.
At Rome 'twas long our fashion and our pride,
By dawn to be about,—fling open wide
The door,—see clients, coach them in the law,—
Put money out on bonds without a flaw,
And covered by good names,—from reverend men
To learn, and tell the younger folks again
What ways were best our fortunes to amend,
And curb desires that in destruction end.
Mark now, how changed the spirit of our age!
'Tis writing, writing now is all the rage;
Boys and grave fathers crown their brows with bays,
And as they sit at supper spout their lays.
Even I, who vow I never write a line,
The Parthians in mendacity outshine,
Awake before the sun is up, and call
For pen and parchment, writing-case and all.
Where is the man will undertake to steer,
Who's strange to ships, and all their sailing gear?
Who ventures to administer a draught,
Without due training in the doctor's craft?

Doctors prescribe, who understand the rules,
And only workmen handle workmen's tools;
But literate and illiterate, those who can,
And those who can't, write verses to a man.*
And yet this craze, this little twist of brain,
Brings some not trifling virtues in its train.
Rarely is avarice in a poet known;
He loves his lines, and cares for them alone.
Loss may succeed to loss, slaves run away,
His very house take fire, he still is gay.
He broods no deep-laid schemes, this simple bard,
To cheat a partner, or an infant ward.
He lives on pulse and second bread, and though
In a campaign he'd make a sorry show,
Yet is he of some service to the state,
If little things may minister to great.
The bard it is, whose well-conned verses teach
Our childhood's lisping tongue the arts of speech:
He weans the ears of boyhood from the twang
Of vulgar accents, and from ribald slang;
Anon his precepts mould the heart and mind,
And make them gentle, generous, and kind;

* The "*Sæcli incommoda, pessimi poetæ*," denounced by Catullus, had waxed in numbers and in strength since his days. The spread of education, and the increase in the numbers of men in easy circumstances, with no particular work to do in life, produced its natural results. What others did well and with applause, people with a literary taste thought they might also do with no less success. Only the truly cultivated knew that in literature, as in art, good work is the outcome of the devotion of a life, with a special gift at its back to justify the devotion. Hence the flood of commonplace in ode, in elegy, in epic, and in drama, with which society in Rome was apparently deluged in the time of Augustus. Horace, as one of the popular poets of the day, of course came in for a liberal share of that persecution to which pseudo-poets are prone to subject successful men of genius. Although he strikes hard at them at times, he has yet a kindly feeling to these uninspired votaries of the Muse, and finds in some of them the simple virtues, in which their modern successors are not always deficient.

Best chronicler is he of noble deeds;
Lessons to guide us from the past he reads;
He brings a solace to the sick man's bed,
And even the poor by him are comforted.*
Had the kind Muse no bards on us bestowed,
How could our youths and maids in hymn and ode
Raise to the gods their guileless voice in prayer?
Now, as they sing, they feel the god is there,
There in their midst, and listening to their cry.
Theirs are the strains that call down from the sky
The fruitful rain,—that bring celestial aid,
Should danger threaten, or disease invade,—
Beseech the gods for peace until they hear,
And make them bless with fruits the teeming year.
Song soothes the dwellers of the Olympian height;
Song soothes the powers of darkness and of night.
The tillers of the soil in days of old,
A simple, happy, frugal race, and bold,
When they had housed the harvest of the year,
And in that gladsome season sought to cheer
Body and spirit, which had toiled their best
In hope to reach anon a time of rest,
The sharers of their toils around them drew,
Their lusty lads, and faithful housewife too;
Then to their gods they paid the yearly vow,
Milk to Silvanus, to boon Earth a sow,
And to the Genius offered wine and flowers,†
Who ne'er forgets how brief a life is ours.

* Compare with this Wordsworth's lines—

> "Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler thoughts and nobler cares,—
> The poets; who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight in heavenly lays!"

† That every man had a Genius, who was born with him, and watched over him, was the belief of the Romans. It was in some way dis-

'Twas out of this the chartered freedom grew,
Which flout on flout in verse Fescennian threw;
And, as each year came round, the verbal dirt
Flew thick and fast. Still nobody was hurt,
Till the rough jests grew virulent, and made
On honest homes and hearths a shameless raid.
Those who were stung cried out; those who were not
Felt some concern about the common lot;
So laws were passed, with penalties and fines
To check the scandal of these scurrile lines:
This, and a wholesome terror for their bones,
Made men find civil tongues and sweeter tones.*
Greece, conquered Greece, her conqueror subdued,
And clownish Latium with her arts imbued;

tinct from, yet part and parcel of, himself. What the Genius was in character, he was. Horace (Epist. II. 2, 183 *et seq.*) speaks of him as

> "The born Genius, guardian of our birth,
> The god that watches o'er each son of earth,
> Haunts all our steps in ever-changing guise,
> In gloom or sadness lives with us and dies."

Hence in all seasons of solemnity or festivity the Roman propitiated his Genius in the way mentioned in the text.

* "The change of character here described," say Professor Sellar in 'The Roman Poets of the Republic,' p. 35, "from coarse and good-humoured bantering to libellous scurrility, may be conjectured to have taken place when the Fescennine freedom passed from villages and country districts to the active social and political life within the city. That this change had taken place in Rome at an early period is proved by the fact, that libellous verses were forbidden by the laws of the Twelve Tables. . . . This rude amusement was in early times characteristic of the rural populations of Greece and Sicily, as well as Italy, and was one of the original elements out of which Greek comedy and Greek pastoral poetry were developed. These verses had a kindred origin with that of the Phallic Odes among the Greeks. They both appear to have sprung out of the rudest rites and the grossest symbolism of rustic paganism. The Fescennine raillery long retained traces of this original character. Catullus mentions the "procax Fescennina locutio" among the accompaniments of marriage festivals; and the songs of the soldiers, in the extravagant licence of the triumphal procession, betrayed unmistakably this primitive coarseness."

So these uncouth Saturnian strains declined,
And slashing force gave place to wit refined.
But traces of the old rough boorish vein
Remained for many a day, and still remain;
For it was late before the Romans sought
For treasure in the mines of Grecian thought.
The Punic wars were o'er, and Rome at ease,
Ere we began to ask what Sophocles,
Thespis and Æschylus to us might teach.
Then rose the wish to clothe in Roman speech
What by these mighty masters had been told,
And Roman genius, by its nature bold
And high-aspiring, caught the tragic tone,
Impressed it with a cadence of its own,
And might have shone, but that it values not,
Nay, holds in very scorn, the art to blot.*
People are wont to fancy, that because
Her characters from common life she draws,
'Tis easy to write comedy; but they
Forget, the truth lies all the other way;
Because the comic writer, if he halts,
Can count on no indulgence for his faults.
Easy? Why, look at Plautus! What poor stuff
His love-sick lover is, his father gruff,
Gruff and close-fisted, his sly sneaking pimp!
Dossennus' hungry parasites, how limp
And colourless they are! Mark how he rocks
About the stage with loose ungirded socks!

* In his Imitation of this Epistle, Pope says—

"Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot."

"What not to say" is in composition the touchstone of a man's genius, as "What not to do" is in action the supreme test of his capacity and tact. From what he says of Lucilius and others, it is evident that Horace set the highest value on this habit of mind.

So he gets paid, his piece may sink or swim;
Huzzaed or hooted, 'tis all one to him.*
He whom vainglory in her windy car
Wafts to the stage, in hopes to shine its star,
Is all amort, or full of merry cheer,
Just as the audience yawns, or seems all ear;
So slight, so small a thing will sink or raise
The mind that's ever on the rack for praise.
Farewell the drama, if to lose or win
The palm is thus to make me plump or thin!
Why, even the bard in nerve who does not lack
Is often scared, and taken sore aback,
When those who by their numbers overbear
The choicer few of rank and knowledge there,—
The dull dense mob,† prepared with cuffs and blows
To enforce their bidding, should the knights oppose,—
Call in the middle of the play for bears
And boxers,—'tis for these the rabble cares.‡
But even the knights are changing year by year.
Their old delight in what spoke through the ear
Right to the heart and brain is now thrown by
For garish shows, that speak but to the eye.
For four long hours or more the stage is mute,
While troops of horse are chased by files of foot,
Discrownèd kings, with hands behind them bound,
Are dragged across the stage; then, sweeping round,

* Horace's judgment of Plautus has not been generally assented to by scholars. Dossennus, by some supposed to have been a character in a popular play, was obviously a popular playwright, whose trash oblivion has mercifully swamped, as it is daily swamping the rubbish of men who write, like him, for a profitable ephemeral popularity.

† Pope's "many-headed monster of the pit."

‡ Terence complains, in the Prologue to his "Hecyra," that the representation of the play was interrupted in this way.

Cars, chariots, ships, in thronged succession pass,
And captured ivory towers with captive brass.*
Oh how, Democritus, 'twould move thy mirth,
Had fate still left thee here upon the earth,
To see the mob all eyes, all straining hard,
Because a brute, half camel and half pard,
Or a white elephant, was on the stage!
More than these shows the people would engage
Your eye, as furnishing for thought more food
Than any play or any actor could.
But for the author, he, poor wretch! you'd say,
Spoke to a deaf ass that too well could bray;
For where is mortal voice the din could quench,
Rings through our theatres from bench to bench?
You'd think you heard the Gargan forest roar,
Or the sea breaking on the Tuscan shore,
Such is the peal, that hails the jewels rare,
The foreign vestments, as in these the player
All richly dight, but unregarded, stands,
Amid the clapping of ten thousand hands.
"But has he spoken?" "Not one word!" "Explain
This rapture then!" "His robe! Its gorgeous purple grain!"
And yet in case it may be thought that I
Damn with faint praise an art I fear to try,
But other men have practised with success,
Him foremost among poets I confess,
Who with fictitious sorrows wrings my breast,
Rouses my passions, calms them into rest,
With visionary fears my soul can thrill,
And sweep me off, as if by magic skill,
To Thebes, to Athens—anywhere he will.

* Can it be said that our English audiences are not open to the same reproach? Nor ours only. Throughout the continent of Europe the same delight in scenic splendour has wellnigh swamped the drama.

Still, for the men, who rather would be read,
Than face an audience whose caprice they dread,
Some little favour I would dare to crave,
If that high-worthy shrine, which late you gave
Apollo,* you would see with volumes filled,
And have at heart to spur the poet-guild
With more assiduous zeal to struggle on
Up the steep slopes of grassy Helicon.
Much mischief often to ourselves we do,
We bards,—(here I am a delinquent too),—
As when on you some volume we have pressed,
When you were busy, or had need of rest;
When we show temper, if a friend shall dare
To hint one single couplet wants repair;
When, without asking, we recite once more
Passage on passage, which we've read before;
When we complain, that no one sees how fine
The grace, the finish of our every line;
When we expect, that hearing, as you will,
That we in turning verse have some small skill,
You'll send for us, secure us from the blight
Of pinching want, and order us to write.
Yet 'tis of moment to select with care
The guardians of the Sanctuary, where
The statesman's, warrior's, fame shall be enshrined,—
No theme for minstrel of a vulgar kind.
Remember how Great Alexander once
Was fond of Chœrilus, that arrant dunce,
Who, for the bungling verses that he made,
In solid golden Philips was repaid.
But as spilt ink leaves blots that will not stir,
So will bad verse the noblest actions blur.

* The temple of Apollo, and the adjoining library erected by Augustus on Mount Palatine.

Mark how the self-same king, who paid so dear
For poems that you laugh at when you hear,
Enjoined by edict, none should paint him save
Apelles, none in bronze his visage grave
Except Lysippus; yet were you to put
That judgment, in art matters so acute,
To deal with books and poetry, you'd swear,
'Twas born and bred in dense Bœotian air.
But not of you will men such stories tell.
Virgil and Varius, whom you loved so well,
Extolled so highly, fame will ever deem
Worthy your bounty, worthy your esteem.
Not bust of bronze, carved e'er so deftly, can
Express the outward semblance of a man
More to the life, than can a poet's lay
A great man's mind and character portray.*
Oh, it is not by choice I would compose
Things that, though verse, yet crawl like very prose,
When I might sing of deeds of high emprise,
Of rivers vast, of lands 'neath distant skies,
Of citadels upreared on mountain crests,
Of barbarous empires bowed to your behests,
Of conflicts far as earth's wide bounds extend
Brought 'neath your auspices to happy end,

* Observe how subtly Horace introduces his disclaimer of ability to celebrate the triumphs of Augustus, to be followed by an enumeration of them such as must have satisfied the object of his eulogy to the full. Augustus, happy in his poets, was no less happy in the sculptors who have preserved his outward lineaments in marble. And truly these were worthy of a great artist's handling. Beautiful as the world has long felt to be the bust of him in his boyhood, which is one of the treasures of the Vatican, and has been multiplied in innumerable copies, it is surpassed in interest by the fine full-length statue found a few years ago at the Villa Livia, near Rome, and now also in the Vatican, which represents the acknowledged "saviour of society" in the flower of his manhood, and such as he was at the time this Epistle was addressed to him.

Of temple-gates on Janus closed and barred,
Janus, of peace custodian and guard,
And Parthia, taught to dread the Roman name
By the mere echo of our Cæsar's fame.
Oh that my gifts might with my wish compete!
But trivial lays for you were all unmeet,
Nor dare I hazard powers, I know so frail,
Upon a task where they perforce must fail.
Officious zeal by indiscretion proves
A bane, moreover, even to those it loves;
And never less than when it spends its pains
On panegyrics pitched in high-flown strains;
For we learn quicker, gladlier recollect
What makes us laugh, than what commands respect.
A zeal that does me harm I deem a tax;
Nor wish have I to see myself in wax
Made plainer than I am, or find my name
Renowned in verses lumbering, halt, and lame;
Lest shame should make me redder than my bust,
And I, together with my minstrel, thrust
Into an open case, be carried down
To that too fragrant quarter of the town,
Where pepper, perfume, frankincense are sold,
And all the wares one sees in still-born books uprolled.*

* As one might deprecate having his "lively effigy" exhibited at Madame Tussaud's, or his merits mangled in verse by a Poet Close, knowing that fame of this kind ought, in the opinion of the judicious, to consign one's pages to the grocer or cheesemonger as their only fitting destination.

EPISTLE II.

HEAR, Florus,* noble Nero's friend, a tale.
A dealer has a smart young slave for sale,
At Tibur born, we'll say, or Gabii,†
And thus addresses you, in hopes you'll buy.
"He's handsome, free from blemish, hale all round,
And you shall have him for just sixty pound.
He's sharp,—a nod's enough—no need to speak!
And has some little smattering of Greek.
Art? Why, there's none he would not learn with ease;
Soft plastic clay to mould to what you please.
He has a voice, too, not been trained but fine,
You'd like his singing as you sit at wine.
I won't say more, for puffing of one's wares
We know's a thing that buyers often scares.

* This Epistle is addressed to the same person as the third of the First Book. It was obviously written some years afterwards, when Florus was again absent from Rome in the suite of Tiberius Claudius Nero,—most probably on the expedition against the Dalmatians and Pannonians, which began A.U.C. 743, and kept Tiberius absent from Rome for four years, with the exception of a short interval, when he brought back the remains of his brother Drusus. Of all the Epistles none has more charm in matter and in treatment. The light it throws upon the writer's biography is most valuable. If sheer necessity made him a poet, as he says, the conscientiousness of the true artist and studious critic made him slow to write, and unsparing in his efforts to give the highest polish to his work, and that semblance of ease which is the perfection of art. In the reticence and self-restraint of genius he presents a pattern which prolific verse-makers would do well to emulate.

† That is, "anywhere you please."

I am not pushed for money; poor, I yet
Have all I want, nor am I, sir, in debt.
None but myself would sell so cheap. To you
Alone I'd name so small a sum. 'Tis true,
He loitered once, and, fearing to be whipped—
Such things will happen—into hiding slipped.
But if that fault—he has no other vice—
Don't put you off the bargain, give my price."
And if you gave it, after such a speech,
Could it be said, he tried to overreach?
You bought with open eyes, were told the flaw,
How could you then complain, and go to law?*
Before you went abroad, I bade you note,
Letters were things I scarcely ever wrote,
Lest you should scold, and on poor me cry shame,
When no response to your epistles came.
Much good my warning did, if thus you chide,
Though I have law and justice on my side.
You cry out, too, because I do not send
The poems you expected. Listen, friend!
One of Lucullus' soldiers, who had made
A little purse in many a hard-fought raid,
As tired to death one night he lay and snored,
Was stripped to the last farthing of his hoard.
Straight like a wolf, with hungry fangs and fell,
Mad with the foe and with himself as well,
He stormed, so runs the tale, a royal keep,
With treasure stored, though stoutly manned and steep.†

* There were certain faults which the seller of a slave was bound by law to disclose to the buyer. Running away was one of them. See Cicero de Off. iii. 17, and Dig. 21, Tit. I.

† The story, no doubt well known in Rome, was founded on an incident in the war of Lucullus against Mithridates. The position of the fortress, being one in which some of the royal treasure was kept, made the exploit more remarkable.

Renown and honours followed, and, to boot,
A good round tale of pieces from the loot.
It chanced about this time his chief, being stirred
To take some fortress,—where I never heard,—
Sought out our friend, and to him words addressed,
Might fire with valour even a coward's breast:
"Go, my brave lad, where glory points the way;
Go in, and win renown, and splendid pay!
Not move? How's this?" And what was his reply?
A plain blunt fellow, but no fool, say I.
"It doesn't suit me quite; but he, you know,
Who's lost his purse, will where you want him go!"
I was brought up at Rome, and there was taught
What ills to Greece Achilles' anger wrought;
Then Athens bettered that dear lore of song;
She taught me to distinguish right from wrong,
And in the groves of Academe to sound
The way to truth, if so she might be found.
But from that spot, so pleasant and so gay,
Hard times and troublous swept my youth away
On civil war's tempestuous tide, to fight
In ranks unmeet to cope with Cæsar's might.
Whence when Philippi, with my pinions clipped,
Struck to the dust, of land and fortune stripped,
Turned me adrift, through poverty grown rash,
At the versemonger's craft I made a dash.
But now, when blest with all I want, what wealth
Of hellebore could purge my brain to health,
Were I not better pleased to dream and drowse,
Than with concocting verse to rack my brows? *

* So Pope, in his imitation of this Epistle:—

"But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose."

Dr. Monroe being the physician to Bedlam Hospital.

Then, too, the years, they rob us, as they run,
Of all things we delight in, one by one;
Sport, love, feast, frolic they have wrenched away,
And verse will follow at no distant day.
Write! Ay, but what? For, as you know, one finds
Men's tastes in verse as various as their minds.
You like the Ode; in Epodes some delight,
In Satire others, barbed with words that bite.
I have three guests to dine. Alas for me,
Their tastes about no single dish agree!
What shall I give? What not? You can't abide
The very thing for which another cried,
And what I give as a *bonne bouche* to you
Is sour and odious to the other two.*
Write verse in Rome, too? How could I, in fact,
Amidst so much to worry and distract?
"Bail me!" writes one. "Cut business for the day,"
Another, "and I'll read you my new play!"
Then on the Quirinal is one sick friend,
One on Mount Aventine, quite at the end,†
And each of these expects a call from me—
Nice manageable distances, you see.
"But then the streets are clear; with nought," you say,
"To hinder one from musing by the way!"
Why, here a builder in a fume you meet,
With mules and porters cramming all the street.
Anon a crane, whirling a stone in air
Or mighty beam, obstructs the thoroughfare.
Then there's a block of dismal funeral trains
Jammed up and struggling with huge cumbrous wains;
Anon a mad dog rushes foaming by,
Anon a pig, all reeking from the sty.

* Happily paraphrased by Pope in the lines—
"Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests."

† The opposite extremes of Rome.

Go now, my friend, and meditate at ease
Mellifluous verse 'mid incidents like these.
No, no! We minions of the Muse were made
To fly from towns and court the greenwood glade,
True votaries of the Bacchus, whose delight
Is in soft sleep, and woodland's mellow night;
Yet 'midst a roar that ebbs not night nor day
You ask of me to modulate my lay,
And in the track of mighty poets climb
The narrow path that leads to heights sublime.
In empty Athens, when a man who's spent
Seven years in study, o'er great authors bent,
More stock-dumb than a statue, wanders out,
As such men will, the crowd with laughter shout.*
And shall poor I, here tossed upon the waves
Of busy life, that round me roars and raves,
Shall I to marry thoughts to words aspire,
Can wake the soul that slumbers in the lyre?
A jurist and a pleader, brothers two,
Each here at Rome the other's trumpet blew;
A very Gracchus this, a Mutius that!
So each cried up the other, tit for tat.
We sons of song, in these degenerate days,
Are we not bitten by the self-same craze?
I scribble odes—he elegies. "Divine!
The Muses' fingers felt in every line!"
Mark, too, the strut, the self-complacent air,
The eyes in a fine frenzy, as we stare

* Paraphrased by Pope:—

"The man who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See, strewed with dust, his learned nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! Some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!"

Around the unfilled spaces of the dome,
That is to canopy the bards of Rome.*
Then follow, if you've leisure, not too near,
Yet near enough the reasons why to hear,
Make each so clamorous in the other's praise,
And to himself the while award the bays.
We lunge and parry, dodging in and out,
Like Samnites at a tedious fencing bout.
He hits me, quarte, Alcæus! Good! And he
Gets back Callimachus in tierce from me.
If more he seem to lack, Mimnermus then
Thrust home makes him the happiest of men.†
Oh me, this tetchy race of bards is such,
That to propitiate them I bear with much,
So long as I too am a bard professed,
And bid for popular favour with the rest.
But once of this same scribbling mania clear,
They may recite, but won't get me to hear.
Bad poets are a jest; but they, poor elves,
Are blest and bend in homage to themselves.
If you be silent, in their rapture they
Unstinted tribute to their verses pay.
But he whose high ambition is to frame
A poem truly worthy of the name,

* The library of Apollo on Mount Palatine seems to be meant. To he poets of that day it was what the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey might be to ours.

† That is, each tries to outstrip the other by comparing him to a poet f renown. Had Sheridan this passage in view in writing the famous cene, Act II. Sc. 2, of 'The Critic'? "Pray observe," says Puff, "the onciseness with which the argument is conducted. Egad, the *pro* and *on* goes as smart as hits in a fencing match." Then follows Tilburina's ppeal to the Governor of Tilbury Fort, beginning with "a daughter's rayer," and ending irresistibly with "a thousand pounds:" "*Puff.* here you see—she threw in *Tilburina*. Quick, parry quarte with *ngland!* Ha! thrust in tierce *a title!* parried by *honour*. Ha! a ension over the arm! put by, by *conscience*. Then flankonade with *thousand pounds*—and a palpable hit, egad!"

Will, as he writes, in reverence for his art,
Play to himself the honest critic's part;
Without a pang, if there be words that fail
In force or charm, are colourless and pale,
He casts them off, cling howsoe'er they may
And for a respite from destruction pray.
For our behoof he will drag forth to light
Strong antique words, that paint things to the sight,
Words that old Cato and Cethegus spoke,
But long forgotten by our common folk,
And left neglected in the dust to lie,
That dims and blurs good things of days gone by.
Phrases, so use but father them, he will,
However new to verse, adapt with skill;
Sweeping right onward, clear, and full, and free,
Like some great river swelling to the sea,
He scatters wealth around on every hand,
And glads with copious speech our native land.
No mercy shows he to redundant stuff,
No polish spares on what is harsh or rough.
Cuts what lacks charm or fitness clean away,
And, while he wears a smile as though 'twere play,
Yet will his every nerve be strained and racked,
Like the consummate mime, who has to act
Now Satyr lithe, now lumpish Polypheme,
Yet shows in both an excellence supreme.*

* Pope's lines in his imitation of this Epistle are worthy to stand by the original:—

"But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, though at Court, perhaps, it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;

For mine own part, I rather would be thought
Dull as a writer, possibly distraught,
So could I but take pleasure in my faults,
Nor see where meaning or where music halts,
Than be of mine own failings quite aware,
And gnash my teeth in impotent despair.
There lived in Argos once a well-born cit,
Who in the empty theatre would sit,
Applauding stoutly, and with rapture stirred
At wondrous dramas, which he thought he heard;
A man that else was well behaved as most,
A kindly neighbour, a most genial host,
As husband gentle, and as master mild,
Could see his wine was tapped, yet not go wild,
No fool to run against a rock, or pitch
With open eyes into a gaping ditch.
When kith and kin had with a world of pains
And drastic drugs restored him and his brains,
"A plague on you for meddling, friends!" quoth he,
"Saved? Not a whit! You've fairly murdered me!
You've robbed me of my pleasures, torn away
The sweet illusion made my life so gay!" *

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake,
Or bid the new be English ages hence,
For use will father what's begot by sense;
. . . . . .
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

* "One case," Sir Henry Halford writes (Essays, p. 61), "that of the gentleman of Argos, whose delusion led him to suppose that he was attending the representation of a play as he sat in his bedchamber, is so exact, that I saw a person of exalted rank under these very circum-

'Twere well, in sooth, I should have done with toys,
And give up pastimes that are meet for boys,
Not words to match the Latian lyre pursue,
But learn the tones make life serene and true.
So with myself I talk, and this the kind
And train of thought that passes through my mind.
If draught on draught your thirst could not abate,
Full soon you'd tell the doctor of your state.
The more you get, the more you crave; then how
Dare you to none that damning fact avow?
Some root or simple you are told to use
As panacea for a wound or bruise.
You try them, and they fail you; surely, then,
You'd never have recourse to them again?
Men that grow rich, though they were fools before,
You've heard folks say, will now be fools no more.
Well! Though you're wealthier, are you wiser? No!
And will you yet to the same Mentors go?
But were it true, that wealth could sense inspire,
Could quell fond fears and covetous desire,
You well might blush, if, search the world around,
A soul more greedy than your own were found.
If that for which you pay your money down
Its owner changes, and becomes your own;
If simple use to property convert
Even things not bought, as legal men assert,
Yours is the pasture that your dinner yields,
And Orbius' bailiff, when he tills the fields
Which grow the grain that's eaten at your board,
Feels that 'tis you, not Orbius, are his lord.
You give your cash, and get for it, in fine,
Grapes, poultry, eggs, a cask of heady wine;

stances of delusion, and heard him call upon Mr. Garrick to exert himself in the performance of 'Hamlet.'" George III. was the person referred to.

And in this way you purchase with your gold,
Little by little, land that erewhile sold
For a round rattling figure, two or three
Thousands of pounds, or more as it may be.
For where's the difference, if what feeds you so
Were paid for yesterday or long ago?
The man who lives upon a fair estate,
At Veii or Aricia bought of late,
Sups on bought cabbage, though he knows it not,
And buys the sticks that boil his evening pot;
Yet all his very own he calls the ground
To where the poplars mark his neighbour's bound.*
As if aught could be ours, and ours alone,
Ours, whom a turn of fortune may dethrone,
Which force or favour, money, death may take
From us, another o'er it lord to make.
As then we cannot keep, howe'er we crave,
And heir succeeds to heir, as wave to wave,
What boot broad lands, or teeming barns, domain
Calabrian stretched into Lucania's plains,
If death, by gold not to be won, mows all
For his grim harvest, great alike with small?

* Pope puts this proposition very effectively:—

"Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every pullet they afford to eat,
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
. . . . . .
Man? and for ever? Wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave,
. . . . . .
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs with walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farm, and farmer fall."

Jewels, plate, pictures, silks, and rich array,
Statues of marble, ivory, Tuscan clay,
There are who have not; one I can recall,
Who nothing cares to have such things at all.
Why loves one brother "toys and lust and wine"
More than the rich palm-groves of Palestine,
The while another, rich but not content,
With axe and flame from dawn to dark is bent
On clearing scrub and timber from his land,
A mystery is, which only may be scanned
By the boon Genius, guardian of our birth,
The god that watches o'er each son of earth,
Haunts all our steps in ever-changing guise,
In gloom or gladness lives with us and dies.*
For me, I mean to use, and, as I want,
Draw freely from my heap, though it be scant,
Nor dread the angry cavil of my heir,
To find so little left for him to share.
Yet shall my life the difference show between
Riot and mirth, the frugal and the mean.
To fool your wealth away is want of sense;
'Tis wisdom not to grudge a chance expense,

* See note on the First Epistle of this Book, p. 351, *ante*. The Rev. J. E. Yonge, in his valuable edition of Horace, cites in illustration of this passage the following lines from Spenser's 'Fairy Queen' (Book II. Canto xii. St. 47), where, having mentioned a Genius, the poet says it was not—

"That celestiall powre to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware;
That is ourselfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee.
Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call."

And to refuse to lead a life of care,
Amassing more, when you have much to spare,
But rather revel, like a happy boy,
In his brief holiday's too short-lived joy.
If only poverty keep from my door,
Unlovely poverty, I ask no more;
The ship I sail in may be large or small,
'Twill carry me, and that is all in all.
Fair winds we may not have, nor swelling sails,
Yet neither have we always adverse gales.
In strength, in worth, in influence, powers of mind,
In rank and fortune, though I come behind
The very foremost, many yet there be
That in their turn come lagging after me.
You're not a miser! Good! Can it be said,
All other vice with that of greed has fled?
That rage, the fear of death, the fierce unrest
Of vain ambition trouble not your breast?
That you can laugh at dreams, hags, magic sleights,
Thessalian spells, and ghosts that walk o' nights?
Do you the failings of your friends forgive?
Thank heaven for each new birthday that you live?
And, as old age comes stealing on, do you
Grow better, gentler, more forbearing too?
What boots it from the breast one thorn to tear,
That is but one of many lurking there?
If how to live as best befits a man
You do not know, make way for those who can.
You've had as much as should your heart content
Of sport, and meat, and drink; 'tis time you went,
Lest youth, that fitlier plays the fool than age,
Should thrust the maudlin toper off the stage.

THE ART OF POETRY

THE ART OF POETRY.

TO THE PISOS, FATHER AND SONS.

THE name, *Ars Poetica*, very early given to this Epistle, is calculated to mislead. There is nothing in its character to distinguish it from the other Epistles of Horace, especially those of the Second Book, except that it goes with more detail into the question how and by whom poetry, worthy of the name, is and can alone be written. It makes no pretension to the character falsely assigned to it of a treatise on the art of poetry—a subject, the mere fringes of which in many departments it either does not touch at all or touches only very slightly. Easy, rambling, conversational, it was clearly composed, like the other Epistles, from an impulse directly personal, and with a purpose also personal, which it is not difficult to divine.

As we have seen from the language of both the Epistles of the Second Book, a mania for writing poetry, particularly dramatic poetry, had taken a wide hold upon society in Rome. Horace had ridiculed it in his easy playful way in these Epistles,—and perhaps with no serious end in view. But the present Epistle was written with an obvious determination to show the difficulties of the poet's art in so much detail, and in colours so forcible, that he might reasonably hope to bring to their senses some of those who were boring their friends, and preparing failure for themselves by compositiôns written *invitâ Minervâ*, and stamped with the mediocrity which neither gods nor men nor booksellers endure. Among the young men who had caught the prevailing epidemic was the elder of Piso's two sons, who apparently thought his peculiar gift lay in writing plays. Rich and of good family, he had no doubt plenty of parasitical friends to listen to what he wrote, and to flatter him with praises of his genius. To counteract this malign influence, and to bring him to a true appreciation of the difficulty of an art which is not to be dabbled in by a mere amateur, was obviously the main object of Horace, and one to which most probably he had

been instigated by the young man's father. Only because he held the youth in high regard, and felt that there was a vein of strong sense in him to which he might appeal, would Horace have been at pains to treat his subject at such length, and with so much earnestness. He seems to have been determined that the young man, who was then only about seventeen or eighteen years old, should not lose caste by mistaking the "puffs of dunces" for fame, and incurring the ridicule of that large class who, in what is called society, have a cynical delight in dwelling on "the follies of the wise."

> "'Cur ego amicum
> Offendam in nugis?' Hæ nugæ seria ducent
> In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre."

These were words (lines 450-452), especially coming after what preceded them, to give young Piso pause. It is characteristic of Horace that, having written them, he at once glances off into a ludicrously exaggerated picture of a crack-brained poet, and advocates the propriety of letting him indulge his madness in suicide if he likes; —a very skilful way of winding up a letter written with the object above indicated, but which Horace would have felt to be a most lame and impotent conclusion to a purely didactic essay on the art which, of all arts, he prized the most. One would like to know how Horace's advice was taken by the poet of the Piso family. If he kept his verses by him, as suggested, for nine years, we may feel sure that by that time he admired them as little as Horace appears to have done what he had seen of them.

Of all Horace's writings, none probably presents so many difficulties to the translator,—none has been so often translated in all the languages of Europe, or afforded so much scope for critical comment and illustration. Its leading maxims can never be obsolete or out of place.]

SUPPOSE, by some wild freak of fancy led,
A painter were to join a human head
To neck of horse, cull here and there a limb,
And daub on feathers various as his whim,
So that a woman, lovely to a wish,
Went tailing off into a loathsome fish,
Could you, although the artist's self were there,
From laughter long and loud, my friends, forbear?

Well, trust me, Pisos, of that freak of art
The book would be the very counterpart,
Which with a medley of wild fancies teems,
Whirling in chaos like a sick man's dreams,
A maze of forms incongruous and base,
Where nought is of a piece, nought in its place.*
To dare whate'er they please has always been
The painter's, poet's, privilege, I ween.
It is a boon that any one may plead—
Myself I claim it, and in turn concede;
But 'twill not do to urge the plea too far.
To join together things that clash and jar,
The savage with the gentle, were absurd,
Or couple lamb with tiger, snake with bird.
Mostly, when poems open with a grand
Imposing air, we may surmise at hand
Some flashy fustian, here and there a patch
Of flaming scarlet, meant the eye to catch.
A grove shall be described, or Dian's shrine,
Or through delightsome plains for many a line
A brook shall wind, or the Rhine's rushing stream,
Or o'er the page the heavenly bow shall gleam.
All very fine, but wholly out of place!†
You draw a cypress with consummate grace;
But what of that, if you have had your fee
To paint a wrecked man struggling in the sea?‡

* That Horace should start by imagining so outrageous a congeries of incongruities, seems to indicate that absurdities no less outrageous were not uncommon in the productions of the verse-mongers of his time.

† The force of this passage was, no doubt, deeply felt in Rome. Horace obviously alludes to existing and well-known poems.

‡ The allusion here, the scholiasts tell us, is to a Greek proverb, μή τι καὶ κυπαρίσσου θελεις; "Don't you want a cypress also?"—a question put by a painter to a shipwrecked sailor who wanted him to paint him a picture of his wreck, to be hung up as an *ex voto* in some temple.

A vase was meant; how comes it, then, about,
As the wheel turns, a common jug comes out?
Whate'er you write, by this great maxim run,
Let it be simple, homogeneous, one.
We poets, most of us, by the pretence,
Dear friends, are duped of seeming excellence.
We grow obscure in striving to be terse;
Aiming at ease, we enervate our verse;
For grandeur soaring, into bombast fall,
And, dreading that, like merest reptiles crawl;
Whilst he, who seeks his readers to surprise
With common things shown in uncommon wise,
Will make his dolphins through the forests roam,
His wild boars ride upon the billows' foam.
So unskilled writers, in their haste to shun
One fault, are apt into a worse to run.
The humblest statuary, of those that nigh
The Æmilian Circus* their vocation ply,
A finger-nail will to a turn express,
And hit you off in bronze a flowing tress,—
Yet is his work a failure; for his soul
Can neither grasp nor mould a living whole.
In anything that I may ever write,
I would no more resemble such a wight
Than I would care to have dark hair, dark eyes,
If coupled with a nose of uncouth size.
All ye who labour in the Muses' bowers,
Select a theme proportioned to your powers,
And ponder long, and with the nicest care,
How much your shoulders can and cannot bear.
Once right in this, your words will freely flow,
And thought from thought in lucid order grow.

* *Æmilium circa ludum.* It is not quite clear whether a circus is meant, or merely a gymnasium or gladiators' school—very probably the latter, not far from the Forum, in some "artists' quarter."

Now, if my judgment be not much amiss,
The charm and worth of order lie in this,—
In saying just what should just then be said,
And holding much that comes into the head
Deliberately back for future use,
When it may just the right effect produce.
In choice of words be cautious and select.
Dwell with delight on this, and that reject.
No slight success will be achieved, if you
By skilful setting make old phrases new.
Then, should new terms be wanted to explain
Things that till now in darkness hid have lain,
And you shall coin, now here, now there, a word,
Which our bluff ancestors have never heard,
Due leave and licence will not be refused,
If with good taste and sound discretion used.
Nay, such new words, if from a Grecian source,
Aptly applied, are welcomed as of course.
To Virgil and to Varius why forbid
What Plautus erewhile and Cæcilius did?
Or why to me begrudge a few words more,
If I can add them to my scanty score,
When Cato and old Ennius revelled each
In coining new words that enriched our speech?
A word that bears the impress of its day
As current coin will always find its way.*
As forests change their foliage year by year,
Leaves, that came first, first fall and disappear;
So antique words die out, and in their room
Others spring up, of vigorous growth and bloom.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death are due:
And why should words not be as mortal too?

* For, as Pope says, "Use will father what's begot by sense."

The landlocked port, a work well worthy kings,
That takes whole fleets within its sheltering wings; *
Swamps, sterile long, all plashy, rank, and drear,
Groan 'neath the plough, and feed whole cities near;
The river, perilous to field and farm,
Its channel changed, can now no longer harm,†—
These, and all earthly works, must pass away;
And words, shall they enjoy a longer day?
Some will revive that we no more allow,
And some die out that are in favour now,
If usage wills it so, for 'tis with her
The laws of language rest as sovereign arbiter.
Homer has shown what measure fitliest sings
The feats and rueful wars of chiefs and kings.
Sad Elegy, at first all sighs and tears,
Sang, later on, of lovers' joys and fears.
Grammarians differ, who first taught its strains,—
An old dispute, that still unsolved remains.
Archilochus found for his fury's heat
A vent in the Iambus' rapid beat;
The sock and stately buskin took to it,
As for the play of dialogue most fit,

* *Regis opus.* So Pope, "These are imperial works, and worthy kings." What Horace here alludes to is the *portus Julius.* This was a magnificent harbour formed by the junction of the Lacus Lucrinus with the Lacus Avernus, and a channel cut through the tongue of land which separated the former from the sea. Following the advice of Agrippa, Augustus carried out this work, which gave in Lake Avernus a harbour more than a mile and a half in circumference. Here he exercised his fleet, Suetonius mentions (Aug. 16), for a whole winter, with such good effect, that he was able to defeat his formidable adversary Sextus Pompeius, when he encountered him between Mylæ and Naulochus. The canals and the piers at the entrance from the *sea* were in existence at the beginning of the 16th century, but were destroyed by an eruption of Monte Nuova, 29th September 1538.

† Supposed to allude to some plans by Augustus for draining the Pomptine Marshes, which were never carried out, and for altering the course of the Tiber.

A measure framed for action's rapid rush,
And the loud uproar of a crowd to hush.*
  Gods, and of gods the grand heroic seed,
The conquering boxer, the victorious steed,
The praise of wine, young love's self-torturing dreams,†—
These to the lyre the Muse has given for themes.
  Why hail me bard, if wilfully I choose
To ignore the laws of style, its shades, its hues,
Its truth to character, and let false shame
Keep me from learning what should be my aim?
  A comic subject by no means inclines
To be worked out in solemn, tragic lines;
So does Thyestes' Feast‡ all treatment spurn
In verse slipshod, and with a comic turn.
Where each of these may find a place, in fact,
Must be decided by good taste and tact.
Yet sometimes Comedy exalts its note,
And angry Chremes storms with swelling throat,§
While not unfrequently fierce tragic throes
Find natural vent in downright homely prose.
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and in want,
Discard all ell-long words and high-pitched rant,

* *Populares vincentem strepitus.* It is difficult to see why the Iambic should be heard through or hush down the uproar of a theatre. But that it was so, this passage clearly indicates.

† *Juvenum curas*—the bitter-sweet pains of which Sappho, Anacreon, and others sang.

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And send them home to the spectator's heart.*
Fine things won't make a drama: it must thrill
The hearers' souls, and sway them at its will.†
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A face all tears will tears from others wile.
Unless, then, in your voice a sob I hear,
You will not wring from me a single tear;
But let me hear it, and each woe of thine,
O Telephus and Peleus, will be mine!
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Sad saws befit sad looks, as words of fire
And menace suit a face that's flushed with ire.
Light quips match with a look of jovial cheer,
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For nature forms us so, that from within
The moods that fortune works in us begin.
She prompts to anger, or impels to mirth,
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Then, later on, she in the tongue will find
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Be with the speaker's fortunes out of suit,
We all, both those who ride and those who walk,*
Hail with derision the ill-sorted talk.
'Tis of first consequence that all and each
Shall have his proper cast of thought and speech.
Heroes and gods must not one language speak,
Nor fiery youth, and old men sage and meek;
The loyal nurse, the dame of high degree,
The merchant used to roam by land and sea,
The homely tiller of the fields, should all
By what they say their way of life recall:
So Colchian, Syrian, Theban, Argive too,
Should to the habits of his race be true.
Follow tradition in the types you draw,
Or keep them true to some clear inward law:
If you would bring Achilles on the stage,
Show him brusque, daring, ruthless, prone to rage;
Laws let him spurn—for him they were not made!—
And lord o'er all things with his falchion's blade.
Still be Medea unrelenting, fierce,
Ino our hearts with her lamenting pierce,
Still Io roam, Ixion be forsworn,
And still Orestes, sunk in anguish, mourn.
If, leaving well-tried tracks in drama, you
Would sketch some character that's wholly new,
Be sure 'tis in the mould of nature cast,
And to itself is true from first to last.
'Tis hard, on things familiarly known
To stamp such traits as make them quite your own.†

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The well-known phases of the tale of Troy,
Than be the first in drama to unfold
Things until now unheard-of and untold.
Into possession, too, you will reduce
Materials that are free for all men's use,
If only you take care you are not found
Pacing the vile old tedious mill-horse round;
Nor try, by slavish emulation stirred,
To reproduce your Homer word for word;
Nor, sticking all too closely to his text,
In fetters move, tame, halting, and perplexed.
Neither commence, like the old Cyclic bard,
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What can come after, fit to stand beside
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story what was open to all the world,—some tale well known in books, and sometimes not unfamiliar on the stage. But his treatment put a stamp upon them that made it all his own—*proprie communia dixit.* He did it, too, in the very way indicated by Horace.

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Scylla, Antiphates, and Polypheme.*
To Meleager's death he does not track
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Nor does he let his story flag, nor creeps
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His readers briskly on,§ as though they knew
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Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit."

Byron ("Don Juan," I. vi.) pleasantly announces his intention to pursue quite a different course—an intention fulfilled in that erratic work to the letter :—

"Most epic poets plunge *in medias res*,
(Horace makes this his heroic turnpike-road),
And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning."

He shirks whate'er he feels by nature such,
Nothing can make it sparkle 'neath his touch;
And by poetic glamour so deceives,
So subtly fact with fiction interweaves,
Fits part to part, beginning, middle, close,
That the great whole up to its climax grows.
You who to fame upon the stage aspire,
Mark then what I and all the town require.
If you would have your audience keep their seats
Till the last actor the old tag repeats,*
Give all your characters a tone, a hue,
Both to their years and to their natures true.†
Soon as the boy can talk and make his way
Alone, he yearns with other boys to play,
Flies into passions, cools again as fast,
And shows a thousand moods that never last.
The beardless youth, from guardian freed at length,
Loves horses, dogs, and sports, and games of strength
Ductile as wax when he to vice is wooed,
Steel-hard to those who counsel him for good;
Taking no heed to what will prove of use,
Enthusiastic, prodigal, profuse,
Full of wild longings, yet will cast away
The things he yearned for most but yesterday.
What change comes o'er his spirit as he nears
The middle term of manhood's riper years!

* *Vos plaudite!* the formula which ended all the comedies.

† It is idle, as many writers do, to contrast Horace's sketch of childhood, youth, manhood, and age, in the four succeeding paragraphs, with Shakespeare's seven ages in "As You Like It." Horace was only pointing out how people of different ages ought to be drawn in comedy. Had it been his hint to deal with the types of mankind as a whole, what would have been easier for him than to have brought into his picture a number of additional characters, illustrative of the nobler qualities of humanity, both in action and in suffering, and all drawn with the same firm outline and liveliness of truth?

Money he seeks and friends, and hour by hour
Toils like a slave to compass place and power;
Cautious the while to do no single act,
He would be fain hereafter to retract.
Discomforts many on old age attend,—
Getting; and dreading what it gets to spend;
In all its counsels spiritless and chill,
Inert, irresolute, weak in hope and will,
Into the future ever prone to peer,
Harsh, crabbed, querulous, obstinate, austere,
Praising the brave old times when it was young,
And railing at the new with peevish tongue.
Years, as they come, a host of blessings bring;
A host of blessings, as they go, take wing.*
Then ever keep the traits before your mind,
The qualities that are with years combined;
So, mould not youths and greybeards on one plan,
Nor make the boy you draw a full-grown man.
The events, which plays are written to unfold,
Are either shown upon the stage, or told.
Most true, whate'er's transmitted through the ear
To mind and heart will never come so near,
As what is set before the eyes, and each
Spectator sees brought full within his reach.
Yet do not drag upon the stage what might
Be much more fitly acted out of sight;
Much, too, there is which 'twill be always well
To leave the actor's well-graced speech to tell.
Let not Medea kill her boys in view,†
Nor Atreus human flesh in public stew;

* *Anni venientes . . . recedentes.* The Romans, it is said by one of ıe scholiasts, regarded the year as *advancing* up to the age of forty-six, ıd after that as *receding*. In the same spirit J. J. Rousseau somewhere ys, "Il est un terme dans la vie au delà duquel on rétrogade en ançant."

† Seneca did so, nevertheless, in his "Medea."

A vase was meant; how comes it, then, about,
As the wheel turns, a common jug comes out?
Whate'er you write, by this great maxim run,
Let it be simple, homogeneous, one.
We poets, most of us, by the pretence,
Dear friends, are duped of seeming excellence.
We grow obscure in striving to be terse;
Aiming at ease, we enervate our verse;
For grandeur soaring, into bombast fall,
And, dreading that, like merest reptiles crawl;
Whilst he, who seeks his readers to surprise
With common things shown in uncommon wise,
Will make his dolphins through the forests roam,
His wild boars ride upon the billows' foam.
So unskilled writers, in their haste to shun
One fault, are apt into a worse to run.
The humblest statuary, of those that nigh
The Æmilian Circus * their vocation ply,
A finger-nail will to a turn express,
And hit you off in bronze a flowing tress,—
Yet is his work a failure; for his soul
Can neither grasp nor mould a living whole.
In anything that I may ever write,
I would no more resemble such a wight
Than I would care to have dark hair, dark eyes,
If coupled with a nose of uncouth size.
All ye who labour in the Muses' bowers,
Select a theme proportioned to your powers,
And ponder long, and with the nicest care,
How much your shoulders can and cannot bear.
Once right in this, your words will freely flow,
And thought from thought in lucid order grow.

* *Æmilium circa ludum.* It is not quite clear whether a circus is meant, or merely a gymnasium or gladiators' school—very probably the latter, not far from the Forum, in some "artists' quarter."

Now, if my judgment be not much amiss,
The charm and worth of order lie in this,—
In saying just what should just then be said,
And holding much that comes into the head
Deliberately back for future use,
When it may just the right effect produce.
In choice of words be cautious and select.
Dwell with delight on this, and that reject.
No slight success will be achieved, if you
By skilful setting make old phrases new.
Then, should new terms be wanted to explain
Things that till now in darkness hid have lain,
And you shall coin, now here, now there, a word,
Which our bluff ancestors have never heard,
Due leave and licence will not be refused,
If with good taste and sound discretion used.
Nay, such new words, if from a Grecian source,
Aptly applied, are welcomed as of course.
To Virgil and to Varius why forbid
What Plautus erewhile and Cæcilius did?
Or why to me begrudge a few words more,
If I can add them to my scanty score,
When Cato and old Ennius revelled each
In coining new words that enriched our speech?
A word that bears the impress of its day
As current coin will always find its way.*
As forests change their foliage year by year,
Leaves, that came first, first fall and disappear;
So antique words die out, and in their room
Others spring up, of vigorous growth and bloom.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death are due:
And why should words not be as mortal too?

* For, as Pope says, "Use will father what's begot by sense."

The landlocked port, a work well worthy kings,
That takes whole fleets within its sheltering wings; *
Swamps, sterile long, all plashy, rank, and drear,
Groan 'neath the plough, and feed whole cities near;
The river, perilous to field and farm,
Its channel changed, can now no longer harm,†—
These, and all earthly works, must pass away;
And words, shall they enjoy a longer day?
Some will revive that we no more allow,
And some die out that are in favour now,
If usage wills it so, for 'tis with her
The laws of language rest as sovereign arbiter.
Homer has shown what measure fitliest sings
The feats and rueful wars of chiefs and kings.
Sad Elegy, at first all sighs and tears,
Sang, later on, of lovers' joys and fears.
Grammarians differ, who first taught its strains,—
An old dispute, that still unsolved remains.
Archilochus found for his fury's heat
A vent in the Iambus' rapid beat;
The sock and stately buskin took to it,
As for the play of dialogue most fit,

* *Regis opus.* So Pope, "These are imperial works, and worthy kings." What Horace here alludes to is the *portus Julius.* This was a magnificent harbour formed by the junction of the Lacus Lucrinus with the Lacus Avernus, and a channel cut through the tongue of land which separated the former from the sea. Following the advice of Agrippa, Augustus carried out this work, which gave in Lake Avernus a harbour more than a mile and a half in circumference. Here he exercised his fleet, Suetonius mentions (Aug. 16), for a whole winter, with such good effect, that he was able to defeat his formidable adversary Sextus Pompeius, when he encountered him between Mylæ and Naulochus. The canals and the piers at the entrance from the *sea* were in existence at the beginning of the 16th century, but were destroyed by an eruption of Monte Nuova, 29th September 1538.

† Supposed to allude to some plans by Augustus for draining the Pomptine Marshes, which were never carried out, and for altering the course of the Tiber.

A measure framed for action's rapid rush,
And the loud uproar of a crowd to hush.*
Gods, and of gods the grand heroic seed,
The conquering boxer, the victorious steed,
The praise of wine, young love's self-torturing dreams,†—
These to the lyre the Muse has given for themes.
Why hail me bard, if wilfully I choose
To ignore the laws of style, its shades, its hues,
Its truth to character, and let false shame
Keep me from learning what should be my aim?
A comic subject by no means inclines
To be worked out in solemn, tragic lines;
So does Thyestes' Feast‡ all treatment spurn
In verse slipshod, and with a comic turn.
Where each of these may find a place, in fact,
Must be decided by good taste and tact.
Yet sometimes Comedy exalts its note,
And angry Chremes storms with swelling throat,§
While not unfrequently fierce tragic throes
Find natural vent in downright homely prose.
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and in want,
Discard all ell-long words and high-pitched rant,

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Harsh, crabbed, querulous, obstinate, austere,
Praising the brave old times when it was young,
And railing at the new with peevish tongue.
Years, as they come, a host of blessings bring;
A host of blessings, as they go, take wing.*
Then ever keep the traits before your mind,
The qualities that are with years combined;
So, mould not youths and greybeards on one plan,
Nor make the boy you draw a full-grown man.
The events, which plays are written to unfold,
Are either shown upon the stage, or told.
Most true, whate'er's transmitted through the ear
To mind and heart will never come so near,
As what is set before the eyes, and each
Spectator sees brought full within his reach.
Yet do not drag upon the stage what might
Be much more fitly acted out of sight;
Much, too, there is which 'twill be always well
To leave the actor's well-graced speech to tell.
Let not Medea kill her boys in view,†
Nor Atreus human flesh in public stew;

* *Anni venientes . . . recedentes.* The Romans, it is said by one of the scholiasts, regarded the year as *advancing* up to the age of forty-six, and after that as *receding*. In the same spirit J. J. Rousseau somewhere says, "Il est un terme dans la vie au delà duquel on rétrogade en avançant."

† Seneca did so, nevertheless, in his "Medea."

Progne must not a swallow's semblance take,
Nor Cadmus be transformed into a snake.*
If things like these before my eyes be thrust,
I turn away in sceptical disgust.
Five acts a play must have, nor more nor less,
To keep the stage and have a marked success.
Let not a god come in, save to untie
Some knot that will his presence justify;
Confine your speaking parts upon the scene
To three—a fourth should never intervene.†
The chorus' place and function is alway
To "prove a busy actor in the play;" ‡
And what they chant between the acts should blend
Well with the plot, and help towards its end.
Let them support the good with counsel sage,
Cheer those that fear to sin, calm those that rage,
Extol the frugal meal, the weal that dates
From justice, laws, and peace with unbarred gates,
No secrets blab, and pray the gods to crown
The oppressed with wealth, and bring the oppressors down.
The fife of yore was not, as now, brass-bound,
Nor aimed to emulate the trumpet's sound;
'Twas slender, and its stops were few and plain,
Yet it gave value to the choral strain,
And its thin notes could penetrate along
Benches not crowded by too great a throng,—

* Progne, the daughter of Pandion, King of Attica, was turned into a swallow, say some, into a nightingale, say others. Cadmus, oppressed with old age and sorrow, prayed the gods to release him from the miseries of his life. He and his wife Harmonia were turned into serpents (Ovid, Met. iv. 563 *et seq.*)

† A very useful rule for theatres so large, that a great part of the audience could not hear what was passing on the stage, and where the action was therefore sure to become confused if many characters were introduced. But it has no foundation in the nature of things.

‡ Shakespeare, "As You Like It," Act iii. sc. 4.

The modest, frugal, sober-minded few,
Who in the stage found pleasure ever new.
But when their lands by conquest waxed, and all
Too narrow grew the city's ancient wall;
When flowing cups might be quaffed down by noon,
And no one chide the feast as all too soon,—
The rhythm and music also felt the change,
Took ampler licence and a wider range.
Yet what could audiences so mixed and crude
Know of good taste, when side by side the rude
Unlettered boor with well-bred folks would sit,
And loutish dullards jostled men of wit?
So the fife-player in his art found room
For pantomime and splendour of costume,
And trailed long floating robes the stage around;
So even the meagre lyre new accents found,
And language, by impetuous passion stirred,
Broke into eloquence till then unheard,
With saws oracular as Delphi's shrine,
To guide man's life, his future to divine.*
The bard who strove of yore in tragic strains
To win the goat, poor guerdon of his pains,
Anon brought woodland satyrs in, and tried,
If gay with grave might somehow be allied.
For only by the lure of things like these,
That by their novelty were sure to please,

* As we have no clear ideas of the part music played in theatrical representation at this time, it is difficult to understand the full meaning of this paragraph. One thing is clear, that when the theatres became larger to meet the rapid increase of numbers in the audience, good writing and speaking became of less account. "Inexplicable dumb show and noise," high-pitched language, and strong musical effects took their place, and ultimately the action of the drama was chiefly carried on in pantomime, and made attractive by splendour of scenic appointments, in much the same way as ballets are now given in the great theatres of Italy. These changes were the forerunners of the ultimate extinction of a drama worthy of the name.

The landlocked port, a work well worthy kings,
That takes whole fleets within its sheltering wings; *
Swamps, sterile long, all plashy, rank, and drear,
Groan 'neath the plough, and feed whole cities near;
The river, perilous to field and farm,
Its channel changed, can now no longer harm,†—
These, and all earthly works, must pass away;
And words, shall they enjoy a longer day?
Some will revive that we no more allow,
And some die out that are in favour now,
If usage wills it so, for 'tis with her
The laws of language rest as sovereign arbiter.
Homer has shown what measure fitliest sings
The feats and rueful wars of chiefs and kings.
Sad Elegy, at first all sighs and tears,
Sang, later on, of lovers' joys and fears.
Grammarians differ, who first taught its strains,—
An old dispute, that still unsolved remains.
Archilochus found for his fury's heat
A vent in the Iambus' rapid beat;
The sock and stately buskin took to it,
As for the play of dialogue most fit,

* *Regis opus.* So Pope, "These are imperial works, and worthy kings." What Horace here alludes to is the *portus Julius.* This was a magnificent harbour formed by the junction of the Lacus Lucrinus with the Lacus Avernus, and a channel cut through the tongue of land which separated the former from the sea. Following the advice of Agrippa, Augustus carried out this work, which gave in Lake Avernus a harbour more than a mile and a half in circumference. Here he exercised his fleet, Suetonius mentions (Aug. 16), for a whole winter, with such good effect, that he was able to defeat his formidable adversary Sextus Pompeius, when he encountered him between Mylæ and Naulochus. The canals and the piers at the entrance from the *sea* were in existence at the beginning of the 16th century, but were destroyed by an eruption of Monte Nuova, 29th September 1538.

† Supposed to allude to some plans by Augustus for draining the Pomptine Marshes, which were never carried out, and for altering the course of the Tiber.

A measure framed for action's rapid rush,
And the loud uproar of a crowd to hush.*
Gods, and of gods the grand heroic seed,
The conquering boxer, the victorious steed,
The praise of wine, young love's self-torturing dreams,†—
These to the lyre the Muse has given for themes.
Why hail me bard, if wilfully I choose
To ignore the laws of style, its shades, its hues,
Its truth to character, and let false shame
Keep me from learning what should be my aim?
A comic subject by no means inclines
To be worked out in solemn, tragic lines;
So does Thyestes' Feast‡ all treatment spurn
In verse slipshod, and with a comic turn.
Where each of these may find a place, in fact,
Must be decided by good taste and tact.
Yet sometimes Comedy exalts its note,
And angry Chremes storms with swelling throat,§
While not unfrequently fierce tragic throes
Find natural vent in downright homely prose.
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and in want,
Discard all ell-long words and high-pitched rant,

* *Populares vincentem strepitus.* It is difficult to see why the Iambic should be heard through or hush down the uproar of a theatre. But that it was so, this passage clearly indicates.

† *Juvenum curas*—the bitter-sweet pains of which Sappho, Anacreon, and others sang.

‡ Atreus, son of Pelops, feigning to forgive his brother for having seduced his wife Œrope, invited him to a banquet to celebrate their reconciliation, at which he caused to be served up a mince-meat made of the children of Thyestes by Œrope. The "Thyestes" of Ennius is probably here referred to,—passages in which, according to Cicero, "*orationi sunt solutæ simillima.*"

§ Mr Macleane truly suggests that Chremes is here a merely representative name, and not the Chremes, as commonly stated, of Terence's *Heautontimoroumenos*, in whose language there is nothing either tumid or tragic.

Not every one has skill to hit the blot,
And tell if lines be musical or not,
And all we Romans to our poets are
In this respect too merciful by far.
But shall I therefore let my style run loose
In lines ill-jointed, lumbering, diffuse,
Content to think, though all will see my faults,
Not more than other men's my measure halts?
No! At the best I might escape from blame;
But praise—to that should ne'er make good a claim.
Do you, my friends, from Greece your models draw,
And day and night to con them be your law?
Our ancestors, 'tis true, rough, easy folks,
Praised Plautus' numbers as they praised his jokes,—
In so admiring showing, I admit,
Of patience much, but some small lack of wit;
At least, if you and I the difference know
'Twixt bright keen wit and humour coarse and low,
And by our fingers and our ears can tell
When verses run harmoniously and well.
'Twas Thespis first, they say, broke tragic ground,
And hawked in caravans his plays around,
Wherein his troop, their faces daubed with lees,
With chant and action did their best to please.
Then Æschylus devised the mask and pall,
Built up a solid stage, but kept it small,—
A nobler strain of declamation taught,
And into use the stately buskin brought.
Then came the elder comedy, which was
Not without merit,—won, too, much applause;
But when its freedom into licence grew,
And law stepped in, its rancour to subdue,
Stripped of the privilege to stab and sting,
The chorus, shame to say, no more would sing.

What have our bards not ventured to essay?
Nor do they merit least applause, when they
From the old Grecian track have dared to roam,
And worked on themes from stories nearer home;
Some finding scope there for their comic vein,
And others rising to the tragic strain.
Nor would Rome's strength in song be less revealed
Than by her prowess in the tented field,
Did not our poets, to a man, resile
From the slow pains and labour of the file.
Do you, friends, chide all verses that have not
Been purged through days on days by blot on blot,
Touched and retouched, refined and re-refined,
Till not one flaw or speck is left behind?
Because Democritus has somewhere taught,
Genius is all in all, and art is naught,
And to the slopes of Helicon admits
Only such poets as have lost their wits,*
Some of the tribe, with whom the creed prevails,
Will neither shave their heads nor pare their nails,
Avoid the baths, and to lone spots retreat,
Where they are sure no living soul to meet.
For he, they fancy, may securely claim
As his just due a poet's name and fame,
Who lets no barber's razor touch a poll,
Which not ~~even~~ three Anticyras could make whole.

* Cicero (*de Divinatione*, I. 37) says: "Democritus maintains that no one without a craze can be a great poet; and Plato says the same" ("Negat sine furore Democritus quamquam poëtam magnum esse posse; quod idem dicit Plato"). So Dryden—

> "Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

But we are not to suppose that either Democritus gave to "*furor*," or Dryden to "madness," the same meaning as Horace in the text, Shakespeare's "fine frenzy" was probably all they meant.

Fool that I am, whenever spring draws nigh,
To purge myself of bile and vapours dry!
Did I refrain, where is the living wight
Who better poems than myself could write?
Well, well, no matter! I will play the hone,
That gives an edge, but has none of its own;
Myself not writing, I will teach what makes
A poet's excellence, show whence he takes
The riches of his art, the grace, the charm,
And what is fraught with good, and what with harm.
In all sound writing, knowledge and good sense
Lie at the very root of excellence.*
To the Socratic page for matter go:
Once master that, and words will freely flow.
He who has learned to feel and comprehend
His duty to his country, to his friend,
The love that's due to parent, brother, guest,
What makes the judge, the senator, what best
Will qualify to lead a great campaign,—
That man, be sure, will hit the proper vein,
And by their thoughts, their feelings, language, acts,
Make all his characters true living facts.
The world of life and manners is the book
To which the dramatist must always look,
To find those types of men, and diction too,
Which all the world shall recognise as true.
If true to life and to the human heart,
A play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More charms an audience, holds them in its spell,
Than vapid trifles, sound they ne'er so well.

* *Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.* A maxim which every young writer should ever keep before his mind. Out of the fulness of knowledge, as well as of the heart, let the mouth speak. Cicero said before Horace, "Ipsæ res *verba rapiunt.*" Have something to say that is worth saying, and it will drag words from you. "Le véritable orateur," says Fénelon, "pense, sent, et la parole suit."

To Greece, that cared for nought but fame, the Muse
Gave genius, and a tongue the gods might use.
Our Roman youngsters rack their heads and hearts
To split a groat into a hundred parts.
"Come here, you young Albinus! If I take
One ounce from five, how many will it make?"
"Why, four." "Good lad! your own you'll always hold.
Add one; how many then?" "Just six, all told."
Oh when this sordid rust, this greed of gain,
Once eats into the soul, for verse how vain
To hope, that should be kept from moth or soil
By box of cypress, or by cedarn oil!*

To give instruction or to give delight,
Or both combined,—for this all poets write.
Let all your precepts be concise, for these
Stick to men's minds, and they are grasped with ease;
But tax too much their memory or their taste,
And all your surplus words run off to waste!
Even where you most upon your fancy draw,
Make truth and probability your law;
Strain not our faith with every wild caprice,
Nor show the ogress Lamia of your piece
Disgorging from her maw alive once more
The boy she supped on half an hour before.†
Grave seniors scout what does not edify;
Young sparks vote such things slow, and pass them by.
He wins all suffrages who, while he charms,
Instructs the soul, the heart to virtue warms,

* *Linenda cedro et levi servanda cupresso.* Books were smeared with cedarn oil to keep off insects. Cases of cypress-wood were used for the same purpose, but, being costly, only for books of value.

† The Lamiæ were the ogresses of antiquity,—hags reputed to have a love for feeding on little children. Diodorus Siculus (XX. 41) speaks of a barbarian queen, called Lamia, who, having been driven to despair by the death of her own children, ate up all the children of other people whom she could get hold of.

And so what ministers to use unites
With what is beautiful in all he writes.
These are the works on which the Sosii thrive,*
That cross the seas, to times remote survive.
Yet on some faults we must not be severe.
Not always will the chords ring sharp and clear
The notes we wish, but give out sharp for flat;
Nor always hits the shaft its quarry pat.
When beauties shine at every turning, who
Can be offended by a speck or two,
Which human weakness, or some want of care,
Perchance has sown or left unnoticed there?
What the conclusion, then, I draw from this?
Just as the copyist, who spells amiss
Words he's been chid before for spelling wrong,
Has no excuse; as he, whose harp or song
At the same note keeps stumbling evermore,
Provokes our mirth,—so he, who o'er and o'er
Commits grave errors, ranks in my regard
With Chœrilus, that incoherent bard,
Who keeps me on the grin from line to line,
Though here and there he strike out something fine;†
Nay, when good Homer drops into a nap,
His knuckles I feel half inclined to rap,

* As to the Sosii, see Epist. I. 20, and note p. 335, *ante*. That a book is profitable to its publishers is no longer a test of excellence.

† As to Chœrilus, see Epistle II. 1, p. 355, *ante*. There were three poets of the name, but Horace apparently refers here, as in his Epistle to Augustus, to the bard who accompanied Alexander the Great into Asia, to sing his victories, and who, after having been for some time liberally rewarded, was ultimately discarded, some say severely punished, when that prince woke up to a consciousness of the wretched quality of his laureate's writings. "Tear him to pieces for his bad verses," cries the mob in "Julius Cæsar" (Act iii. sc. 3), as they hustle off the unhappy Cinna,—a kind of practical criticism, which, if it became popular, might lead to a very comprehensive Massacre of Innocents.

Though in long works 'tis no great sin, if sleep
O'er the tired poet now and then shall creep.
  Poems are just like pictures, and they please,
Those when you're near them, at some distance these;
One courts the shade, one likes strong light and high,
And fears not even the sharpest critic's eye;
This charmed you once—see that ten times, it will
Retain its beauties fresh, and charm you still.
  O elder youth, though with a sire like thine,
And wise yourself, you scarce want words of mine
To form your judgment, mark what now I say!*
Cases there are—we see them every day—
Where, if men do things tolerably well,
They have successes, though they don't excel.
A fairish pleader may have no pretence
To great Messala's massive eloquence;
A chamber counsel may in depth and scope
Of learning never with Cascellius cope:†

* Horace comes here to the practical application of what has gone before. A man may be a tolerably good lawyer, a tolerably good general—people will be satisfied with qualities far short of conceivable or known excellence. But poetry, being a luxury, which people can do perfectly well without, it must be excellent, or they will reject it as intolerable! Are you, *O major juvenum*, who have been dabbling in the Pierian spring, fully alive to this fact, or to the amount of natural gift, as well as study, that can alone save you from failure in your poetical essays? You are no fool,—"*per te sapis*,"—and your father is just the man to keep you straight in this matter,—"*voce paternâ fingeris ad rectum*,"—while the experience may be of some use, which makes me ask you to lay its conclusions to heart,—"*hoc tibi dictum tolle memor*." If after what I have said you still write, don't give the result to the world till it has passed the ordeal of severe criticism by those who love and respect you, and till your own matured judgment approves it after an interval of years.

† M. Valerius Messala or Messalla had a great name at the bar under Cæsar and Augustus, and died about the tenth year of the Christian era. Aulus Cascellius, a celebrated jurisconsult, if alive when this Epistle was written, must have been a very old man. He was as much distinguished by his high character as by his profound knowledge.

Yet each of these in his own way will please,
Get reputation—nay, get handsome fees;
But gods, and men, and booksellers refuse
To countenance a mediocre Muse.
As at a feast, strains dissonant and hoarse,
A nauseous sweetmeat, or an unguent coarse,
Are odious—just because there is no call
To have such dainties for a feast at all—
So verse, whose aim and end is to delight,
Will, if it miss perfection, fail outright.
You do not find men, never trained to wield
The arms of pastime, show in Mars's Field.
They stand aloof, while others fling the disc,
Or strike the ball or hoop, and dread to risk
The jeers and laughter of the gazers there;
Yet any fool to scribble verse will dare.*
"And wherefore not?" I hear some one exclaim;
"Is he not free, of a good stock and name,
His morals flawless, and his fortune quite
Up to the mark expected in a knight?"
You, well I know, will never say or do
But what your natural genius prompts you to.†
Still, if you shall hereafter find your pen
Stray into poetry, I'd have you then
Try its effect on critic Tarpa's ears,‡
Then on your sire's and mine, and good nine years
Keep it shut closely up in your scrutore.
While 'tis unpublished, you can blot and score;
But words once spoken come back nevermore.

* Horace had already expressed the same idea (Epist. II. 1, 114)—*Navim agere ignarus, navim timet, &c.* See p. 348, *ante.*

† *Tu nihil invita dices facieve Minerva.* Cicero, *de Off.*, I. 31, 110, speaks of this as a common colloquial phrase: "*Invita, ut aiunt, Minerva, id est, adversante et repugnante natura.*"

‡ As to Sp. Mæcius Tarpa, see Satire I. 10, 38, and note p. 164, *ante.*

Orpheus, interpreter of heaven to man,
The savage weaned that in the wild woods ran
From brutish, bloody ways; and hence the fame,
That he could pards and ravening lions tame.
Amphion, too, when Thebes' great wall arose,*
Moved mighty rocks, and placed them where he chose;
And all by the persuasive tones that fell—
So runs the legend—from his voice and shell.
'Twas wisdom's office then to mark the line
Betwixt what is profane and what divine;
The rights of state and subject to adjust;
Put down concubinage and roving lust;
Define what man and wife might do and should;
Build cities up, and grave their laws on wood.
Thus came high honour and abounding praise
To heaven-commissioned poets and their lays.
Then peerless Homer and Tyrtæus' song
Made manly hearts for martial conflicts strong.
In rhythmic strains men learned the will of fate,
Verse taught the duties of our mortal state;
Sweet poets sang, and, softened by their art,
Kings dropped their state, and felt they had a heart.
Plays were invented, and brought mirth and cheer
To close the long hard labours of the year.†
No need to blush, then, for the god that sings
Responsive to the Muse's sounding strings!
The charms of verse—the question is not new—
Are they to art or inborn genius due?

* Horace (Odes, III. xi. 2) says of Amphion, *Movit Amphion lapides canendo.* The allusion in the text is to the tradition mentioned by Pausanias, that Amphion, having received from Mercury a golden lyre and the art to use it, moved by his melody the stones to take their places in the walls of Thebes.

† See *ante*, p. 350, Epistle II. 1, for a fuller account of the rustic *ludi*.

In all fine work, methinks, each plays a part—
Art linked with genius, genius linked with art;
Each doth the other's helping hand require,
And to one end they both, like friends, conspire.*
The youth, who in the foot-race burns to win,
Must do and suffer much ere he begin,—
Sweat himself down, bear cold and toil and pain,
And from the lures of love and wine abstain.
At Pythian games no piper ever played
But teacher had, and was of him afraid.
But poets nowadays don't go to school.
"Behold!" they cry, "my verse is wonderful.
Deuce take the hindermost! † 'Twere foul disgrace,
Were I to be left lagging in the race,
And to confess my ignorance of what,
To tell the truth, I never have been taught!"
Just as an auctioneer, to sell his wares,
Collects a crowd, that grins and gapes and stares,
So your rich poet round him draws a throng
Of needy flatterers to hear his song.
But if he be a poet, whose renown
For his good dinners is the talk of town,
Who bails scapegraces run to earth, and draws
Poor struggling wretches from the lawyers' claws,

* Ben Jonson has expressed the same thought in his fine lines "To the memory of my beloved Mr William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us:"—

> "Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> For though the poet's matter nature be,
> His art doth give the fashion. And that he,
> Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
> (Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
> Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
> (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
> Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
> *For a good poet's made as well as born.*"

† *Occupet extremum scabies.* Leprosy seize the hindmost,—a phrase, according to the scholiasts, used by boys in their races.

Much shall I marvel if that bard descries,
Which of his fancied friends tells truth, which lies.
To no man's judgment ever make appeal,
Who has your bounty felt, or hopes to feel.
For how can he, with bosom all aglow,
Say if your poetry be good or no?
"Fine! charming! exquisite!" I hear him speak.
At some pet passage paler grows his cheek,
Anon with tears his eyes are brimming o'er,
He skips about, he drums upon the floor.
Just as hired mourners mostly say and do
At funerals more than those whose grief is true,*
So will the rogue who's laughing in his sleeve
Gush more than those who in your powers believe.
Monarchs are said to search the souls of those,
Whom for the trusts of friendship they propose,
By wine in bumpers: verse is no bad test
Of the true value of a friend professed.
When one his poems to Quinctilius read,†
"You should correct this, friend, and this!" he said.
"Indeed I can't!" you answered, thus assailed;
"I've tried to do it twice or thrice, and failed."
"Suppress the botchwork without more ado,
And on the anvil beat it out anew!"
If you showed signs of feeling hurt and sore,
And standing by the fault, he said no more,

* These were usually women called *præficæ*. In one of the fragments of Lucilius they are spoken of—

"Mercede quæ
Conductæ flent in alieno funere præficæ,
Multo et capillos scindunt et clamant magis."

"The præficæ, that sell
Their tears for hire at anybody's bier,
Far more than others wail and rend their hair."

† This is the Quinctilius of Ode I. 24. The character which Horace gives of him in that Ode is quite in harmony with what he says here of his sagacity and fearless truthfulness.

But saved his pains, and left you, stern as stone,
To adore yourself and doings all alone.
An honest man, and wise withal, will blame
Lines that are harsh, or slovenly, or tame;
Will cut ambitious ornaments away,
Force you to make what's dark as clear as day;
Challenge what bears a double sense, and mark
What should be changed,—a second Aristarch.*
Nor will he say, "For trifles why should I
Perplex my friend?" These trifles by-and-by
Will lead to grave disaster, and bring down
The sneers and ridicule of all the town.
A crack-brained poet! Dread him, from him fly!
A wretch with jaundice baned, or leprosy,
A wild fanatic, under Dian's curse,†—
All these are bad, but a mad poet's worse;
A wide berth give him as along he reels
With reckless urchins shouting at his heels!
If roaming through the fields with head on high,
Like fowler watching blackbirds in the sky,
And spouting verses as he goes, he fall
Into a well or pit, there let him bawl,
"Help, help, good people—help!" till he is hoarse;
You'd never think to pull him out, of course.
But should some booby, moved with pity, throw
The wretch a rope, I'd say, "How can you know,

* Aristarchus of Samos, who flourished at Alexandria in the second century before Christ. His name was proverbial as the type of an intelligent and just though severe critic.

† It was a common belief among Greeks and Romans that those who had offended Diana were struck by her with madness. Such persons were called by the Greeks σελῆνιακοί. Our word "lunatic" has its origin in the same fancy,—a fancy probably founded on a physical fact, as certain kinds of mental disturbance are said by observers to vary with the phases of the moon.

But this is just the very thing he meant,
Being, you see, on self-destruction bent?"
Then, mindful of Empedocles, relate
How that Sicilian poet sought his fate,
Who, all to win a deathless god's renown,
Jumped into Ætna's fires quite coolly down.*
"Let poets perish when and how they will;
To save, when folks don't wish it, is to kill.†
He's tried this trick before; if now you pull
The madman up, again he'll play the fool.
Nothing will drive his ruling passion out,
To die some death will get him talked about.
Nor is it clear, if this mad itch of verse
Has not been sent upon him as a curse.
Who will make bold to say that he has not
Defiled his father's dust, profaned some spot
Levin-hallowed to the gods?‡ One thing, at least,
Is clear—he's mad; and as some savage beast,

* Empedocles, a philosopher and poet of Agrigentum in Sicily, who flourished about 440 B.C. Various marvellous stories are told of his death. They mostly concur in stating that he perished in the crater of Mount Ætna. Some say that he fell in by accident when exploring the crater for the purposes of philosophical observation; others, that he chose this mode of concealing his death, in order to beget the belief that he had been swept up to heaven by the gods. His intention in this respect, however, was foiled, as the volcano threw up his iron sandals, and revealed the fact,—as if they would not have been fused in the flames within a few seconds! If the first part of the story has no better foundation than the last, poor Empedocles has been much maligned.

† *Invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti.* Probably a proverb. Seneca says the same thing in nearly the same words (Phœn. 100) "*Occidere est vetare cupientem mori*"—

> "To hinder whosoe'er is bent to die
> Is to destroy him."

So Racine ("La Thébaide, ou Les Frères Ennemis," Act iv. sc. 6)—

> "Ah! c'est m'assassiner que me sauver la vie."

‡ The *triste bidental* of the original was a spot which had been struck by lightning, and enclosed to prevent its being thereafter profaned

That from his den has managed to get free,
Spreads terror through the streets, even so will he,
By his appalling mania to recite,
Put simple souls and scholars both to flight.
Let him catch one, that one to death he'll bore—
A leech that won't let go till gorged with gore."

by human foot. When any place was struck by lightning, everything which bore the marks of the celestial fire was carefully gathered together by an aruspex, who covered it up with earth, sacrificed a sheep, consecrated the spot, and surrounded it with an enclosing wall. It was a crime to tread upon a spot so consecrated.

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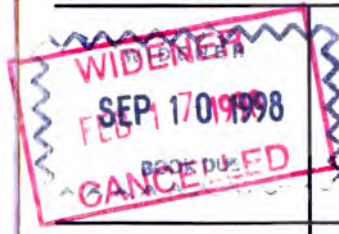
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